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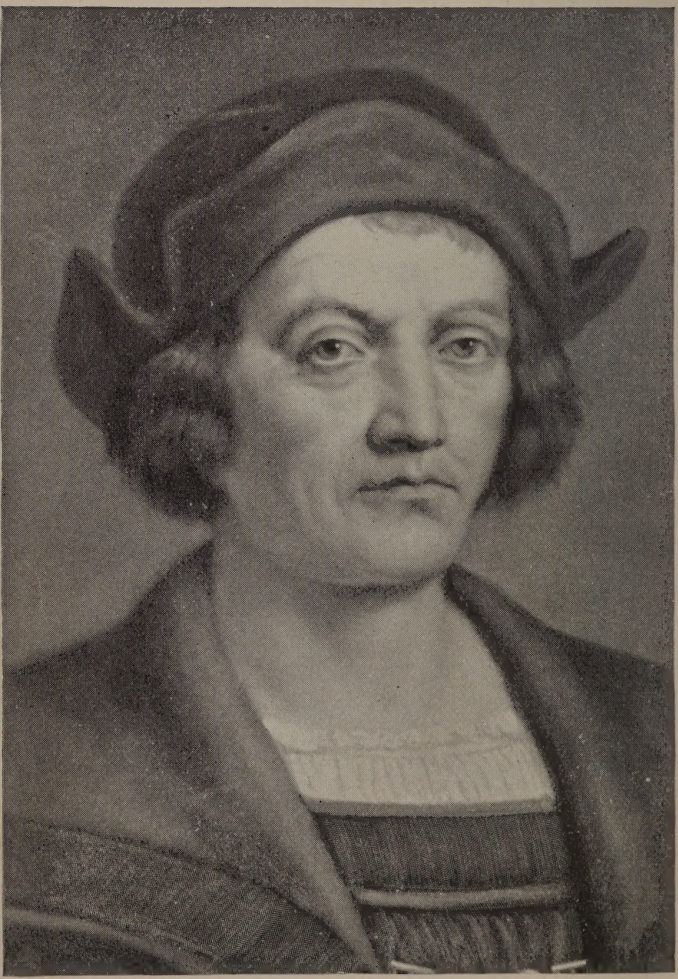

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

TO

C. E. BOLTON,

MY HUSBAND,

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

PREFACE.

In this volume, for the most part, those explorers have been chosen whose labors have been connected with North America. Columbus naturally comes first. Marco Polo's book doubtless influenced Columbus in his search for the route to India and Cathay. Magellan was the first to circumnavigate the globe. Sir Walter Raleigh, believing in the future of America, tried in vain to establish an English colony in the new world. Sir John Franklin, with many hardships, closed his pathetic and noble life in exploring our northern latitudes. The search for the North Pole has all the interest of a romance in the experience of Kane, Hall, Greely, Lockwood, and others. David Livingstone reveals much of Africa, and furnishes an example of true manhood and heroic purpose. Perry opened Japan to the world. Suffering and privation were the lot of most of these men, but by their courage and perseverance they overcame great difficulties and accomplished important results for the benefit of mankind.

S. K. B.

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

MORE than four hundred years ago[1] was born in Genoa, Italy, a boy who was destined to become famous the world over. Monuments to his memory are in very many of the great cities. Scores of books have been written about him, and now in 1893 the country which he discovered is doing him honor by the greatest exposition the world has ever seen.

Dominico Colombo, a wool-comber, and his wife Susannah Fontanarossa, the daughter of a wool-weaver, lived in a simple home in Genoa. They had five children, — Christoforo; Giovanni, who died young; Bartolomeo, called later Bartholomew, who never married; Giacomo, called in Spain, Diego; and one sister, Bianchinetta, who married a cheesemonger, Bavarello, and had one child.

Susannah, the mother, appears to have had a little property, but Dominico was always unsuccessful, and died poor and in debt, his sons in his later years sending him as much money as they were able to spare.

1 Authors differ as to the year in which Christopher was born. Washington Irving, in his delightful life of Columbus, thinks about the year 1435, and John Fiske, in his "Discovery of America," and several other historians, agree with him; while Justin Winsor, in his life of Columbus, thinks with Harrisse, Muñoz, and others that he was probably born between March 15, 1446, and March 20, 1447. Emilio Castelar in the *Century* for May–October, 1892, puts the date of birth at 1433 or 1434.

The weavers had schools of their own in Genoa; and the young Christopher learned at these the ordinary branches, — reading, writing, grammar, and arithmetic, with something of Latin and drawing. He seems to have been at the University of Pavia for a short time, where he studied geometry, geography, astronomy, and navigation, returning to his father's house to help the family by wool-combing.

The boy was eager for the sea, and at fourteen started out upon his life of adventure on the Mediterranean, under a distant relative named Colombo. His first voyage of which we have an account, was in a naval expedition fitted out in 1459 by John of Anjou, with the aid of Genoa, against Naples, to recover it for his father, Duke René, Count of Provence.

This warfare lasted four years, and was unsuccessful. Nearly forty years later Columbus wrote concerning this struggle to the Spanish monarchs: "King René (whom God has taken to himself) sent me to Tunis to capture the galley Fernandina. Arriving at the island of San Pedro in Sardinia, I learned that there were two ships and a Caracca with the galley, which so alarmed the crew that they resolved to proceed no farther, but to go to Marseilles for another vessel and a larger crew, before which, being unable to force their inclinations, I apparently yielded to their wish, and, having first changed the points of the compass, spread all sail (for it was evening), and at daybreak we were within the Cape of Carthagena, when all believed for a certainty that we were nearing Marseilles."

If Columbus was born in 1435, he was at this time twenty-four; a young man to be intrusted with such an enterprise.

These early years must have been full of danger and hardship. Piracy on the seas was common, and battles between the Italian republics almost constant. The young man learned to be fearless, to govern sailors well, and was full of the spirit of the age, — that of exploration and conquest.

Like most other men who have come to renown, Columbus was an ardent seeker after knowledge. He read everything obtainable about navigation, astronomy, and the discoveries which had been made at that time.

Portugal was showing herself foremost in all maritime enterprises. This activity has been attributed, says Irving, to a romantic incident of the fourteenth century, in the discovery of the Madeira Islands.

In the reign of Edward III. of England (1327–1378) Robert Machin[1] fell in love with a beautiful girl named Anne Dorset. She was of a proud family, which refused to allow her to marry Machin, who was arrested by order of the king, and she was obliged to marry a nobleman, who took her to his estate near Bristol.

Machin and his friends determined to rescue her from her hated wifehood. One of his companions became a groom in the nobleman's household, ascertained that she still loved Robert, and planned with her an escape with him to France.

Riding out one day with the pretended groom, she was taken to a boat, and conveyed to a vessel, in which the lovers put out to sea. They sailed along the coast past Cornwall, when a storm arose, and they were driven out of sight of land.

For thirteen days they were tossed about on the ocean,

1 Enc. Brit. says "Machim;" Winsor and Fiske and Major, "Machin;" Irving, "Macham."

and on the morning of the fourteenth day they came upon a beautiful island. The young wife, overcome by fear and remorse, had already become alarmingly ill. Machin carried her to the island, where he constructed a bower for her under a great tree, and brought her fruits and flowers.

The crew stayed on the vessel to guard it till the party should return. A severe storm came up, and the ship was driven off the coast and disappeared. Anne now reproached herself as being the cause of all this disaster; for three days she was speechless, dying without uttering a word.

Machin was prostrated with grief and distress, that he had brought her to a lonely island, away from home and friends, to die. He died five days later, and at his own request was buried by her side at the foot of a rustic altar which he had erected under the great tree.

His companions repaired the boat in which they had come to shore, and started upon the great ocean, hoping, almost in vain, to reach England. They were tossed about by the winds, and finally dashed upon the rocks on the coast of Morocco, where they were put in prison by the Moors. Here they learned that their ship had shared the same fate.

The English prisoners met in prison an experienced pilot, Juan de Morales, a Spaniard of Seville. He listened with the greatest interest to their story, and on his release communicated the circumstances to Prince Henry of Portugal.

This prince was the son of John the First, surnamed the Avenger, and Philippa of Lancaster, sister of Henry IV. of England. After Prince Henry had helped his father in 1415 to conquer Ceuta opposite the rock of

Gibraltar, and to drive the Moors into the mountains, he determined to give up war and devote himself to discovery, even though on account of his bravery he was asked by the Pope, Henry V. of England, John II. of Castile, and the Emperor Sigismund, to lead their armies.

He made his home on the lonely promontory of Sagres, in the south-western part of Portugal, built an astronomical observatory, invited to his home the most learned men of the time in naval matters, and lived the life of a scholar. He spent all his fortune, and indeed became involved in debt, in fitting out expeditions to the coast of Africa, hoping to find a southern passage to the wealth of the Indies, and to convert the barbarians to Christianity. His motto was, "Talent de bien faire" (Desire to do well, or the talent to do well).

Prince Henry's first success was the rediscovery of Madeira in 1418, where Robert Machin and Anne were buried over seventy years before. The island of Porto Santo, near Madeira, of which we shall hear more by and by, was discovered about this time by Bartholomew Perestrelo, who placed a rabbit with her little ones on the island. Years afterward these had so multiplied that they had devoured nearly every green thing on the island; so much so, says Mr. Fiske, that Prince Henry's enemies, angered that he spent so much money in expeditions, declared that "God had evidently created those islands for beasts alone, not for men!"

Through the enterprise of Prince Henry, Cape Bojador, on the western coast of Africa, was doubled in 1434 by Gil Eannes. Heretofore it had been believed that if anybody ventured so near the torrid zone, he would never come back alive, on account of the dreadful heat and boisterous waves at that point.

The coast was soon explored from Cape Blanco to Cape Verde. In 1460 Diego Gomez discovered the Cape Verde Islands, and two years later Piedro de Cintra reached Sierra Leone. In 1484 Diego Cam went as far as the mouth of the Congo, and the following year a thousand miles farther; and while the Portuguese took back hundreds of negro slaves to be sold, they sent missionaries to teach the blacks the true faith!

Prince Henry had died Nov. 13, 1460, so that he did not live to see Africa circumnavigated by Bartholomew Diaz or Vasco da Gama.

The then known world talked about these expeditions of Portugal; therefore it was not strange that Columbus, thirty-five years old, should make his way to Lisbon, about the year 1470. His younger brother, Bartholomew, was already living in Lisbon, making maps and globes with great skill. Columbus is described at that time as tall and of exceedingly fine figure, suave, yet dignified in manners, with fair complexion, eyes blue and full of expression, hair light, but at thirty white as snow He had the air of one born to be a leader, while he won friends by his frankness and cordiality.

In Lisbon, Columbus attended services at the chapel of the Convent of All Saints. One of the ladies of rank, who either boarded at the monastery, or had some official connection with it, was so pleased with the evident devotion of the young stranger, that she sought his acquaintance, and married him in 1473. She was his superior in position though without much fortune, — the daughter of the Bartholomew Perestrelo who, having discovered the island of Porto Santo, was made its governor by Prince Henry. Perestrelo had died sixteen years previously, leaving a widow, Isabella Moñiz, and

an attractive daughter, Philippa, the bride of Columbus. Some historians think she was not a daughter, but a near relative.

The newly wedded couple went to Porto Santo to live with the mother, who naturally gave Columbus all the charts, maps, and journals of his father-in-law. These he carefully studied, becoming familiar with the voyages made by the Portuguese. When he was not in service on the ocean, he earned money as before by making maps and charts, sending some funds to his impecunious father, and helping to educate his younger brother.

His wife's sister had married Pedro Correo, a navigator of some prominence, and the two men must have talked of possible discoveries with intense interest.

Columbus, after much study, believed that there was land to the westward of Spain and Portugal. If the earth were a globe or sphere, then somewhere between Portugal and Asia it was natural to suppose that there was a large body of land. He had read in Aristotle, Seneca, and Pliny, that one might pass from Spain to India in a few days; he had also read of wood and other articles floating from the westward to the islands, near the known continent.

Martin Vicenti, a pilot in the service of the King of Portugal, had found a piece of carved wood four hundred and fifty leagues to the west of Cape St. Vincent. The inhabitants of the Azores had seen trunks of pine-trees cast upon their shores, and the bodies of two men unlike any known race.

So deeply was Columbus impressed with the probability of a western world, or rather that the eastern coast of Asia stretched far towards the west, that he wrote

a letter to the learned astronomer, Paolo del Pozzio dei Toscanelli of Florence, in 1474, asking for his opinion upon the subject. The astronomer had already written a letter on the same matter to Alfonso V., King of Portugal, and copied this letter for Columbus, sending him also a chart showing what he believed to be the position of the Atlantic Ocean (called the Sea of Darkness), with Europe on the east, and Cathay (China) on the west.

Toscanelli had read Marco Polo's book, and he wrote to Columbus concerning the wonderful Cathay where the great Khan lived, and where there was much gold and silver and spices, and a splendid island, Cipango (Japan), where "they cover the temples and palaces with solid gold." To reach these one must sail steadily westward.

Toscanelli estimated the circumference of the earth at about the correct figure, but thought the distance from Lisbon to Quinsay (Hang-chow, China), westward, to be about six thousand five hundred miles, supposing that Asia covered nearly the whole width of the Pacific Ocean.

When Columbus had sailed about one-third of the way, thought Toscanelli, he would come to "Antilia," or the Seven Islands, where seven Spanish bishops, driven out of Spain when the Moors captured it, had built seven splendid cities. Below these he placed on his map the island of "St Brandon," where a Scotch priest of that name had landed in the sixth century. None of these fabled islands was ever found. Columbus took this chart of Toscanelli's with him when he sailed for the New World. The aged astronomer had encouraged Columbus to persevere in a voyage "fraught with honor as it

must be, and inestimable gain, and most lofty fame among all Christian people. . . . When that voyage shall be accomplished, it will be a voyage to powerful kingdoms, and to cities and provinces most wealthy and noble, abounding in all things most desired by us." How literally has this come true, though Toscanelli saw only China in the distance! He died in 1482, ten years before Columbus was able to make the long-desired voyage.

Columbus, if he had not read it before, now obtained the book of Marco Polo, published in a Latin translation in 1485, a copy of which is now in the Biblioteca Colombina in Seville, with marginal notes believed to be in the handwriting of Columbus. He also read carefully, as the margin is nearly covered with his notes, "Imago Mundi," published in 1410 by Cardinal Pierre d'Ailly, Bishop of Cambrai, or more generally known as Peter Alliacus. He copied largely from Roger Bacon, who had collated the writings of ancient authors to prove that the distance from Spain to Asia could not be very great.

Columbus believed that to reach Japan he would need to sail only about two thousand five hundred miles from the Canaries. Happy error! for where would he have found men willing to undertake a journey of twelve thousand miles across an untried ocean? Columbus was eager to make the voyage, but he was poor, comparatively unknown, and how could it be accomplished? It is said that he sought aid for his enterprise from his native land, Genoa, but it was not given. King Alfonso was engaged in a war with Spain, and therefore too busy to think of explorations.

In 1481 John II., then twenty-five years old, came to

the throne of Portugal, and he had the same ambitions as his grand-uncle, Prince Henry. He knew of Marco Polo's account of Cathay, and he longed to make Portugal more famous by her discoveries. He called men of science to his aid, the celebrated Martin Behaim and others, the latter having invented an improved astrolobe enabling seamen to find their distance from the equator by the altitude of the sun.

Behaim was a friend of Columbus; and, whether through his influence or not, the latter was encouraged to lay his westward scheme before John II. The king listened with attention, but feared the expense of fitting out the ships, as the African expeditions had already cost so much. Columbus, having great faith in his discoveries, asked for his family titles and rewards that the king was as yet unwilling to grant. The latter, however, referred the proposition to two distinguished cosmographers, and to his confessor, the Bishop of Ceuta.

The latter opposed the spending of more money in voyages, which he said "tended to distract the attention, drain the resources, and divide the power of the nation." The war in which the king was engaged with the Moors of Barbary was sufficient "employment for the active valor of the nation," the bishop said. The bishop was opposed by Don Pedro de Meneses, Count of Villa Real, who said that "although a soldier, he dared to prognosticate, with a voice and spirit as if from heaven, to whatever prince should achieve this enterprise, more happy success and durable renown than had ever been obtained by sovereign the most valorous and fortunate."

King John could not bear to give up the enterprise entirely, as, if great achievements should be lost to Portugal, he would never forgive himself. An under-

handed measure was therefore adopted. The plans of Columbus for this proposed voyage were laid before the king, and a caravel was privately sent over the route to see if some islands could not be discovered that might make the westward passage to Cathay probable. Storms arose, and the pilots, seeing only a broad and turbulent ocean, came back and reported this scheme visionary and absurd. Columbus soon learned of the deceit, and betook himself to Spain in 1485, taking with him his little son Diego, born in Porto Santo. He left him at Huelva, near Palos, with the youngest sister of his wife, who had married a man named Muliar.

Authorities differ about all the early incidents of Columbus' life before he became noted; but this disposition of the son seems probable, and that he lived with her while his father for seven long years besought crowns in vain to aid him in his grand discoveries.

Portugal lost forever the glory she might have won. Columbus wrote later: "I went to make my offer to Portugal, whose king was more versed in discovery than any other. The Lord bound up his sight and all the senses, so that in fourteen years I could not bring him to heed what I said."

His wife, with one child or perhaps two, was necessarily left behind in Portugal, where she died soon after. Some historians think he deserted her, but this is scarcely possible, as under such circumstances her sister would not have been willing to keep the child of Columbus for seven years, neither would his wife's relations have remained his friends, coming to see him in Portugal just after he had started on his fourth voyage, and probably many times previously.

Columbus departed secretly from Portugal, it is sup-

posed much in debt through commercial or nautical transactions, as years later King John invited him to return, assuring him that he would not be arrested on any matters pending against him.

For many months in Spain, Columbus probably supported himself by selling maps and printed books, which Harrisse thinks contained calendars and astronomical predictions. Yet there was ever before him the one purpose of the westward voyage. He naturally made friends among distinguished people on account of his intelligence and charm of manner, and he used all these opportunities to further his one object.

In January, 1486, he seems to have entered the service of Ferdinand and Isabella, as his journal shows. About this time he made the acquaintance of Alonso de Quintanilla, the comptroller of the finances of Castile, and was a guest at his house at Cordova, and with Alexander Geraldini, the tutor of the royal children, and his brother Antonio, the papal nuncio. These friends, who became interested in the alert mind and far-reaching plans of the navigator, led to an acquaintance with Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo and Grand Cardinal of Spain. He, of course, had great influence with the sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, and helped to prepare their minds for a kindly reception of the projects of Columbus.

These monarchs were too busy conquering the Moors to give the plan much consideration; but Columbus went before Ferdinand, and with the earnestness born of conviction, explained his wishes.

Ferdinand and Isabella ruled jointly over Aragon and Castile, but while their names were stamped together on the public coins, they had separate councils, and were

often in separate parts of the country, governing their respective kingdoms.

Ferdinand was of good physique, with chestnut-colored hair, animated in countenance, quick of speech, and a tireless worker.

Irving says he was "cold, selfish, and artful. He was called the wise and prudent in Spain; in Italy, the pious; in France and England, the ambitious and perfidious. He certainly was one of the most subtle statesmen, but one of the most thorough egotists, that ever sat upon a throne."

Winsor says "his smiles and remorseless coldness were mixed as few could mix them even in those days. . . . He was enterprising in his actions, as the Moors and heretics found out. He did not extort money, he only extorted agonized confessions."

Castelar says "he joined the strength of the lion to the instincts of the fox. Perchance in all history there has not been his equal in energy and craftiness. He was distrustful above all else; . . . he scrupled little to resort to dissimulation, deceit, and, in case of necessity, crime." Isabella, Castelar, calls, "the foremost and most saintly queen of Christendom."

Irving thinks Isabella "one of the purest and most beautiful characters in the pages of history. She was well formed, of the middle size, with great dignity and gracefulness of deportment, and a mingled gravity and sweetness of demeanor. Her complexion was fair; her hair auburn, inclining to red; her eyes were of a clear blue, with a benign expression, and there was a singular modesty in her countenance, gracing, as it did, a wonderful firmness of purpose and earnestness of spirit. Though strongly attached to her husband, and studious

of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied prince. She exceeded him in beauty, in personal dignity, in acuteness of genius, and in grandeur of soul. . . .

"She strenuously opposed the expulsion of the Jews and the establishment of the Inquisition, though, unfortunately for Spain, her repugnance was slowly vanquished by her confessor. She was always an advocate for clemency to the Moors, although she was the soul of the war against Granada. She considered that war essential to protect the Christian faith, and to relieve her subjects from fierce and formidable enemies. While all her public thoughts and acts were princely and august, her private habits were simple, frugal, and unostentatious.

"In the intervals of state-business she assembled round her the ablest men in literature and science, and directed herself by their councils, in promoting letters and arts. Through her patronage Salamanca rose to that height which it assumed among the learned institutions of the age."

Isabella was not less brave in war than she was statesmanlike in peace. Several complete suits of armor, which she wore in her campaigns, are preserved in the royal arsenal at Madrid.

Ferdinand referred the proposed expedition of Columbus to Isabella's confessor, Fernando de Talavera, one of the most learned men of Spain, who in turn laid it before a junto of distinguished men, some of them from the University of Salamanca.

The meeting was held in the convent of St. Stephen, where Columbus was entertained during the examination. It must have been a time of the greatest anxiety, yet brightened by hope. He stated the case with his usual dignity and firm belief.

To the majority of the junto such a plan seemed sacrilegious. Some quoted from the early theological writers: "Is there any one so foolish as to believe that there are antipodes with their feet opposite to ours; people who walk with their heels upward, and their heads hanging down? That there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy; where the trees grow with their branches downward, and where it rains, hails, and snows upward?"

They opposed texts of Scripture to the earth being a sphere, and showed from St. Augustine that if there were people on the other side of a globe, they could not be descended from Adam, as the Bible stated, because they could not have crossed the intervening ocean.

Others said that if Columbus sailed, and reached India, he could never get back, for, the globe being round, the waters would rise in a mountain, up which it would be impossible to sail. Others, with more wisdom, said that the earth was so large that it would take three years to sail around it, and that provisions could not be taken for so long a voyage.

Columbus maintained that the inspired writers were not speaking as cosmographers, and that the early fathers were not necessarily philosophers or scientists, and he quoted from the Bible verses which he believed pointed to the sublime discovery which he proposed. Diego de Deza, a learned friar, afterwards Archbishop of Seville, the second ecclesiastical dignitary of Spain, was won by the arguments of Columbus, and became an earnest co-worker. Other conferences took place, but nothing decisive was accomplished.

When the monarchs were in some protracted siege for several months, like that at Malaga, Columbus would be

summoned to a conference; but, for one reason or another, it would be postponed. "Often in these campaigns," says an old chronicler, "Columbus was found fighting, giving proofs of the distinguished valor which accompanied his wisdom and his lofty desires."

Whenever Columbus was summoned to follow the court, he was attached to the royal suite, and his expenses provided for. During the intervals he supported himself as before by his maps and charts. He was constantly ridiculed as a dreamer, so that it is said the children in the streets made fun of him. "He went about so ill-clad," says Castelar, "that he was named the 'Stranger with the Threadbare Cloak.'"

In the midst of all these delays and bitterness of soul and exposures in war, Columbus, when he was not far from fifty years old, fell in love with a beautiful young woman, Beatrix Enriquez Arana, of a noble family, but reduced in fortune. Her brother was the intimate friend of Columbus. In 1488, Aug. 15, a son Ferdinand was born to Beatrix and Columbus, who became in after years a noted student and book collector, the biographer of his father, and the owner of a library of over twenty thousand volumes, bought in all the principal book marts of Europe. Ferdinand left money to the Cathedral of Seville, for the care of this library; but for some centuries it was neglected, even children, it is said, being allowed to roam in the halls, and destroy the valuable treasures.

Columbus seems to have been tenderly attached to Beatrix as long as he lived, and provided for her in his will, at his death, enjoining his son Diego to care for her. She survived Columbus many years, he dying in 1506; and Mr. Winsor thinks she unquestionably sur-

vived the making of Diego's will in 1523, seventeen years after his father's death.

Among the noted personages whom Columbus tried to interest in his plans, either when he first came to Spain, as Irving and Castelar think, or some years later, according to Harrisse, Winsor, Fiske, and others, were the rich and powerful dukes, Medina-Sidonia and Medina-Celi. These had great estates along the seacoast, and owned ships of their own. The former was at first interested, but finally refused to assist.

The latter, Luis de la Cerda, made sovereign of the Canaries by Pope Clement VI., with the title of Prince of Fortune, took Columbus to his own elegant castle and made it his home for two years. He was a learned man, and he and Columbus studied the stars and navigation together. He was desirous of fitting out some vessels for the enterprise of Columbus; but fearing that the monarchs would oppose such a work by a private individual, he remained inactive. Finally Columbus determined to appeal to the King of France for aid — he had already sent Bartholomew, his brother, to Henry VII. of England, to ask his help; but Bartholomew was captured by pirates, and was not heard from for some years.

Medina-Celi, fearing that some other country would win the renown of a great discovery which he felt sure Columbus would make, wrote an urgent letter to the monarchs, offering to fit out two or three caravels for Columbus, and have a share in the profits of the voyage; but Isabella refused, saying that she had not decided about the matter.

Columbus was growing heart-sick with his weary waiting. The city of Baza, besieged for more than six months, had surrendered Dec. 22, 1489, to Spain, Muley

Boabdil, the elder of the two rival kings of Granada, giving up all his possessions, and Ferdinand and Isabella had entered Seville in triumph in February of 1490. Great rejoicing soon followed over the marriage of their daughter, Princess Isabella, with the heir to the throne of Portugal, Don Alonzo.

As the summer passed Columbus heard that the monarchs were to proceed against the younger Moorish king. He had become impatient with this constant procrastination, and had pressed the sovereigns for a decision. He was fifty-five years old, and life was slipping by, with nothing accomplished. Talavera, who cared for little except to see the Moors conquered, finally presented the matter before another junto, who decided that the plan was vain and impossible.

But the sovereigns, not quite willing to let a possible achievement slip from their grasp, sent word to Columbus that when the war was over they would gladly take up the matter, and give it careful attention. Columbus determined to hear from their own lips that for which he had waited nearly seven long years in useless hope, and repaired at once to Seville. The reply was as before, and, poor, and growing old, he turned his back upon Spain to seek the assistance of France.

He went to Huelva for his boy, Diego, possibly to leave him with Beatrix and the child Ferdinand, then three years old; and when about half a league from Palos, stopped at the convent of La Rabida, dedicated to Santa Maria de Rabida. It belonged to the Franciscan friars, a lonely place on a height above the ocean.

Columbus was walking — he had no money to pay for travelling — was leading his boy by the hand, and stopped to ask for some bread and water for his child. The friar

of the convent, Juan Perez, happening to pass by, was struck by the appearance of the white-haired man, and entered into conversation with him. Juan Perez was a man of much information, had been confessor to the queen, and was deeply interested in the plans of Columbus. He asked him to remain as his guest at the convent, and sent for his friend, Garcia Fernandez, a physician of Palos, and a well-read man, and Martin Alonzo Pinzon, a wealthy navigator, to talk with this stranger. Pinzon at once offered to help furnish money and to go in person on the hazardous voyage.

Perez, loyal to Isabella, felt that France ought not to win such honor, when it lay at the very door of Spain. He proposed to write to Isabella at once; and Columbus, with probably but little hope at this late day, consented to remain until an answer was received from her.

Sebastian Rodriguez, a pilot of Lepe, and a man of some note, was chosen to bear the precious letter. He found access to the queen, who wrote a letter to Juan Perez, thanking him for his timely message, and asking that he come immediately to court.

At the end of fourteen days Rodriguez returned, and the little company at the convent rejoiced with renewed hopes. The good friar saddled his mule, and before midnight was on his way to Santa Fé, the military city where the queen was stationed while pressing the siege of Granada.

The letter of Medina-Celi had influenced her; and her best friend and companion, the Marchioness Moya, a woman of superior ability, was urging her to aid Columbus and thus bring great renown to herself and to Spain.

Juan Perez pressed his suit warmly, with the result that Isabella sent Columbus twenty thousand maravedis

(Mr. Fiske says one thousand, one hundred and eighty dollars of our money) to buy proper clothing to appear at court, and to provide himself with a mule for the journey.

Bidding good-by to the rejoicing company at La Rabida, Columbus, accompanied by Juan Perez, started early in December, 1491, on their mules, for the royal camp at Santa Fé.

Alonso de Quintanilla, his former friend, the accountant-general, received Columbus cordially, and provided for his entertainment. The queen could not receive him just then; for Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, was about to surrender Granada, which he did January 2, 1492, giving up the keys of the gorgeous Alhambra to the Spanish sovereigns.

At the surrender Ferdinand was dressed in his royal robes, his crimson mantle lined with ermine, and his plumed cap radiant with jewels, while about him were brilliantly clad officials on their richly caparisoned horses. Boabdil wore black, as befitting his sad defeat. He attempted to dismount and kneel before Ferdinand; but this the latter would not permit, so he imprinted a kiss upon Ferdinand's right arm.

After having surrendered the two great keys of the city, Boabdil said to the knight who was to rule over Granada, Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, taking from his own finger a gold ring set with a precious jewel, and handing it to Mendoza, "With this signet has Granada been governed. Take it, that you may rule the land; and may Allah prosper your power more than he hath prospered mine."

After this Boabdil met the queen in royal attire seated upon her horse, her son, Prince Juan, in the richest gar-

ments on horseback at her right, and the princess and ladies of her court at her left. Here Boabdil knelt before the queen. His first-born had been kept by his enemies as a hostage, and he was there returned to his father.

"Hitherto," says Castelar, "Boabdil had shed no tear, but now, on beholding again the son of Moraima, his beloved, he pressed his face against the face of the poor child and wept passionately of the abundance of his heart."

The time had come for Columbus to meet Isabella. When in her presence he stipulated that if the voyage were undertaken, he should be made admiral and viceroy over the countries discovered, and receive the tenth part of the revenues from the lands, either by trade or conquest. The conditions were not harder than those of subsequent voyagers, but to the courtiers and to Talavera such demands made by a threadbare navigator seemed absurd. Talavera represented to Isabella that it would be degrading so to exalt an ordinary man and, as he thought, an adventurer.

More moderate terms were offered Columbus, but he declined them; and, more sick at heart than ever, he mounted his mule, in the beginning of February, 1492, and turned back to Cordova and La Rabida, on his way to France.

Alonso de Quintanilla, and Luis de Santangel, receiver of the ecclesiastical revenues in Aragon, were distressed beyond measure at this termination of the meeting. They rushed into the queen's presence and eloquently besought her to reconsider the matter, reminding her how much she could do for the glory of God and the renown of Spain by some grand discoveries. The Marchioness Moya, Beatrix de Bobadilla, added all the fervor of her nature to the request.

Ferdinand looked coldly upon the project. The treasury of the country was exhausted by the late wars. Finally, with her woman's heart responsive to heroic deeds, and a far-sightedness beyond that of the doubting Ferdinand, she said, "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds."

"This," truly says Irving, "was the proudest moment in the life of Isabella; it stamped her renown forever as the patroness of the discovery of the New World."

Isabella did not have to part with her jewels, as the funds were raised by Santangel from his private revenues, and it is now generally believed that no help was given by Ferdinand. It is quite probable that the queen pledged her jewels as security for the loan by Santangel.

A courier was sent in all haste after Columbus, who was found about six miles out of Granada, crossing the bridge of Pinos. When he was told that the queen wished to see him, he hesitated for a moment, lest the old disappointment should be in store for him; but when it was asserted that she had given a positive promise to undertake the enterprise, he turned his mule toward Santa Fe, and hastened back joyfully to Isabella's presence.

The queen received him with great benignity, and granted all the concessions he had asked. He, at his own suggestion, by the assistance of the Pinzons of Palos, was to bear one-eighth of the expense, which he did later. The papers were signed at Santa Fe April 17, 1492, and on May 12 (his son Diego having been four days previously appointed page to the prince-apparent) he set out joyfully for Palos to prepare for the long-hoped-for voyage.

On arriving at Palos he went immediately to the convent of La Rabida, and he and Juan Perez rejoiced together. On the morning of May 23 the two proceeded to the church of St. George in Palos, where many of the leading people had been notified to be present, and there gave the royal order by which two caravels or barks, with their crews, were to be ready for sea in ten days, Palos, for some misdemeanor, having been required to furnish two armed caravels to the crown for one year. A certificate of good conduct from Columbus was considered a discharge of obligation to the monarchs. To any person willing to engage in the expedition, all criminal processes against them or their property were to be suspended during absence.

When it was known that the vessels were to go on an untried ocean, perhaps never to return, the men were filled with terror and refused to obey the royal decree. Weeks passed and nothing was accomplished. Mobs gathered as men were pressed into the service.

Finally, through the influence of the Pinzons, and more royal commands, the three vessels were made ready. The largest, which was decked, called the Santa Maria, belonged to Juan de la Cosa, who now commanded her, with Sancho Ruiz and Pedro Alonzo Niño for his pilots. She was ninety feet long by twenty feet broad, and was the Admiral's flag-ship.

The other open vessels were the Pinta, commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, with his brother, Francisco Martin Pinzon, as pilot, and the Niña (Baby), commanded by another brother, Vicente Yañez Pinzon. On board the three ships were one hundred and twenty persons according to Irving, but according to Ferdinand, the son of Columbus, and Las Casas, ninety persons.

Isabella paid towards this equipment 1,140,000 maravedis, probably equal to about $67,500; while Columbus raised 500,000 maravedis, or $29,500.

The vessels being ready for sea, Columbus, his officers, and crews partook of the sacrament, and made confession to Friar Juan Perez, and on Friday — this was considered a lucky day, as Granada was taken on Friday, and the first crusade under Godfrey of Bouillon had taken Jerusalem on the same day — Aug. 3, 1492, half an hour before sunrise, with many tears and lamentations, they sailed away from Palos toward an unknown land. A deep gloom came over the people of Palos, for they never expected to see their loved ones again. For three hours Perez and his friends watched the fading sails till they disappeared from sight.

On the third day at sea the rudder of the Pinta was found to be broken, and Columbus surmised that it had happened purposely, as the owners of the boat, Gomez Rascon and Christoval Quintero, were on board, and having been pressed into service against their will, were glad of any excuse to turn back.

By care she was taken on Aug. 9 as far as the Canary Islands, where Columbus hoped to replace her by another vessel; but after three weeks, and no prospect of another ship, they were obliged to make a new rudder for the Pinta and go forward.

On the 6th of September, early in the morning, they sailed away from the island of Gomera, and were soon out of sight of land. The hearts of the seamen now failed them, and rugged sailors wept like children. The admiral tried to comfort them with the prospect of gold and precious stones in India and Cathay, enough to make them all rich.

Seeing their terror as well as real sorrow at being alone on the ocean, he deceived them as to the distance from their homes, by keeping two reckonings, — one correct for himself, one false for them. The sailors were constantly anxious and distrustful. They were alarmed when they saw the peak of Teneriffe in the Canaries in eruption, and now the deflection of the compass-needle away from the pole-star made them sure that the very laws of nature were being changed on this wild and unknown waste of waters.

On Sept. 16 they sailed into vast masses of seaweeds, abounding in fish and crabs. They were eight hundred miles from the Canaries, in the Sargasso Sea, which was two thousand fathoms' or more than two miles in depth. They feared they should be stranded, and could be convinced to the contrary only when their lines were thrown into the sea and failed to touch bottom.

Almost daily they thought they saw land; now it was a mirage at sunrise or sunset; now two pelicans came on board, and these Columbus felt sure did not go over twenty leagues from land; now they caught a bird with feet like a sea-fowl, and were certain that it was a river-bird; now singing land birds, as they thought, hovered about the ship.

They began to grow restless so often were they disappointed. They were borne westward by the trade winds, and they feared that the wind would always prevail from the east, so that they would never get back to Spain.

They finally began to murmur against Columbus, that he was an Italian, and did not care for Spaniards; and they talked among themselves of an easy way to be rid of him by the single thrust of a poniard. Columbus knew

of their mutinous spirit, and sometimes soothed and sometimes threatened them with punishment.

On Sept. 25 Martin Alonzo Pinzon thought he beheld land to the south-west, and, mounting on the stern of his vessel, cried, "Land! Land! Señor, I claim my reward!" The sovereign had offered a prize of ten thousand maravedis to the one who should first discover land.

Columbus threw himself upon his knees and gave thanks to God, and Martin repeated the *Gloria in excelsis*, in which all the crew joined. Morning put an end to their vision of land, and they sailed on as before, ever farther from home and friends.

So many times the crew thought they discerned land and gave a false alarm, afterwards growing more discontented, that Columbus declared that all such should forfeit their claim to the award, unless land were discovered in three days.

On the morning of Oct. 7 the crew of the Niña were sure they saw land, hoisted the flag at her masthead, and discharged a gun, the preconcerted signals, but they soon found that they had deceived themselves.

The crews now became dejected. They had come 2,724 miles from the Canaries, and this was farther than Columbus had supposed Cipango (Japan) to be. He determined therefore to sail west south-west, instead of due west. If he had kept on his course he would have touched Florida. Field birds came flying about the ships, and a heron, a pelican, and a duck were seen; but the sailors murmured more and more, and insisted upon his turning homeward, and giving up a useless voyage.

He endeavored to pacify at first, and then he told them, happen what might, he should press on to the Indies.

The next day the indications of land grew stronger; a green fish of a kind which lives on rocks was seen, a branch of hawthorn with berries on it, and a staff artificially carved. Not an eye was closed that night, Columbus having promised a doublet of velvet in addition to the prize offered by the sovereigns to the first discoverer of land. As evening came on Columbus took his position on the foremost part of his vessel, and watched intently. About ten o'clock he thought he saw a light in the distance, and called to Pedro Gutierrez chamberlain in the king's service, who confirmed it. He then called Rodrigo Sanchez, but by that time the light had disappeared. Once or twice afterward they saw it as though some person were carrying it on shore or in a boat, tossed by waves.

At two in the morning on Friday of Oct. 12 the Pinta, which sailed faster than the other ships, descried the land two leagues away. Rodrigo de Triana of Seville first saw it; but the award was given to Columbus, as he had first seen the light.

A thrill of joy and thanksgiving ran through every heart. Columbus hastily threw his scarlet cloak about him, and with one hand grasping his sword and the other the cross, standing beneath the royal banner, gold embroidered with F. and Y. on either side, the initials of Ferdinand and Ysabel, surmounted by crowns, he and his followers put out to shore in a little boat. As soon as he landed he knelt on the earth, kissed it, and gave thanks to God with tears, all joining him in the *Te Deum*.

His men gathered about him, embraced him while they wept, begged his forgiveness for their mutinous spirit, and promised obedience in the future.

The naked natives, filled with awe at these beings in armor, whom they supposed had come from heaven, — alas! that they should have been so pitifully deceived, — fled to the woods at first, but soon came close to the Spaniards, felt of their white beards, touched their white skin, so unlike their own, and were as gentle as children. When a sword was shown them, they innocently took it by the edge. They received eagerly the bells and red caps which Columbus offered them, and gave cakes of bread, called cassava, parrots, and cotton yarn in exchange.

The island upon which Columbus probably landed was called by the natives Guanahani, now San Salvador, one of the Bahama group. It has never been fully settled upon which of the group Columbus landed, many believing it to have been Watling's Island.

Columbus was amazed at the canoes of the people, a single tree trunk being hollowed out sufficiently to hold forty or forty-five men. He wrote in his journal: "Some brought us water; others things to eat; others, when they saw that I went not ashore, leaped into the sea, swimming, and came, and, as we supposed, asked us if we were come from heaven; and then came an old man into the boat, and all men and women, in a loud voice cried, 'Come and see the men who came from heaven; bring them food and drink.'"

The people had some bits of gold about them, in their noses and elsewhere; and as gold was ever the dream of the Spanish discoverer, they were eagerly questioned as to where the precious metal was to be obtained. Columbus understood them to say farther south, so while he believed he had touched the Indies, he must go still farther for the wonderful Cipango.

He seized seven Indians and took them on board to learn the Spanish language and become interpreters. Two of them soon escaped, as they naturally loved their homes and their people.

Columbus has been severely censured for his course towards the Indians, then and later; but it is becoming in us Americans to deal leniently with the early discoverers, when we remember how a Christian nation has treated the Indians through four centuries. The blame cannot be put entirely upon Indian agents; our people have shown the same eager desires for their land as the Spaniards. We have forgotten to keep our promises, and these things have been permitted by those in exalted official position.

After having investigated the island upon which he landed, Columbus reached another island Oct. 15, which he called Santa Maria de la Conception, and on Oct. 16 another, which he called Fernandina. The little houses of the people were neat. They used *hamacs* for beds, nets hung from posts; hence our word hammocks. They had dogs which could not bark. Columbus named the next island which he found Isabella, and then, Oct. 28, reached Cuba, where he hoped, from the half-understood natives, that gold would be obtained in abundance. He found luxuriant vegetation, brilliant birds and flowers, fish which rivalled the birds in color, a beautiful river, a country where "one could live forever," he said. "It is the most beautiful island that eyes ever beheld, full of excellent ports and profound rivers." The tropical nights filled him with admiration. Nothing was wanting to the scene but the great Kublai Khan of Cathay with his enormous wealth described by Marco Polo, and the gold for which the Spaniards

agonized, as a proof to their sovereign that they had found the westward passage to Asia.

Imagining that a great king must live in the centre of the island, Columbus sent two Spaniards, Rodrigo de Jerez and Luis de Torres, a converted Jew who knew Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Arabic, with two Indians as guides to the supposed monarch. They took presents to this king, and started on their will-o'-the-wisp journey.

After going twelve leagues a village of a thousand people was found. The natives offered them fruits and vegetables, and kissed their hands and feet in token of submission or adoration of such wonderful beings. The Spaniards saw no gold and no monarch; and, on their return, Columbus was obliged to give up some of his hopes about Cathay and gold-covered houses.

The natives were seen to roll a leaf, and, lighting one end of it, put the other in their mouth and smoke it. "The Spaniards," says Irving, "were struck with astonishment at this singular and apparently nauseous indulgence." The leaf was tobacco, — they called it *tobacos*, — and the habit of barbarians has been easily copied by civilized men. The natives said *bohio*, which means house, and which they applied to a populous place like Hispaniola or Hayti; sometimes they said *quisqueya*, that is, the whole; and Columbus, thinking they meant the Quinsay (Hangchow) of Marco Polo, once more started in his search for wealth, and on the evening of Dec. 6 entered a harbor at the western end of Hayti.

The natives had fled in terror; so Columbus sent some armed men to the interior, accompanied by Indian interpreters. They found a village of about a thousand houses, whose inmates all fled, but were reassured by the interpreters, who told them that these strangers were

descended from the skies, and went about making precious and beautiful presents. A naked young woman had been seized by the Spaniards; but Columbus gave her clothing and bells, and released her so as to win the others to friendliness. Her husband now came to the nine armed men and thanked them for her safe return and for the gifts.

While Columbus was at Hayti a young chief visited him, borne by four men on a sort of litter, and attended by two hundred subjects. The subjects remained outside of Columbus's cabin, while two old men entered with the chief and sat at his feet. He spoke but little, but gave the admiral a curious belt and two pieces of gold, for which Columbus in return presented him with a piece of cloth, several amber beads, colored shoes, and a flask of orange-water. In the evening he was sent on shore with great ceremony, and a salute fired in his honor.

Later Columbus received a request from a greater chief, Guacanagari, that he would come with his ships to his part of the island; but as the wind then prevented, a small party of Spaniards visited him and were most hospitably received.

On the morning of Dec. 24 Columbus started to visit this chief; and when they had come within a league of his residence, the sea being calm and the admiral having retired, his vessel, the Santa Maria, ran upon a sandbank and quickly went to pieces. When the chief heard of the shipwreck he shed tears, sent his people to unload the vessel and guard the contents, and his family to cheer the admiral, assuring him that everything he possessed was at the disposal of Columbus. All the crew went on board the little Niña, and later were entertained by Guacanagari.

He presented Columbus with a carved mask of wood, with the eyes and ears of gold; and perceiving that the eyes of the Spaniards glistened whenever they saw gold, he had all brought to them which could be obtained, even his own coronet of gold, for which they gave bells, nails, or any trifle, though sometimes cloth and shoes. Columbus wrote, "So loving, so tractable, so peaceable are these people, that I swear to your majesties there is not in the world a better nation, nor a better land. They love their neighbors as themselves; and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile; and though it is true that they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy." The Pinta had apparently deserted — Columbus and Pinzon had differed with each other several times — for she was nowhere to be found; and with only the Niña, and winter coming on, he deemed it wise to return to Spain and make a report to his sovereigns.

The little vessel could not hold all the crew; and several begged to remain, as the warm climate and indolent life suited them. A fort was therefore built from the timbers of the wrecked Santa Maria, the Indians helping in the labor; and in ten days La Navidad, or the Nativity, in memorial of the shipwreck on Christmas, was ready for the ammunition and stores, enough for a year, and for the thirty-nine who were to remain. The command was given to Diego de Arana of Cordova, a cousin of Beatrix, — the relatives of Beatrix, and the money of the family, although not great in quantity, were always at the service of Columbus.

Warning his comrades who were to be left behind not to stray beyond the friendly country of Guacanagari, to treat him with the greatest respect, and to gather a ton

of gold in his absence if possible, Columbus, after a sad parting, sailed homeward Jan. 4, 1493.

After two days they came upon the lost Pinta, Pinzon explaining his desertion by stress of weather. He was very glad to return with the admiral to Spain, although a heavy storm coming up, they parted company, and did not meet again till they were in their own country.

On Feb. 12 a violent storm placed Columbus in so much danger in his open boat that, fearful lest all should be lost, and no report of his discoveries reach Spain, he wrote on parchment two accounts, wrapped each in cloth, then in a cake of wax, and enclosed each in a barrel. One was thrown into the sea, and the other left on board the Niña, to float in case she should sink.

On the homeward journey they were obliged to put into the Azores, where a party of five going to a little chapel of the Virgin to give thanks for their deliverance from shipwreck were seized by order of the Portuguese governor of the island. They were finally released, as such an act might make unpleasant complications with Spain.

A little later a storm drove the Niña on the coast of Portugal, and Columbus and his crew took refuge in the river Tagus. The King of Portugal sent for him, received him with much honor, but tried to show that he had trespassed upon undiscovered ground granted the king by the Pope. After some parleying he was allowed to depart; and at noon, March 15, the Niña entered the harbor of Palos, from which she had departed seven months before.

All business was suspended. The bells were rung, and the returned Admiral and his men were the heroes of the time. The Pinta soon arrived, having been driven by a storm to Bayonne, from whence Pinzon wrote to the sov-

ereigns of his intended visit to court. He kept apart from Columbus, some historians say, from fear of arrest for desertion, and died in his own house in Palos not many days afterwards. The degree of nobility was afterwards conferred upon the Pinzons by Charles V.

Columbus repaired to Seville, after sending a letter to the sovereigns, who were with their court at Barcelona. They replied at once, asking him to repair immediately to court, and to make plans for a second expedition to the Indies.

On his journey to Barcelona the people thronged out of the villages to meet the now famous discoverer. They were eager to see the six Indians whom he had brought, — of the ten, one had died on the passage, and three were ill at Palos.

About the middle of April he arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a magnificent reception. He was no longer the unknown Italian, begging at royal doors for seven years for aid to seek a new world; but he came now like a conqueror who had helped to make Spain rich and honored by his great discoveries.

At Barcelona the streets were almost impassable from the multitude. First came the Indians with their war-paint, feathers, and ornaments of gold; then birds, animals, and plants from across the seas, and then Columbus on horseback surrounded by richly dressed Spanish cavaliers.

The sovereigns on their thrones under a golden canopy, Prince Juan at their side, attended by all the dignitaries of court, waited to receive the Admiral. When Columbus approached the sovereigns they arose as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending before them,

they raised him graciously, and bade him seat himself in their presence, an unusual honor.

At their request, he eloquently described the lands he had found, with the great wealth that must finally come to their throne. The sovereigns and all present fell upon their knees, while the choir of the royal chapel chanted the *Te Deum laudamus.* When Columbus left the royal presence all the court followed him, as well as crowds of the people.

He renewed within his own breast a vow previously made, that with the money obtained by these discoveries, he would equip a great army and secure the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem from the Turks.

Columbus and his discoveries were everywhere talked of. At the court of Henry VII. in England it was accounted a "thing more divine than human." Bartholomew Columbus had obtained the consent of Henry to fit out an expedition; but about this time Isabella decided in its favor, so the renown of it was ' st to England.

While at Barcelona, Columbus was at all times admitted to the royal presence, and rode on horseback on one side of the king, while Prince Juan rode on the other. A court of arms was assigned him. The Grand Cardinal of Spain, Mendoza, made a banquet for him, at which is said to have occurred the incident of the egg. A courtier asked Columbus if he had not discovered the Indies, whether it was not probable some one else would have done so. The Admiral took an egg and asked the company to made it stand on end. Each one attempted, but in vain, when Columbus struck it upon the table, breaking the end, so that it would stand upright, as much as to say, after he had shown the way to the Indies, others could easily follow.

Columbus must have enjoyed this courtesy, "the only unalloyed days of happiness," says Winsor, "freed of anxiety, which he ever experienced."

Men and means were not wanting for the second voyage of Columbus. He did not need now to take criminals and debtors. Bishop Fonseca, archdeacon of Seville, was put in charge of Indian affairs. Money was raised from the confiscated property of the banished Jews, and five million *maravedis* were loaned from Medina-Sidonia. Artillery amassed during the Moorish wars was quickly brought forward. Men of prominent station and rich young Spaniards, anxious for adventure, were eager to go in the ships, besides several priests, intended for the conversion of the savages.

Seventeen vessels were soon in readiness. Horses and other animals, seeds, agricultural implements, rice, and other things were provided. About fifteen hundred persons, though many had been refused, were ready to sail. Among them were Diego, a brother of Columbus; the father and uncle of the noble historian, Las Casas; Juan Ponce de Leon, who later discovered Florida, and four of the six Indians who went to Barcelona. The latter had been baptized, with the king and queen as godfather and godmother.

All was now ready for the second voyage. It could not of course be like the first. That, as Mr. Fiske well says, is "a unique event in the history of manhood. Nothing like it was ever done before, and nothing like it can ever be done again. No worlds are left for a future Columbus to conquer. The era of which this great Italian mariner was the most illustrious representative has closed forever."

The vessels sailed on the morning of Sept. 25, 1493,

from the bay of Cadiz, and after an uneventful voyage reached land Nov. 3, discovering several islands, Dominica, Marie-Galante, Guadaloupe, Antigua, and Porto Rico. The natives fled in terror from the Spaniards, even leaving their children behind them in their flight. These the Spaniards soothed with bells and other trinkets.

Their houses were made of trunks of trees interwoven with reeds and thatched with palm-leaves. There were many geese, like those of Europe, great parrots, and an abundance of pineapples. The natives were cannibals and ate their prisoners. Their arrows were pointed with fish-bones, poisoned by the juice of an herb.

On Nov. 22 the ships arrived off the eastern part of Hayti, or Hispaniola. As some of the mariners were going along the coast, they found on the banks of a stream the bodies of a man and boy, the former with a cord of Spanish grass about his neck, and his arms extended and tied to a stake in the form of a cross. They at once feared that evil had befallen Arana and his garrison of thirty-nine men at La Navidad, whom they had left the previous Christmas, eleven months before.

When they reached the fortress nothing was left of it. Broken utensils and torn clothes were scattered in the grass. They found the graves of the men, long since dead, for the grass was growing over the mounds.

Columbus soon heard the story of their ruin. The thirty-nine men in the fortress began to quarrel among themselves after the departure of the Admiral, stole the wives and daughters of the Indians, and several of them went into the interior of the island ruled by Caonabo, a renowned chief of the Caribs or Cannibals. These Caonabo at once put to death, and then marched against the fort, and in the dead of night destroyed all the in-

mates. Guacanagari and his subjects fought for their guests, those in the fortress having been intrusted to the care of the Indian chief by Columbus, but were overpowered, the chief wounded, and his village burnt to the ground. All this was disheartening to the young cavaliers who had come to find wealth and happiness.

It soon became necessary to begin another town, as the cattle, as well as men, were suffering from confinement on shipboard. Early in December streets were laid out, a church, storehouse, and house for the Admiral built of stone, and the town of Isabella was established on the northern shore of Hayti, in the new world.

In a short time half the fifteen hundred persons who came from Spain were ill. They were not used to labor; the country was malarious; they were disappointed and lonely, and this condition of mind wore upon their bodies. They had all hoped for gold, and there was none at hand, nor any prospect of wealth.

Columbus decided that, as he had heard there were gold mines in Cibao, even though it was in Caonabo's country, the place must be visited. He therefore sent a daring young cavalier, Alonso de Ojeda, with a well-armed force, to investigate the matter. He returned with glowing accounts of gold-dust in the streams and with a nugget of gold weighing nine ounces. Others found gold in other localities, and the hopes of the Spaniards were revived. It became so evident that gold was what the discoverers desired that the natives called it "the Christians' God."

Provisions began to grow scarce for so many persons; medicine, clothing, horses, workmen, and arms were needed; so twelve ships were sent back to Spain, with several men, women, and children from the cannibal

Caribbee islands, who, while they were to be converted to Christianity, were to be sold as slaves according to the suggestion of Columbus, and the money used to buy cattle. It seems strange that such a religious man as Columbus, who was looking forward to spending his wealth to recover the Holy Sepulchre, should have suggested human slavery, or, rather, it would seem strange, had we not in America witnessed so many Christians, both North and South, upholding the slave-trade in this enlightened nineteenth century. It behooves us to be lenient toward the fifteenth century.

Isabella, to her honor be it said, would not consent to the cannibals being sold as slaves, but ordered that they should be converted like the rest of the Indians.

After the fleet had sailed to Spain, many of the men left behind became melancholy and discontented, and a faction determined to take some of the remaining ships and return home. They were discovered and punished, but an ill-feeling was created towards Columbus which was never overcome.

In March, 1494, leaving his brother Diego in charge of the town, Columbus started with four hundred men, including miners and carpenters, horses and fire-arms, to the mountains of Cibao, as he could not much longer abstain from sending back to the monarchs the continually promised gold of Cathay. The men sallied forth with much display, so as to impress the neighboring Indians.

The way thither was steep and difficult, across rivers and glens, till they reached the top of the mountains, about eighteen leagues from the settlement. Near by he erected a wooden fortress. At first the natives fled at their approach, fearing especially the horses; but later

they came and brought food and gold-dust, and assured him that farther on — somewhere — were masses of ore as large as a child's head. The Admiral told them, as ever, that anything would be given in exchange for gold.

Columbus was surprised to find that the natives of Hayti had a religion of their own. They believed in one supreme being, who was immortal and omnipotent, with a mother, but no father. They employed inferior deities, called Zemes, as messengers to him. Each chief had a house in which was an image in wood or stone of his Zemi, and each family had a particular Zemi, or protector. Their bodies were often painted or tattoed with figures of these gods. Besides the Zemes, each chief had three idols, which were held in great reverence.

They believed that the sun and moon issued from a cavern on their island, and that mankind issued from another cavern. For a long time there were no women on the island; but seeing four among the branches of trees, they endeavored to catch them, but found them slippery as eels. Some men with rough hands were engaged to catch them, and succeeded.

They had a singular idea about the Flood. A great chief on the island slew his son for conspiring against him. He put the bones of his son into a gourd, and one day when he opened the gourd many fishes leaped out. Four brothers heard of this gourd, and came and opened it secretly. They carelessly let it fall, when great whales sprang out and sharks, and a mighty flood covered the earth, so that the islands are only the tops of the mountains.

When a chief was dying he was strangled, so that he should not die like common people. Others were stretched in hammocks, with bread and water at their heads, and abandoned to die.

When the new fortress, St. Thomas, was nearly built, Columbus left it in charge of Pedro Margarite, a Catalonian, and returned to Isabella. Here he found more discontent and sickness than before. As food was growing scarce, and there was no method of grinding corn but a hand-mill, he began at once to erect a mill, and compelled the young *hidalgos*, or men of high blood, to work. This produced more bitterness than ever; for they had not come hither to a new country to labor, but to pick up gold at their leisure. Their pride was wounded; lack of accustomed food and unusual bodily labor soon told on luxurious idlers, and great numbers sank into their graves, cursing the day on which they set sail for the Indies. Years after, when the place was deserted, it was believed that two rows of phantom *hidalgos*, richly apparelled, walked the solitary streets, and disappeared at the approach of the living.

To quiet his own people and to overawe Caonabo, or any other hostile chief, Columbus sent Ojeda to take charge of St. Thomas, and about four hundred armed men to march into the interior under Pedro Margarite, who had been left at St. Thomas. Margarite was charged to be just to the natives, but if they refused to sell provisions to compel them, but in as kindly a manner as possible. Caonabo and his brothers, because the former was feared by the colonists, were to be surprised and secured if possible, notwithstanding that they were defending their own country from intruders.

Columbus having settled, as he hoped, his turbulent comrades, made a voyage to Cuba early in April, 1494. Inquiring, as usual, of the people for gold, they always pointed to the south. Columbus sailed on, and finally discovered Jamaica. As they approached the land, as

many as seventy canoes filled with Indians, painted and adorned with feathers, uttered loud cries and brandished their pointed wooden lances. They were quieted by the Indian interpreters. At another time the Spaniards fired upon them and let loose a cruel bloodhound.

Not finding gold in Jamaica, as he had hoped, Columbus returned to Cuba, and ran along its shore for three hundred and thirty-five leagues. He discovered many small islands, a lovely country, more kindly natives than before, who told him that toward the west lay the province of Mangon — he was sure this was Marco Polo's Mangi, or Southern China — and would have gone farther but the crew insisted upon his return. So sure were they all that this was Asia that all agreed under oath that if any should hereafter contradict this opinion, he should have his tongue cut out, and receive a hundred lashes if a sailor, and pay ten thousand *maravedis* if an officer. And yet they could not help wondering why they did not find the rich cities of Marco Polo. Columbus, worn with the fatigues and anxieties of five months of cruising, suddenly fell into a lethargy like death, and in this condition of insensibility he was borne into the harbor of Isabella, Sept. 29, 1494.

On regaining consciousness, he found his brother Bartholomew at his bedside. After the return of the latter from Henry VII. of England, to whom he had gone for aid in behalf of Christopher, some years before, and been captured by pirates, he found that his brother had discovered the Indies, and had gone on his second voyage. He repaired to the Spanish court, where he was cordially received, and fitted out by the sovereigns with three ships filled with supplies for his brother.

Columbus was overjoyed to see Bartholomew, a man

of much decision and knowledge of the sea, and quite well educated. He immediately made Bartholomew *adelantado*, an office equivalent to that of lieutenant-governor.

Meantime Pedro Margarite, who had been told to make a military tour of Hayti, was in serious trouble. The island was divided into five domains, each ruled by a chief. It was thickly populated, some authorities say with a million people.

Instead of making a tour of the country, he and his indolent followers lingered in the fertile regions near by, and lived on the provisions furnished by the Indians, which they could ill afford to spare. The Spaniards took the wives and daughters of the inhabitants, and constant quarrels resulted.

Margarite, being of an old family, spoke with contempt of Diego Columbus, left in charge at Isabella, and also of the Admiral. Margarite drew to his side those already disaffected toward Columbus, and, seizing some ships which were lying in the harbor, set sail for Spain. At court they represented that Hispaniola was a constant pecuniary drain upon the sovereigns, rather than a source of income, for Ferdinand was more anxious even than Columbus to secure gold for his coffers; and they poisoned the mind of Fonseca, already somewhat at enmity with Columbus concerning the so-called tyrannies of the Admiral. Perhaps the real trouble was that Columbus was not severe enough with this idle and sensual set, who wished to get rich without labor.

The soldiers whom Margarite left behind him without a leader were more lawless than before. One of the chiefs, exasperated by their conduct, put to death ten of them who had injured his people, and set fire to a house where

forty-six Spaniards were lodged. The Indians were beginning to find out that these people had not come to their country from heaven.

Caonabo, an intelligent and able warrior, who from the first had felt that harm would come to his people unless these white men could be driven out, determined to destroy St. Thomas, as La Navidad had been destroyed.

But he had a very brave young officer to deal with, Alonso de Ojeda, who was a favorite of Medina-Celi, and had fought in the Moorish wars. He always carried a picture of the Virgin with him, and believed that she protected him.

Caonabo assembled ten thousand warriors, armed with bows and arrows, clubs and lances, and came out before the fortress, hoping to surprise the garrison; but Ojeda was ready to meet him. Caonabo then decided to starve them by investing every pass. For thirty days the siege was maintained, and famine stared the Spaniards in the face.

Ojeda made many sorties from the fort, and killed several of the foremost warriors, until Caonabo, weary of the siege, and admiring the bravery of Ojeda, retired from the fort. The chief now determined to invite the other chiefs of the island to help despoil Isabella; but Guacanagari, the friendly chief, opposed th plan, and kept, at his own expense, one hundred of the suffering Spanish soldiers. This incensed Caonabo and his brother-in-law, Behechio, who together killed one of Guacanagari's wives, carried another away captive, and invaded his territory with their army. The friendly chief at once reported the plan to destroy Isabella to the Admiral.

Ojeda offered to take Caonabo by stratagem and deliver him alive into the hands of Columbus. Taking ten bold

followers, he made his way through the forests to the home of Caonabo, sixty leagues from St. Thomas. Ojeda paid great deference to the chief, and told him he had brought a valuable present from his Admiral.

Caonabo received the young Spaniard with great courtesy. The latter asked the Indian chief to go to Isabella to make a treaty of peace, to which he consented, preparing to take a large body of men with him. To this Ojeda demurred, as useless, but the march began.

Having halted on the journey, Ojeda showed the chief a set of steel manacles resembling silver, and assured him that these came from heaven, were worn by the monarchs of Castile in solemn dances, and that they were a present to the chief. He proposed that the chief should bathe and then put on these ornaments, and mounting Ojeda's horse, thus equipped, surprise his subjects.

He was pleased with the idea of riding upon a horse, the animal which his countrymen so much feared would eat them. Mounting behind Ojeda on horseback, the manacles were adjusted, and Ojeda and the chief, with the rest of the horsemen, rode before the Indians, to show them how the steeds could prance. Then Ojeda dashed into the woods, his followers closed around him, and at the point of the sword threatened Caonabo with instant death if he made the least noise. He was bound with cords to Ojeda so that he could not fall off, and, putting spurs to their horses, they started towards Isabella.

They passed through the Indian towns at full gallop, and, tired and hungry, arrived after some days at the Spanish settlement.

Columbus ordered that the haughty chieftain should

be treated with kindness and respect, and kept him in chains in his own house. Caonabo always had admiration for Ojeda, and would rise to greet him, but never for Columbus, as he said the latter never dared to come personally to his house and seize him.

Caonabo's subjects were much cast down at the loss of their chief, and one of his brothers raised an army of seven thousand against St. Thomas. They were scattered by the dashing Ojeda, and the brother of Caonabo was taken prisoner.

In the autumn of 1494 Antonio Torres arrived from Spain with four ships filled with supplies, and kind letters from the sovereigns to Columbus. The Admiral deemed it wise that these ships return as soon as possible, so as to counteract any reports made by Margarite and his men. To make up for the lack of gold — the ship carried all he could possibly gather — he sent home, in opposition to the expressed wishes of Isabella, five hundred Indians to be sold as slaves in the markets of Seville.

It is true that both Spaniards and Portuguese made large profits from the African slave trade; that the Moors, men, women, and children, by the thousands, were sold into cruel bondage, and Columbus but followed the dreadful example of his age. He had held out such high hopes of gold from this probable Cathay, there was such discontent already at his meagre returns, that he allowed his conscience to be hardened, if, indeed, he had any scruples about the matter.

Not so Isabella. While, like others of her time, intolerant of heretics, she felt deeply interested in this gentle and hospitable new-found race. Five days after royal orders had been issued for their sale, the order was suspended through Isabella's influence, until the sovereigns

could inquire why these Indians had been made prisoners, and to consult learned theologians as to whether their sale would be right in the sight of God. Much difference of opinion was expressed by the divines, when Isabella took the matter into her own hands, gave orders that they should be returned to the island of Hayti, and that all the islanders should be treated in the gentlest manner.

Another brother of Caonabo had raised a hostile army, said by some to have numbered one hundred thousand, aided by Anacaona, the favorite wife of Caonabo, and her brother Behechio, against the town of Isabella. Columbus at once prepared to meet them with all the men and arms at his command, and twenty fierce bloodhounds.

A battle was fought in the latter part of March, 1495, when the Indians were completely routed, the bloodhounds seizing them by the throat, and tearing them in pieces, and the horses trampling them to the earth.

Columbus, still eager for wealth for Spain, now laid a heavy tribute upon all the conquered Indians. Those chiefs near the mines were required to furnish a hawk's-bill of gold-dust every three months, — about fifteen dollars of our money, Irving thinks. Those distant from the mines were obliged to furnish twenty-five pounds of cotton every three months. One of the chiefs, because he could not furnish the gold, offered to cultivate a large tract of land for Columbus, which offer was rejected, because gold alone would satisfy Spain. The Admiral finally lowered the amount to half a hawk's-bill.

To enforce these measures he built fortresses, and the Indians, unused to labor, soon found themselves slaves in their own land. They hunted the streams for gold,

and obtained little. With pitiful simplicity they asked the Spaniards when they were going to return to heaven!

Finally they agreed among themselves to leave their homes and go into the mountains and hidden caverns, where they could subsist on roots, and let their hated task-masters toil for themselves. But the Spaniards pursued them and made them return to their labors.

The friendly chief, Guacanagari, hated by his neighboring territories on account of his kindness to Columbus, blamed by his suffering and overworked subjects, unable himself to pay the tribute, took refuge in the mountains, and died in want and obscurity.

As matters were going on so badly in the Indies, the sovereign sent out Juan Aguado towards the last of August, 1495, on a mission of inquiry. He took out four ships, well filled with supplies. Aguado, like many others, seems to have been unduly exalted with a little power conferred upon him, and when he arrived at Isabella, acted as though he were the governor. The disaffected sided with him, and even the Indians were glad of a change of power, hoping against hope for a betterment of their condition.

When Aguado was ready to return to Spain, a fearful storm destroyed all his ships; but a new one was built, in which he returned, and Columbus at the same time went back in the Niña to lay his own side of the case before the sovereigns. With them returned two hundred and twenty-five sick, idle, disappointed adventurers, besides thirty Indians including Caonabo. He died on the voyage of a broken spirit.

On this voyage the winds were against them, so that with the delay their food became so scarce that Irving says it was proposed to kill and eat the Indians, or throw

them into the sea to make less mouths to feed. This Columbus sternly forbade. After three months, June 11, 1496, they reached the harbor of Cadiz. They were not the joyous adventurers who went out almost three years before. Columbus himself wore a robe girdled with a cord of the Franciscans, so dejected was he in spirit.

Columbus soon learned the state of feeling towards himself in Spain, and felt more than ever that he must make the Indies of profit to the Spanish treasury. He repaired to the court in July, and was treated with much courtesy and cordiality. The monarchs were too greatly absorbed in preparations for the marriage of Juana with Philip of Austria, and of Philip's sister Margarita with Prince Juan, to do anything just then toward fitting out a third expedition. An armada of one hundred ships with twenty thousand persons on board was sent to take out Juana to Flanders, and to bring back Margarita. Besides, the sovereigns were maintaining a large army in Italy to help the king of Naples in recovering his throne from Charles VIII. of France, and had many squadrons elsewhere.

In the autumn six millions of *maravedis* were ordered to be given to Columbus, but just about that time Pedro Alonzo Niño sent word to the court that he had arrived with a great amount of gold on his three ships from Hispaniola. Ferdinand was rejoiced to keep the six million *maravedis* to repair a fortress, and ordered Niño to pay the gold to Columbus. When Niño arrived at court it was found that his vaunted gold was another crowd of Indians brought over to be sold as slaves.

When the spring came the wedding of Prince Juan was celebrated with great splendor at Burgos, and then

Isabella turned her interest toward Columbus, she alone being concerned, for the king began to look coldly on him, and the royal counsellors were his enemies. The queen allowed him to entail his estates, so that they might always descend with his titles of nobility. She granted him three hundred and thirty persons in royal pay, and he might increase the number to five hundred. He was also authorized to grant land to all such as wished to cultivate vineyards or sugar plantations on condition that they should reside on the island for four years after such grant.

It was fortunate for Columbus that Isabella was his friend, for he seemed to have few others, so easy is it for the world to follow the successful, and to decry the unsuccessful. No person seemed to wish to go on this third voyage, or to furnish ships. Finally, at the suggestion of Columbus, criminals sentenced to the mines, or galleys, or banishment, were allowed to go to the New World instead, and work without pay. A general pardon was offered to scoundrels; those who had committed crimes worthy of death should remain two years; lighter crimes, one year. There could scarcely have been a worse plan.

While matters dragged along, Isabella's only son, Prince Juan, died, overwhelming her with grief for the remainder of her days. Yet she still thought of Columbus, and out of her own funds set apart for her daughter Isabella, betrothed to Emanuel, King of Portugal, sent two ships with supplies. The two sons of Columbus who had been pages to the prince she took into her own service.

So long was everything delayed that Columbus would have given up any further discovery except for his feel-

ings of gratitude to the queen and his desire to cheer her in her afflictions.

Finally the six ships were ready, when in a moment of loss of self-control, Columbus allowed his temper to work great injury to him. He knocked down an insolent man who annoyed him, and kicked him after he was down. He regretted it, but paid dearly for it, as do others who fail to control their tempers. The sovereigns naturally believed that some of the stories about his severity in the Indies were true; and Las Casas attributed the humiliating measures toward Columbus, which soon followed, to this one unmanly act.

On May 30, 1498, Columbus set sail with six vessels from San Lucar de Barrameda, on his third voyage. Three of these vessels he despatched directly to Hayti with supplies, one being commanded by Pedro de Arana, the brother of Beatrix.

With the other three he sailed to the Cape de Verde islands, off the coast of Africa, and then as the heat of the tropics became almost unbearable, the tar in the seams of the ship melting and causing leakage, and the meat and wine becoming spoiled, he changed his course due west and finally reached an island off the coast of South America, which he called Trinidad, in honor of the Trinity.

He was surprised to find such verdure and fertility. While coasting the island, Columbus beheld toward the South, land intersected by the branches of the Orinoco, not dreaming that it was a continent.

He tried to allure the natives on board by friendly signs, a display of looking-glasses and the like; but finding these of no avail, though they looked on in wonder for about two hours with their oars in their hands,

Columbus tried the power of music, at which the Indians, thinking this an indication of hostility, discharged a shower of arrows. This was returned by the cross-bows of the Spaniards, when they immediately fled.

Columbus sailed into the Gulf of Paria, supposing it to be the open sea, and was surprised to find the water fresh. The entrance between Trinidad and the main land he called, from the fury of the water, the Serpent's Mouth, and the opposite pass the Dragon's Mouth.

He soon discovered Margarita and Cubagua, afterwards famous for pearls. He procured about three pounds of pearls for bells and broken pieces of plates — Valencia ware — which pearls he sent to the sovereigns as specimens of the untold wealth of the new lands.

Columbus was now so afflicted by a disease in his eyes from constant watching and sleeplessness that he was almost blind, and he had also a very severe attack of gout with intense suffering, which emaciated him greatly. His food supplies, too, were nearly exhausted, so it was necessary for him to reach San Domingo on the southern coast of Hispaniola as soon as possible. He arrived Aug. 30, 1498.

Sad things had happened during his absence of more than two years. The people at Isabella were nearly starving for lack of food. Some were ill, but most were too much opposed to labor to cultivate the fields. War had broken out afresh with the Indians, and there was mutiny among the Spaniards.

The three vessels which he had sent directly to Hispaniola, while he retained three for discovery, had been deceived by Francisco Roldan, who had been made judge of the island by the Admiral. Roldan told the captains of the three vessels, that he was in that part of the island

taking tribute, and helped himself to all he wished. Many of the men on board, being criminals forced into the service, joined him in his mutiny. When the ships arrived in port what remained of their provisions was nearly spoiled.

Columbus, seeing so much disaffection, issued a proclamation that all who wished could go to Spain in five vessels about to return. The vessels lay in the harbor eighteen days, while Columbus was negotiating with the rebels. The Indian prisoners on board were suffering from heat and hunger, and many died; some were suffocated with heat in the holds of the vessels. When the ships returned Columbus wrote letters to the sovereigns about the rebellion, and Roldan wrote letters also.

After much writing and sending of messages — Columbus did not dare resort to arms as Roldan's party was so strong — it was agreed that Roldan and his followers should return to Spain. This they refused to do later, and would only make peace on condition that Roldan should be again chief judge of the island, have large grants of land made to him and his followers, and that it should be proclaimed that everything charged against him and his party had been on false testimony. To such humiliating concessions Columbus was obliged to submit.

Roldan resumed his office of chief judge, and was more insolent than ever. He demanded much land and many Indian slaves. Columbus now granted to all colonists who would remain, Indian slaves, and each chief was required to furnish free Indians to help cultivate the lands. Thus the cruel system of *repartimientos*, or distribution of free Indians among the colonists, began, a measure which led to the most cruel overwork

and suffering, and in the end annihilated the rightful owners of the soil.

Damaging reports of the condition of the colonists and the inability of Columbus to control the mutinous set, had reached the crown. They therefore sent Don Francisco de Bobadilla, an officer of the royal household, to investigate matters. He had orders to receive into his keeping, ships, houses, fortresses, and all royal property, provided it should be proved that Columbus had forfeited his claim to the control of such property. A letter was sent to Columbus requiring his obedience to Bobadilla. The latter sailed about the middle of July, 1500, for San Domingo.

When he arrived, Aug. 23, seeing the bodies of some Spaniards whom Columbus had recently executed for conspiracy against his life, he concluded that the reports of the cruelty of the Admiral were true, and at once ordered Diego, the brother of Columbus, as the latter was absent, to deliver up the malcontents to him. He read his royal orders from the door of the church. As Diego was at first unwilling to submit without the command of the Admiral, Bobadilla went at once to the fortress and released the conspirators.

He threw Diego into prison, seized the gold, plate, horses, and manuscripts of Columbus, and took up his residence in the Admiral's house. Columbus was astonished beyond measure, nor would he believe, until he saw a letter signed by the sovereigns bidding him give obedience to Bobadilla. In answer to a summons to appear immediately before the latter, he departed almost alone for San Domingo, to meet Bobadilla. When the latter heard of his arrival, he gave orders to put Columbus in irons, and confine him in the fortress.

When the irons were brought all present shrank from putting them on, such an outrage did it seem to one so dignified and almost always so lenient and considerate. Columbus bore it all in silence, showing no ill-will against any. Fearing that the more determined Bartholomew would rebel and try to rescue his brother, Bobadilla demanded that Columbus write to Bartholomew requesting him to come peaceably to San Domingo. This Columbus did, assuring his brother that all would be made right when they arrived in Castile. On his arrival he was also put in irons, and the three brothers were not allowed to communicate with each other. Bobadilla did not visit them nor allow others to do so.

All kinds of misrule were charged against Columbus. Even the worst among the motley crowd at San Domingo blew horns about the prison doors, glad of any change and any hope of ease and lawlessness. Columbus began to suspect that his life even would be taken. When the vessels were in readiness to carry their prisoners to Spain, Alonzo de Villejo, who was to conduct them, entered the fortress with the guard.

"Villejo," said the white-haired discoverer, "whither are you taking me?"

"To the ship, your Excellency, to embark," was his reply.

"To embark! Villejo, do you speak the truth?"

"By the life of your Excellency, it is true!"

The ships set sail in October, amidst the shouts of the rabble. Both Villejo and the master of the caravel wished to remove the chains; but Columbus said, "No; their majesties commanded me by letter to submit to whatever Bobadilla should order in their name; by their authority he has put upon me these chains; I will wear

them until they shall order them to be taken off, and I will preserve them afterwards as relics and memorials of the reward of my services." "He requested," says his son Ferdinand, "that they might be buried with him."

When Columbus reached Cadiz in irons the whole population was overwhelmed with astonishment and indignation. Those even who had been his enemies were loud in condemnation of such treatment. These murmurs of the people reached the ear of the court at Granada. During the voyage Columbus wrote a letter to Doña Juana de la Torre, former nurse of Prince Juan, a lady much beloved by Isabella. This was sent as soon as he arrived. In the letter he says, "The slanders of worthless men have done me more injury than all my services have profited me. . . . Whatever errors I may have fallen into, they were not with an evil intention."

When this letter was read to Isabella she realized the wrong that had been done to Columbus, ordered that he and his brothers be at once released, and wrote a "letter of gratitude and affection," inviting the Admiral to court, and sending two thousand ducats for his expenses.

The heart of Columbus was cheered. He repaired to Granada Dec. 17, and was received with great distinction. Isabella wept; and when he saw his sovereign thus affected he fell upon his knees, sobbed aloud, and could not speak for some time.

The sovereigns raised him from the ground and encouraged him with most gracious words. They declared that Bobadilla had exceeded their instructions and should be immediately dismissed; that the property of Columbus and all his rights and privileges should be restored.

The position of viceroy, however, was not restored to him, probably because since several other discoveries had been made, principally by those who had been assistants of Columbus, — Niño, who had been with the Admiral to Cuba, had sailed to South America and brought back pearls, and Vicente Yañez Pinzon had discovered the Amazon River and sailed to Cape St. Augustine, — Ferdinand no longer deemed it wise for so much territory to be under one person, and that person a foreigner.

He assured Columbus that it was not wise for him to return for two years, since matters were in such confusion; so Don Nicholas de Ovando was chosen to supersede Bobadilla. He went out Feb. 13, 1502, with a fleet of thirty ships and twenty-five hundred persons. In the early part of the voyage the fleet was scattered by a storm, one vessel foundered with one hundred and twenty passengers, and the others were obliged to throw overboard everything on deck, so that the shores of Spain were strewed with articles from the fleet. So overcome were the sovereigns by this news, that they shut themselves up for eight days, allowing no one to be admitted to their presence. Most of the ships finally reached San Domingo.

Under Bobadilla matters had gone from bad to worse. "Make the most of your time; there is no knowing how long it will last," was his oft-repeated expression to the slave-holders. The position of the Indians grew intolerable.

"Little used to labor," says Irving, "feeble of constitution, and accustomed in their beautiful and luxuriant island to a life of ease and freedom, they sank under the toils imposed upon them and the severities by which

they were enforced. . . . When the Spaniards travelled, instead of using the horses and mules with which they were provided, they obliged the natives to transport them upon their shoulders in litters, or hammocks, with others attending to hold umbrellas of palm-leaves over their heads to keep off the sun, and fans of feathers to cool them; and Las Casas affirms that he has seen the backs and shoulders of the unfortunate Indians who bore these litters raw and bleeding from the task."

Finally, in 1502, Columbus was to make his fourth and last voyage. He was now sixty-six, his body weakened by exposure and mental suffering. His squadron consisted of four caravels and one hundred and fifty men. His brother and his younger son, Ferdinand, sailed with him. He had assured the sovereigns that he believed there was a strait (about where the Isthmus of Panama is situated), and thought that he could pass to the Indian Ocean, and reach Hindostan westward as Vasco da Gama had recently reached it sailing eastward.

Columbus and his party left Cadiz May 9 or 11, 1502, and one of his vessels having become unseaworthy, he stopped at Hispaniola in order to purchase another or exchange it in San Domingo. As Ovando was then in command, Columbus had been told by the sovereigns to stop on his way homeward rather than in going out, as matters were still so unsettled; but the condition of the ship demanding it, he thought he should not be blamed.

In the harbor, about to start for Spain, were the vessels in which Ovando had sailed, ready to carry back Bobadilla and some of his adherents, Roldan, and others. Bobadilla had one immense nugget of gold, which had been found by an Indian woman, and this he intended

to carry to the sovereigns, knowing that the finding of gold was sure to cover up many sins. In one vessel were four thousand pieces of gold, which had been set apart by the agent of Columbus as the rightful share of the latter.

Columbus sent word to Ovando of his arrival, and asked permission to remain in the harbor, as he apprehended a storm. This was refused. Then he sent word again that he felt sure the storm was approaching, and hoped that the fleet might not be returned to Spain just yet. Probably Ovando thought any suggestion about storms was unwarranted, for no attention was paid to it, and the fleet set sail.

The storm soon arose, the ship, having on board Bobadilla and his gold, with Roldan and an Indian chief as prisoner, went down, and all the rest were wrecked or so badly damaged that none could proceed to Spain save one, and that the one which carried the gold of Columbus.

The Admiral and his vessels seem to have been almost miraculously preserved in the fearful storm, unsheltered as they were. He sailed on past the southern shore of Cuba, and soon reached the coast of Honduras.

Here he was surprised to find quite a superior race of Indians. Their hatchets for cutting wood were of copper instead of stone; they had sheets and mantles of cotton, worked and dyed in various colors. The women wore mantles like the women among the Moors at Granada, and the men had cotton cloth about the loins.

Fearful storms prevailed for nearly two months. The seams of the vessels opened, and the sails were torn to pieces. Many times the sailors confessed their sins to each other and prepared for death. "I have seen many

tempests," says Columbus, "but none so violent or of such long duration." Much of the time he was ill, and worried over his son Ferdinand and his brother Bartholomew. "The distress of my son grieved me to the soul," he says, "and the more when I considered his tender age; for he was but thirteen years old, and he enduring so much toil for so long a time. . . . My brother was in the ship that was in the worst condition and the most exposed to danger; and my grief on his account was the greater that I brought him with me against his will."

They sailed along what is now the Mosquito Coast and the shore of Costa Rica (Rich Coast), so called from the gold and silver mines found later in its mountains. Everywhere they heard reports of gold. They met ten canoes of Indians, most of whom had plates of gold about their necks, which they refused to part with.

Sometimes the Indians were hostile, and would rush into the sea up to their waists, and splash the water at the Spaniards in defiance; but, as a rule, they were soon pacified, and induced to give up their gold for a few trinkets.

Continuing along the coast of Veragua, where they heard that the most gold could be found, they saw for the first time signs of solid architecture — a great mass of stucco formed of stone and lime. Columbus wrote to the sovereigns later that the people — he had gathered this from the Indians in part, and also judged from what he saw — wore crowns, bracelets, and anklets of gold, and used it for domestic purposes, even to ornament their seats and tables. Some Indians told him that the people were mounted on horseback, and that great ships came into their ports armed with cannon. This, indeed, must

be the country of Kublai Khan, whom Marco Polo wrote about.

The coast abounded in maize, or Indian corn, pine-apples, and other tropical fruits, and alligators sunned themselves along the banks of the rivers.

Again storms came up, and the rain poured from the skies, says Columbus, like a second deluge. The men were almost drowned in their open vessels. Sharks gathered round the ships, which the sailors regarded as a bad omen, as it was believed these could smell dead bodies at a distance, and always kept about a vessel soon to be wrecked. Their food had been spoiled by the heat and moisture of the climate, and their biscuits were so filled with worms that they had to be eaten in the dark so as to prevent nausea.

As soon as the sea was calm, Columbus determined to ascertain the truth about gold mines. He sent Bartholomew into the interior with several men and three guides whom the principal chief, Quibian, had furnished him. The guides took him, it is believed, into the territory of an enemy, Quibian hoping thereby to save his own land from intrusion.

Bartholomew set forth again with an armed band of fifty-nine men, and found much to convince him that gold was here in abundance. It was determined therefore to build a town here, which should be the great centre for gold-mining. Bartholomew should remain with the men, while the Admiral sailed to Spain for more aid.

Houses were at once started, built of wood and thatched with the leaves of palm-trees. True, they had almost no food, but there was maize and fruit in abundance. Many presents were made to Quibian to reconcile him to this intrusion; but he was warlike, and soon gathered a

force of a thousand men for the ostensible purpose of making war upon a neighboring tribe.

This Diego Mendez, the chief notary, did not believe. He volunteered therefore with another Spaniard to go to the house of Quibian and see for themselves. The chief was confined to his house by an arrow wound in the leg. Mendez told the son — the latter struck him a fearful blow as he arrived, but was finally pacified — that he had come with some ointment to heal the father. He could not gain access to the chief, but he learned in various ways that Quibian intended to surprise the town at night and murder the people.

Bartholomew determined at once to march to Quibian's house and capture him and his warriors. Taking seventy four armed men, he started on his errand. He led the way with five men, the others out of sight in the rear.

As Bartholomew drew near the house Quibian saw him and requested him to approach alone. Telling Mendez that when he, Bartholomew, should take the chief by the arm, they should spring to his assistance, he advanced to meet Quibian, asked about his wound, and, under pretence of examining it, took hold of his arm.

Immediately the four rushed to his aid, the others surrounded the dwelling, and about fifty old and young were seized with all their gold, amounting to about three hundred ducats. The Indians offered any amount for the release of Quibian, but even gold could not tempt the Spaniards in this case. The chief was taken on board of one of the boats; but he managed to escape in the night, and it was supposed that he had perished, as both feet and hands were bound.

However, he had not drowned, and when he realized

that he was bereft of wives and children, he determined upon revenge. He assembled his warriors and came secretly upon the settlement, wounding several, till the bloodhounds were let loose upon them, and they fled in terror. Bartholomew was among the wounded.

The Admiral meantime, unable to pass the bar, had on board the captive warriors and family of Quibian. They were shut up at night in the forecastle, several of the crew sleeping upon the hatchway which was secured by a strong chain and padlock. In the night some of the Indians forced this open and sprang into the sea. Several were seized before they could escape, were forced back into the forecastle, and the hatchway again fastened. In the morning all were found dead. They had hanged or strangled themselves, so hateful was this dominion of the white men.

After a short time the Admiral, one of his caravels being so worm-eaten that it went to pieces, and another worthless, abandoned the fort, leaving the unwelcome coast of Veragua, and reached Jamaica. The other two caravels were reduced to mere wrecks, and were ready to sink even in port.

It was necessary to send to Ovando to ask for ships in which to come to San Domingo. Diego Mendez with another Spaniard, and six Indians, set out on the perilous journey in a canoe having a mast and sail. Once they were taken by Indians but escaped; again they were taken prisoners, and Mendez again escaped and made his way back alone in his canoe to Columbus, after fifteen days' absence.

Mendez offered to try once more if a party could be provided to go with him to the end of Jamaica, when he would attempt to cross the gulf to Hayti. Bartholomew

therefore, with an armed band on shore, followed beside the two canoes on the water till they were at the end of the island, and then they pushed out into the broad sea.

The voyage was a terrible one. The water gave out, and some of the rowers died of thirst and were thrown into the sea, while others lay gasping on the bottom of the canoes. Finally they reached a small island and found rain-water in the crevices of the rocks. The Indians were frantic with delight, drank too much, and several died.

At last they reached San Domingo, only to learn that Ovando was at Xaragua, fifty leagues distant, whither Mendez proceeded on foot through forests and over mountains. Ovando blandly expressed his sorrow, and promised aid week after week and month after month, for a year, not allowing Mendez to leave San Domingo, under pretence that the ships would soon be ready.

The days seemed long to wait for an answer from Ovando. The little band with Columbus began to murmur, and before he was aware of it a mutiny was at hand. On Jan. 2, 1504, when he was a complete cripple in his bed from gout, Francisco de Porras, captain of one of the caravels, appeared before him and in an insolent nmaner declared that Columbus did not intend to carry the men back to Spain, and they had determined to take the matter into their own hands.

"Embark immediately," said Porras, "or remain in God's name. For my part," turning his back on the Admiral, "I am for Castile! those who choose may follow me!"

Shouts came from all sides of the vessel, "I will follow you! and I! and I!" while others brandished their weapons and cried out, "To Castile! to Castile!" while

some even threatened the life of the Admiral. Bartholomew at once planted himself, lance in hand, before the turbulent crowd. Porras was told to go if he wished, so taking ten canoes which the Admiral had purchased from the Indians, about forty set sail for Hispaniola, taking with them some Indians to guide the canoes.

When out to sea they were soon compelled to return, and finding that they were too heavily loaded in the rough waves, they forced the Indians to leap into the ocean. Although skilful swimmers, it was too far from land for them to reach it, so they occasionally grasped the boats to gain their breath. Upon this the Spaniards cut off their hands and stabbed them till eighteen sank beneath the waves. Once more back upon the land, they went from village to village, passing, as Irving says, "like a pestilence through the island."

At length, after a year, two vessels arrived, one fitted out by Mendez and the other by Ovando.

Columbus and his men set sail, and arrived in San Domingo Aug. 13, 1504. The Admiral was politely received by Ovando, and lodged in his house. While he professed great friendship for Columbus, he pardoned the traitor Porras.

Columbus found matters in a dreadful condition in San Domingo. When Ovando came out to supersede Bobadilla, Isabella had made the Indians free, so amazed had she been at the treatment received in their slavery under him. When Ovando saw that the Spaniards murmured and would not work, he wrote to the Queen that the Indians could only be kept from vices by labor, and that they now kept aloof from the Spaniards, and therefore lost all Christian instruction.

This influenced the Queen, and she gave permission

for moderate labor if essential to their good, and regular wages. With this permission Ovando paid them the merest pittance, made them labor eight months out of the year, and allowed them to be lashed and starved. When the Spaniards at the mines were eating, the Indians, says Las Casas, would scramble under the table to get the bones which were thrown to them, and, after gnawing them, would pound them up to mix with their bread.

Those who worked in the fields never tasted flesh, but lived on cassava bread and roots. They were brought sometimes eighty leagues away from their homes, and when three months of forced labor were over, they would start homeward to their wives and children. All through the journey they had nothing to sustain them but bread, and not always that, so that they sank down by the hundreds and died along the roadsides. Las Casas, the noble priest, says, "I have found many dead in the road, others gasping under the trees, and others in the pangs of death, faintly crying, Hunger! hunger!" When they reached their homes the wives and children had usually perished or wandered away, and the desolate husbands sank down at the threshold and died. Many killed themselves to end their sorrows, and mothers killed their own infants rather than that they should be thus treated by the white men.

Whole provinces were wiped out by Ovando through fire and sword. Behechio of Xaragua had died, and Anacaona, his sister, ruled in his place. She was called "The Golden Flower" for her beauty and ability; she composed most of their legendary ballads, and was admired, even by the Spaniards, for her grace and dignity. Her subjects often had quarrels with some dissolute

white men. Ovando resolved to put an end to Xaragua. At the head of three hundred foot-soldiers, besides seventy horsemen and arms, he went professedly on a visit to Anacaona. She came out to meet him with all her leading chiefs, and a great train of women who waved palm branches and sang their national songs. After a feast the Indians took part in games for the pleasure of their visitors.

In return all were invited to the public square, where the Spaniards were to entertain them. The chiefs were all gathered in the house which Ovando had occupied. At a given signal from Ovando — a finger placed on his breast on the image of God the Father — a massacre began; the horsemen trampled the Indians under foot, cleaving the ranks with their swords, set fire to the house where the chiefs were and burned them all, and took Anacaona prisoner, and later hanged her in the presence of the people she had so long befriended. In memory of this great victory Ovando founded a town and called it St. Mary of the True Peace!

When Columbus reached Hispaniola he was filled with sorrow, and wrote to the Queen, "I am informed that since I left the island six parts out of seven of the natives are dead, all through ill-treatment and inhumanity: some by the sword, others by blows and cruel usage, others through hunger. The greater part have perished in the mountains and glens, whither they had fled from not being able to support the labor imposed upon them."

Columbus must have remembered sadly that he was the one who first suggested *repartimientos*, or distributing the labor of the Indians to their taskmasters, that more gold might be sent to the crown, and the idle Spaniards provided with food by the labor of the red men in the fields.

Sad and old and ill, Columbus departed for Spain Sept. 12, 1504, and, after a stormy passage, arrived Nov. 7.

Isabella was on her death-bed. Among her last requests was one that Ovando should be removed from office, which Ferdinand promised her (he was not removed till four years later, since his grinding methods brought a good revenue to the monarch); and that Columbus should be restored to his possessions in the Indies, and the poor Indians be kindly treated. Isabella was broken-hearted with the death of her only son, Prince Juan, of her beloved daughter, Isabella, of her grandson and prospective heir, Prince Miguel, and with the insanity of her daughter, Juana, and her unhappy life with Philip of Austria. She died Nov. 26, 1504, at Medina del Campo, in the fifty-fourth year of her age. She wished to be buried without any monument except a plain stone, and so directed in her will.

To Columbus the death of Isabella was a fatal blow. He was now poor, and his rents uncollected in Hispaniola, probably through the connivance of Ovando. He writes to his son Diego at court: "I live by borrowing. Little have I profited by twenty years of service, with such toils and perils, since at present I do not own a roof in Spain. If I desire to eat or sleep, I have no resort but an inn, and, for the most times, have not wherewithal to pay my bill." Later he said, "I have served their majesties with as much zeal and diligence as if it had been to gain Paradise; and if I have failed in anything, it has been because my knowledge and powers went no further."

As the winter passed away and spring came, Columbus became more and more anxious to visit court and lay his neglects before Ferdinand. The use of mules having

been prohibited, since by their use the breeding of horses had declined, Columbus on account of his age and infirmities obtained permission to ride upon one as he made this journey to Segovia to see the king.

Ferdinand received him, as Irving says, with "cold, ineffectual smiles," — he had never apparently any interest in Columbus, — promised that his claims should be left to arbitration, though Las Casas believed that he would have been glad "to have respected few or none of the privileges which he and the queen had conceded to the Admiral, and which had been so justly merited."

Columbus was now upon his sick-bed, still sending petitions to the king that he would secure the viceroyship to his son Diego. Ferdinand asked him to take instead titles and estates in Castile — the New World had by this time become too valuable to Ferdinand to allow any man to be viceroy. This Columbus declined to do.

Finally the Admiral gave up the matter, saying, "It appears that his majesty does not think fit to fulfil that which he, with the Queen, who is now in glory, promised me by word and seal. For one to contend for the contrary would be to contend with the wind. I have done all that I could do. I leave the rest to God, whom I have ever found propitious to me in my necessities."

He died May 20, 1506, about seventy years of age, at Valladolid. His last words were "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum:* Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." He was buried in the convent of St. Francisco at Valladolid, from whence his body was removed in 1513 to the monastery of Las Cuevas at Seville, where the body of his son Diego, second Admiral and Viceroy of the Indies, was buried in

1526. About ten years later the bodies of the two were removed to the cathedral of San Domingo at Hispaniola.

At the close of a war between France and Spain in 1795, the Spanish possessions in Hispaniola were ceded to France. The Spaniards therefore requested that the body of Columbus might be conveyed to Havana. This was readily granted; and Dec. 20, 1795, in the presence of an august gathering, a small vault was opened above the chancel, and the fragments of a leaden coffin and some bones were found, which were put into a small box of gilded lead, and this into a coffin covered with black velvet. The remains were conveyed with great reverence to the ship which was to bear them to Havana, Jan. 15, 1796, where with distinguished military honors they were buried.

In 1877, in the course of some changes in the chancel of the cathedral at San Domingo, two other graves were opened: one, that of the grandson, bearing an inscription, in Spanish, "El Almirante, D. Luis Colon, Duque de Veragua, Marques de — presumably — Jamaica." On the other casket were carved the letters C. C. A., probably "Christoval Colon, Almirante." Inside the cover was an abbreviated inscription commonly translated, "The celebrated and extraordinary man, Don Christopher Columbus."

Within the casket was a small silver plate with the words somewhat abbreviated, "The last remains of the first Admiral, Christopher Columbus, the Discoverer." A corroded musket-ball was also found in the casket. As the Admiral wrote to the King while on his fourth voyage that his wound had broken out afresh, it is conjectured that a ball was still in his body from some of his early warfare. The authorities at San Domingo

believed that the body of the son Diego was removed to Havana, and not that of the Admiral. A German explorer, Rudolf Cronau, gave the matter careful study in 1890, and felt convinced that the authorities at San Domingo were correct in their belief. Dr. Charles Kendall Adams, in his life of Columbus, thinks "the belief will come to prevail that the remains of Columbus are now at San Domingo, and not at Havana."

After the death of Columbus his son Diego married Maria, the daughter of Fernando de Toledo, Grand commander of Leon, niece of the celebrated Duke of Alva, chief favorite of the King, and one of the proudest families in Spain.

Diego with his wife, called the vice-queen, his brother Ferdinand, who never married, his two uncles Bartholomew and Diego, and many noble cavaliers came to San Domingo. Like his father, he had continual trouble with the colonists. He tried to do away with *repartimientos*, but was unable on account of the opposition of the Spaniards. Negro slaves had already been sent from Africa to fill the places of the exterminated Indians.

The King did not give Diego his proper titles, but they were granted after Ferdinand's death by his grandson and successor, Charles V.

Don Diego at his death, Feb. 23, 1526, left three sons and four daughters. Don Luis, the eldest son, some years later gave up all pretensions to the vice-royalty of the New World, and received instead the titles of Duke of Veragua and Marquis of Jamaica. Having no legitimate son, he was succeeded by his nephew, Diego, son of his brother Christoval, who died without children in 1578. A lawsuit then arose and was continued for thirty years as to the titles and estates of the great discoverer.

The case was finally decided Dec. 2, 1608, in favor of the grandson of Isabel, the daughter of Diego and Maria de Toledo, Don Nuño, or Nugno Gelves de Portugallo, who became Duke of Veragua. The male line becoming extinct, the titles reverted to the line of Francesca, sister of Diego, who inherited the titles from Luis, her uncle. The value of the titles, Mr. Winsor says, is said to represent about eight to ten thousand dollars yearly, and is chargeable upon the revenues of Cuba and Porto Rico.

Mr. Winsor thinks the career of Columbus "sadder, perhaps, notwithstanding its glory, than any other mortal presents in profane history."

How would those last days at Valladolid have been cheered could he have looked forward through four centuries, and seen the New World which he discovered, honoring that discovery and the discoverer with the vast Columbian Exposition! How repaid for all his poverty and sorrow would he have been could he have guessed that even the children in two hemispheres would be taught four hundred years later the story of his life, its perseverance, its courage, and its faith! He made mistakes, as who does not? but the life of the young Italian wool-comber, studying in every moment of leisure, and asking assistance year after year from crowned heads till he was fifty-six years old, to make his immortal discoveries, will ever be remarkable, and an inspiration for all time to come.

MARCO POLO.

MARCO POLO, born in 1254, was the eldest son of a very rich nobleman of Venice, Nicolo Polo. Venice was at that time a great republic, and her merchants transacted business in almost all parts of the world.

The uncle of Marco, named also Marco, had a mercantile house in Constantinople and at Soldaia, on the south-east coast of the Crimea. He and his brother Nicolo, in their trading ventures, went into the extreme East, where no European, as far as is known, had been before.

When Marco was a lad of fifteen he was taken with his father and uncle on their journeys,and spent about twenty-six years in Persia, China, Japan, India, and Russia.

On the return of the travellers in 1295, Ramusio, who wrote in 1553, says that nobody would believe the three men were really the Polos, they were so changed in looks, and their garments were so unlike those worn by the Venetians. The Polos therefore invited a large company to the mansion where they formerly lived.

"When the hour arrived for sitting down to table," says Ramusio, "they came forth of their chamber all three clothed in crimson satin, fashioned in long robes reaching to the ground, such as people in those days wore within doors. And when water for the hands had been served, and the guests were set, they took off those

robes and put on others of crimson damask, whilst the first suits were by their orders cut up and divided among the servants.

"Then, after partaking of some of the dishes, they went out again and came back in robes of crimson velvet, and when they had again taken their seats, the second suits were divided as before. When dinner was over, they did the like with the robes of velvet, after they had put on dresses of the ordinary fashion worn by the rest of the company. These proceedings caused much wonder and amazement among the guests.

"But when the cloth had been drawn, and all the servants had been ordered to retire from the dining-hall, Messer Marco, as the gayest of the three, rose from table, and, going into another chamber, brought forth the three shabby dresses of coarse stuff which they had worn when they first arrived. Straightway they took sharp knives and began to rip up some of the seams and welts, and to take out of them vast quantities of jewels of the greatest value, such as rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds, and emeralds, which had all been stitched up in those dresses in so artful a fashion that nobody could have suspected the fact.

"For when they took leave of the Great Khan they had changed all the wealth that he had bestowed upon them into this mass of rubies, emeralds, and other jewels, being well aware of the impossibility of carrying with them so great an amount in gold over a journey of such extreme length and difficulty. Now, this exhibition of such a huge treasure of jewels and precious stones, all tumbled out upon the table, threw the guests into fresh amazement, insomuch that they seemed quite bewildered and dumbfounded. And now they recognized that in

spite of all former doubts these were in truth those honored and worthy gentlemen of the Ca Polo that they claimed to be; and so all paid them the greatest honor and reverence."

Another singular story is told about the shabby garments which the Polos wore on their return from the far East. The wife of one of them gave to a beggar a dirty and patched coat, not knowing that it had jewels in it. The owner at once went to the Bridge of the Rialto, and stood turning a wheel, and saying to those who crowded round him, who supposed he was insane, "He'll come, if God pleases." After two or three days the beggar, as curious as the rest, came to see the man turning his wheel. At once Polo recognized his coat and recovered his jewels. "Then," says the narrative, "he was judged to be quite the reverse of a madman!"

The Polos were so rich that Marco was called Marco Millioni, and his home, Corte de' Millioni.

After Marco had been in Venice two or three years, the Genoese in 1298 fitted out a great fleet, under command of Lamba Doria, against the Venetians. Both republics had quarrelled in 1255 over an old church in Acre, Syria. Nearly twenty thousand men were killed on both sides, and Acre itself was nearly destroyed. Ten engines shot stones weighing fifteen hundred pounds into the city, demolishing the towers and forts. In 1294 the Venetians seized three Genoese vessels, and again the republics went to war, the Genoese gaining a great victory, capturing all but three of the Venetian galleys with their rich cargoes.

The bitterness increased till, in 1298, a severe battle was fought off the island of Curzola. The Genoese had seventy-eight galleys, and the Venetians ninety-four

under Andrea Dandolo. The fight lasted through the day, Sunday, Sept. 7, the Genoese gaining a complete victory, capturing nearly all the galleys, including the flag-ship of Dandolo. In despair at his defeat, rather than be a captive in chains of the Genoese, he refused food, and finally killed himself by dashing his head against a bench. The Genoese gave him a ceremonious burial, on the return of their victorious fleet.

The Genoese lost heavily, among them the eldest son of Lamba Doria, Octavian, who fell at the forecastle of his father's vessel, shot by an arrow in the breast. His comrades mourned sadly, and the courage of the men weakened, when Lamba ran forward into the agitated company, ordered that they cast his son's body into the sea, saying that the land could never have offered his boy a nobler tomb, and fighting more fiercely than ever, though almost broken-hearted, he gained the victory.

Seven thousand persons were taken prisoners, among them Marco Polo, who was the captain of one of the war galleys.

Colonel Henry Yule, C.B., who has edited the works of Marco Polo, with extensive and valuable notes, says that these war galleys cost about thirty-five thousand dollars each. They had nearly or quite two hundred rowers apiece, the toil of rowing being almost unendurable, so that in more recent times it was performed by slaves under the most cruel driving. The musicians played an important part, as it was considered essential to have much noise of fifes, trumpets, kettle-drums, etc., to give courage to the crew, and to put fear into the heart of the enemy. A captured galley was taken into port stern foremost, her colors dragging on the surface of the water.

While Marco was in the Genoa prison he became acquainted with Rusticiano of Pisa, a man of considerable literary reputation. The Pisans, Aug. 6, 1284, had been defeated at Meloria, in front of Leghorn, by the Genoese under Uberto, the elder brother of Lamba Doria. Lamba with his six sons was in the fleet. Forty of the Pisan galleys were taken or sunk, and upwards of nine thousand Pisans were made prisoners. Many noble ladies after this surrender came on foot to Genoa to seek their kindred. The answer to them was, "Yesterday there died thirty of them, to-day there have been forty, all of whom we have cast into the sea: and so it is daily."

It is probable that Rusticiano persuaded Marco to put on paper an account of his wonderful travels, or, rather, to dictate it to his prison companion, for we owe to the Pisan the very interesting record, of which Marco Polo himself says, "that since our Lord God did mould with his hands our first father Adam, even until this day, never hath there been Christian, or Pagan, or Tartar, or Indian, or any man of any nation, who in his own person hath had so much knowledge and experience of the divers parts of the world and its wonders as hath had this Messer Marco!"

After Marco had been in prison nearly a year, peace was secured between the two republics, and he, with the others who were alive, were restored to their own country. A treaty of peace was soon after signed between Genoa and Pisa, and, of course, Rusticiano was freed.

A few years after this release from prison, Marco married Donata Loredano, of a noble family, by whom he had three daughters, Fantina, Bellela, and Moreta. In the early part of 1324, when Marco was seventy, finding

himself "to grow daily feebler through bodily ailment," he made his will, constituting his "beloved wife and dear daughters trustees," and giving them most of his property. It is probable that he died that year, and was buried in the church of San Lorenzo.

He was urged while on his death-bed to retract some of the strange things he had written about the countries visited. He refused to do so, declaring that he had told the truth. It has taken several centuries to prove what at that time seemed largely a fable.

Marco Polo's book, Colonel Yule thinks, was written in French, and remained for over a century in manuscript before printing was invented. Colonel Yule has found about seventy-five manuscripts in various languages. Of course Marco Polo's book has been translated into a great many languages, and is now read all over the world.

In 1260, when Marco was only six years old, his father and mother went as far East as Cathay (China) to the court of the great Kublai Khan. So delighted was the latter with these Venetians that he asked them some years later to become his ambassadors to the Pope, and beg the prelate to send a hundred missionaries to his country. They were also to bring back "some oil from the lamp which burns on the sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem." The Polos returned to Italy; but Clement IV. was dead, and when Gregory X. came to power, two years later, he could send only two Dominicans, and these soon lost courage, and gave up the long and wearisome journey.

When the Polos returned to the Great Khan the lad Marco went with them. His mother had died, and he greatly desired to be with his father. They were three years and a half on the journey. The Khan heard of their coming, and sent some officials forty days' journey

to meet them. All repaired to the summer palace at Kaipingfu, about fifty miles north of the Great Wall, where they were received with much ceremony. The Khan was greatly pleased with the holy oil.

The boy Marco succeeded wonderfully in learning the language and customs of the Tartars; in fact, he soon knew several languages, and four which were in characters such as the Chinese. The orders of the Great Khan were written in six languages: Mongol, Nighur (a branch of Oriental Turkish), Arabic, Persian, Tangutan (probably Tibetan), and Chinese. Marco became such a favorite with Kublai Khan that he was sent on a mission to a country six months' distant from China. Usually when ambassadors returned they told the Khan only about business, whereas the Khan said, "I had far liever hearken about the strange things and the manners of the different countries you have seen than merely the business you went upon."

Marco therefore made careful observations of the different people and countries, thus proving himself a wise young man, and laying the foundation for his great fame.

On his return from his first mission he told the Khan many strange things, at which the Emperor was so much pleased that he said, "If this young man live, he will assuredly come to be a person of great worth and ability."

For seventeen years Marco was the trusted official of the Emperor, attending to much of his private as well as public business. Finally Marco and his father and uncle became anxious to return to Venice, but the Khan refused to think of their departure. At last, Arghun Khan of Persia, Kublai's great-nephew, having lost his favorite wife, Khatun Bulughán, in 1286, and mourning her sorely, sent

three ambassadors to China to select a wife from her kin, as she had left a dying request that nobody should fill her place save one of her own family. Such messages are sometimes forgotten, but Arghun Khan seems to have remembered.

The ambassadors presented their desires to Kublai, and choice was made of Kukáchin, a beautiful girl of seventeen, of unusual ability and of fine family. As the journey overland from Peking, China, to Tabreez in Persia, was long and dangerous on account of frequent wars, the ambassadors preferred to return by sea, and begged that the travellers, the Polos, might accompany them.

Marco had just returned from a mission to India. Kublai reluctantly consented to their going, but provided handsomely for the voyage, — thirteen ships, each carrying as crews from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and sixty men, — and sent friendly messages to the kings of England, France, and Spain. They sailed from Fokien, China, and after three months arrived at Java; it was more than two long years before they reached Persia. Two of the ambassadors died on the passage, and of the six hundred persons on board, besides the mariners, only eight survived.

Arghun Khan had died March 12, 1291, even before the party left China, and his brother had succeeded him. This brother directed the Polos to bear the lady to the son of Arghun, Ghazan Khan, who was then in the province of Khorasan guarding the frontier with sixty thousand men. The party reached Ghazan the last of 1293, or the first of 1294, and he, instead of his father, married Kukáchin, which was doubtless more appropriate, both as to age and character, for while Ghazan was not as handsome as his father, he had many admir-

able qualities as a statesman and a soldier. The young bride from China lived only till June, 1296, a little over two years after her marriage. She had become tenderly attached to the Polos, and wept when they left her in Persia and went on to Venice. They reached their Italian home sometime in 1295.

Marco Polo's travels, with Colonel Yule's notes, fill about one thousand large pages, and will repay a reading. When it is possible, the record will be given in Marco's own words. He first describes Armenia, in Asia Minor, a country old long before Christ was born, probably of Phrygian origin, which took its name from Aram, one of its noted kings, who lived about 1800 B. C. They consider themselves descended from Japhet, the son of Noah.

"In this country of Armenia," says Marco, "the ark of Noah exists on the top of a certain great mountain on the summit of which snow is so constant that no one can ascend; for the snow never melts, and is constantly added to by new falls. Below, however, the snow does melt, and runs down, producing such rich and abundant herbage that in summer cattle are sent to pasture from a long way round about, and it never fails them." People believed that Noah's ark still existed, and pieces of the pitch were used as amulets. Mount Ararat is 16,953 feet high. It was first ascended by Professor Parrot, in September, 1829. Several persons have made the ascent since that time.

To the north of Armenia Marco found Georgiana (Georgia), which Alexander the Great could not pass through, on account of the sea on one side and lofty mountains on the other, so he built a high tower at the entrance of the defile, that the people beyond should

not attack him. This, says Yule, is the Pass of Derbend, still called in Turkish the Iron Gate, with a wall that runs from the Castle of Derbend along the ridges of Caucasus. The wall is eight feet thick, and twenty-six feet high. The fortress was completed by Naoshirwan, A. D. 542, who, with his father, erected three hundred and sixty towers upon the Caucasian walls.

The Georgians believed themselves descended from King David; therefore each king was called David. Marco found the people handsome — the Georgian women have always been bought for wives by the Turks, on account of their great beauty.

Marco saw cloths of gold and silk made here in great abundance, and such oil springs "that a hundred ship-loads could be taken at one time." These were probably the immense petroleum wells of Baku, from which oil is shipped all over Europe. South-east of Armenia, Marco entered Mansul (Mosul), where cloths of gold and silk were made, called Mosolins, and where a people lived called Kurds, "an evil generation, whose delight it is to plunder merchants."

Bandas (Bagdad) was found to be a great and wealthy city, the residence of the Saracen caliphs. The city, built about 765 by the second caliph of the Abbasside dynasty, soon became renowned as a commercial and intellectual metropolis. Haroun-al-Raschid, the fifth caliph of the Abbassides, a great warrior as well as patron of letters, made it the centre of Arabic civilization.

He led an army of 95,000 men against the Byzantine empire, ruled by Irene, and made her pay an annual tribute. When her son refused to pay the tribute, Haroun-al-Raschid, at the head of 135,000 men, proceeded against him, and the Greek emperor lost 40,000 men, and

acknowledged himself tributary. Again the tribute was refused, and again Haroun ravaged Asia Minor at the head of 300,000 men. Bagdad itself was finally taken by Hulaku in 1258, which event Marco thus describes: —

"The Lord of the Tartars of the Levant, whose name was Alaü (Hulaku), brother to the Great Khan now reigning, gathered a mighty host and came up against Bandas (Bagdad), and took it by storm. It was a great enterprise, for in Bandas there were more than 100,000 horse, besides foot soldiers. And when Alaü had taken the place, he found therein a tower of the caliphs, which was full of gold and silver and other treasure; in fact, the greatest accumulation of treasure in one spot that ever was known.

"When he beheld that great heap of treasure, he was astonished; and, summoning the caliph to his presence, he said to him: 'Caliph, tell me now why thou hast gathered such a huge treasure? What didst thou mean to do therewith? Knowest thou not that I was thine enemy, and that I was coming against thee with so great an host to cast thee forth of thine heritage? Wherefore didst thou not take of thy gear and employ it in paying knights and soldiers to defend thee and thy city?'

"The caliph wist not what to answer, and said never a word. So the Prince continued: 'Now, then, Caliph, since I see what a love thou hast borne thy treasure, I will e'en give it thee to eat!' So he shut the caliph up in the Treasure Tower, and bade that neither meat nor drink should be given him, saying, 'Now, Caliph, eat of thy treasure as much as thou wilt, since thou art so fond of it; for never shalt thou have aught else to eat!' So the Caliph lingered in the tower four days, and then died like a dog."

The death of Mosta Sim Billah, the last of the Abbasside caliphs, is variously told. Some authorities say that he was rolled in a carpet, as carpets are usually rolled, and his limbs crushed; others, that he was wrapt in a carpet and trodden to death by horses.

Longfellow has put this story into verse in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," in the Spanish Jew's Tale of Kambalu.

"I said to the Kalif: 'Thou art old,
Thou hast no need of so much gold.
Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden it here,
Till the breath of battle was hot and near,
But have sown through the land these useless hoards
To spring into shining blades of swords,
And keep thine honor sweet and clear.
These grains of gold are not grains of wheat;
These bars of silver thou canst not eat;
These jewels and pearls and precious stones
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of Death one hour
From climbing the stairways of thy tower!'

Then into his dungeon I locked the drone,
And left him to feed there all alone
In the honey-cells of his golden hive:
Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan
Was heard from those massive walls of stone,
Nor again was the Kalif seen alive!

When at last we unlocked the door,
We found him dead upon the floor;
The rings had dropped from his withered hands,
His teeth were like bones in the desert sands:
Still clutching his treasure he had died;
And as he lay there, he appeared
A statue of gold with a silver beard,
His arms outstretched as if crucified."

Marco also relates how one of the caliphs of Bagdad, hating the Christians, and desiring some pretext for persecuting them, told them that as they had declared that if they had faith as a grain of mustard-seed they could remove mountains, there must surely be that amount of faith among them; therefore if they did not remove a mountain in the neighborhood, they would be put to death.

The Christians bethought themselves of a very holy one-eyed cobbler who had put an awl into his other eye, because that organ had led him to think evil. He prayed in the presence of more than a hundred thousand Christians, and the mountain rose out of its place and moved to the spot designated by the caliph! This was probably told to Marco, instead of his being an eye-witness of the miracle.

From Tabreez, in the north of Persia, where there is a ruin of a beautiful mosque of Ghazan Khan, and "where the city is all girt round with charming gardens," Marco went to Savah, about fifty miles south-west of Teheran. Savah possessed one of the greatest libraries of the East until its destruction by the Mongols when they first invaded Persia. The three Magi, Jaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, who went out to worship Christ, started from this city, and are said to be buried there in three large and beautiful monuments side by side.

Marco travelled extensively in Persia, finding the nomad tribes, then as now, cruel and murderous. The Persian horses sold to India were very fine and of great endurance. Yule tells of some that travelled nine hundred miles in eleven days, and of one that went eleven hundred miles in twelve days, including two days of rest, making one hundred and ten miles per day. Such horses were sold for one thousand dollars each.

At Kerman Marco saw famous steel cimeters and lances. The Turks paid great prices for them, the quality of a Kerman sabre being such that it would cleave a European helmet without turning the edge.

From Kerman Marco journeyed to Hormos (Ormuz), an island on the eastern shore of the Gulf of Persia. On the way thither, through central Persia, he saw singular birds and beasts. The francolin (black partridge) have a peculiar call which the peasants in Egypt think is Arabic for "Sweet are the corn-ears! Praised be the Lord."

"The oxen," says Marco, "are very large and all over white as snow; the hair is very short and smooth, which is owing to the heat of the country; the horns are short and thick, not sharp in the point; and between the shoulders they have a round hump, some two palms high. There are no handsomer creatures in the world, and when they have to be loaded, they kneel like a camel; once the load is adjusted, they rise. Their load is a heavy one, for they are very strong animals. Then there are sheep here as big as asses; and their tails are so large and fat that one tail will weigh some thirty pounds. They are fine fat beasts, and afford capital mutton."

William Marsden, F. R. S., in his translation of Marco, says that such sheep are found in various parts of Asia and Africa. The tail is broad and large and often weighs fifty pounds. Where these sheep feed in the fields, the shepherds are obliged to fix a piece of thin board to the under part of the tail to prevent its being torn by bushes, and sometimes small wheels are put under this board that the animal may have a sort of wagon in which to carry its tail easily. The fat of this tail is often used by the natives instead of butter.

At Ormuz, formerly one of the great commercial centres of the East, Marco describes the hot winds, which in Italy are called Il Sirocco. The heat is so intolerable that during the hot months, from June to September, it often kills both animals and vegetables. During great heat, usually from nine till twelve, the people often stay in water up to their necks.

Various travellers have described this pestilential wind, which the people of Beluchistan call *julot* or *julo* (the flame). Chardin says, "The most surprising effect of the wind is not the mere fact of its causing death, but its operation on the bodies of those who are killed by it. It seems as if they become decomposed without losing shape, so that you would think them to be merely asleep, when they are not merely dead, but in such a state that if you take hold of any part of the body it comes away in your hand, and the finger penetrates such a body as if it were so much dust."

Marco relates this incident which happened when he was at Ormuz: "The Lord of Hormos not having paid his tribute to the King of Kerman, the latter resolved to claim it at the time when the people of Hormos were residing away from the city; so he caused a force of sixteen hundred horse and five thousand foot to be got ready, and sent them by the route of Reobarles to take the others by surprise.

"Now, it happened one day that, through the fault of their guide, they were not able to reach the place appointed for the night's halt, and were obliged to bivouac in a wilderness not far from Hormos. In the morning, as they were starting on their march, they were caught by that wind, and every man of them was suffocated, so that not one survived to carry the tidings to their lord. When

the people of Hormos heard of this, they went forth to bury the bodies lest they should breed a pestilence. But when they laid hold of them by the arms to drag them to the pits, the bodies proved to be so *baked*, as it were, by that tremendous heat, that the arms parted from the trunks, and in the end the people had to dig graves hard by each where it lay, and so cast them in."

Scattered through Persia, Marco observed the great Chinar, or plane-trees, which grow to an immense size, and often stand alone, with no other tree within several miles. Marco calls it the Arbre Sec, Dry Tree, or Arbre Sol, Tree of the Sun. Vows were made before these ancient trees, and pieces of cloth torn from the clothes of the votaries were hung upon the branches. Many of these sacred trees bore the inscription, "If you pray, you will certainly be heard." It is generally believed that one who injures or cuts down one of these grand trees will soon die. Many of these Chinar trees are over a thousand years old; some are said to date from the seventh century.

Marco tells this story of the Old Man of the Mountain: —

In the north of Persia, in the mountains, lived a sect called Ismaelites. Their headquarters were at Alamút (Eagle's Nest). The Prince of the Assassins, as his followers were called, Ala'uddin Mahomed, dwelt in a veritable paradise, with beautiful gardens, palaces, musical instruments, and the like. His soldiers beguiled young men to enter his service when the latter were intoxicated by hashish, a preparation of hemp. They were taken into this charming abode where was every pleasure. When the Prince wished to send any of his young men on a mission of murder, he was removed from Paradise while under the influence of hashish, and then told that

if he did the bidding of the Prince he should be returned, dead or alive, to enjoy it forever.

The Assassins were pledged to the most perfect obedience. It is related that Henry, Count of Champagne (titular King of Jerusalem), was on a visit to the Old Man of Syria, who was a leader of the Assassins before the time of Marco. One day as they walked together they saw some lads sitting on the top of a high tower. The Old Man asked the Count if he had any subjects as obedient as these; and before the Count had time to answer, at a sign from the Sheik, the two boys leaped from the tower, and were killed instantly.

Alaü (Hulaku, the brother of Kublai Khan) determined to end this band of murderers, and sent a large force against them in 1254. They besieged the castle where the Old Man lived for three years, and it was surrendered only when food was exhausted. The fortresses, one hundred in number, surrendered, all but two. One of these held out from fourteen to twenty years.

Ruknuddin Khursah, at whose instigation his father, Ala'uddin, had been killed that he might become Prince, was well treated by Hulaku, to whom he had surrendered. He was sent, however, to Mangu Khan, elder brother to Kublai, who, hearing of his approach, asked why his post-horses should be fagged to no purpose, and ordered that he should be put to death on the road.

Marco journeyed to Balkh, now in the north of Afghanistan, and found the ruins of palaces and other marble buildings. This city was devastated by the Great Genghis Khan in 1221. Though it yielded without resistance, the whole population was marched by companies into the plain, under the pretext of being counted, and then massacred. All buildings capable of defence were levelled

to the ground, and the rest burned. Some authorities say the city contained no less than twelve thousand mosques. Thus effectually did the Great Khan do his work of conquest.

At Badakhshan, now in Afghanistan, the kings all claimed direct descent from Roxana, the beautiful daughter of Darius, whom, it is said, her father in a dying interview with Alexander asked the latter to marry. The Balas rubies were found at Badakhshan. Marco says, "The stones are dug on the king's account, and no one else dares dig in that mountain on pain of forfeiture of life as well as goods; nor may any one carry the stones out of the kingdom. But the king amasses them all, and sends them to other kings when he has tribute to render, or when he desires to offer a friendly present; and such only as he pleases he causes to be sold. Thus he acts in order to keep the Balas at a high value; for if he were to allow everybody to dig, they would extract so many that the world would be glutted with them, and they would cease to be of any value. . . . There is also in the same country another mountain in which azure is found; 'tis the finest in the world, and is got in a vein like silver."

The present monarch still holds the monopoly of these mines, but they are not very productive now. Yule says about sixty years ago Murad Beg of Kunduz conquered Badakhshan, and was so disgusted at the small product from the mines that he sold nearly the whole population of the place into slavery!

In Keshimur (Cashmere) Marco found sorcerers who could bring on changes of weather and produce darkness. One of these hermits who could make rain and snow at pleasure, says one of the old chronicles, "scolded

those who made a noise, for, said he to me (after I had entered his cave and smoothed him down with a half rupee, which I put in his hand with all humility), 'noise here raises furious storms.'" . . .

Cashmere was one of the centres of Buddhist teaching. In the first half of the seventh century there were one hundred convents with about five thousand monks.

Marco found the women brunettes and very beautiful. Shawls are one of the chief articles of export, made from the short hair next the skin of the goat. Sometimes three men work for a whole year on a single shawl.

Marco crossed the sandy desert of Gobi, "the length of which is so great that 'tis said it would take a year or more to ride from one end of it to the other." Travellers in crossing hear strange sounds as of persons talking, or drums played. Several ancient cities are believed to be buried under the sands of Gobi. In Tangut (Tibet) Marco describes the manner of burying the dead. "When they are going to carry a body to the burning, the kinsfolk build a wooden house on the way to the spot and drape it with cloths of silk and gold. When the body is going past this building they call a halt, and set before it wine and meat and other eatables. All the minstrelsy in the town goes playing before the body; and when it reaches the burning-place, the kinsfolk are prepared with figures cut out of parchment and paper in the shape of men and horses and camels, and also with round pieces of paper, like gold coins, and all these they burn along with the corpse. For they say that in the other world the defunct will be provided with slaves and cattle and money, just in proportion to the amount of such pieces of paper that has been burnt

along with him." It is probable that these paper figures were symbols of the more ancient custom of sacrificing human beings and valuable possessions at the death of a person. Every day, as long as the body is kept in the house before burial, food is set before it, and it is believed that the soul comes and nourishes itself.

At Kanchow, Tibet, Marco saw very large recumbent idols, covered with gold. They symbolize Buddha in the state of *nirvána*. One in Burma is sixty-nine feet long. One seen in the seventh century near Bamian was said to be one thousand feet long.

Mr. Thomas W. Knox, in his book on Marco Polo, mentions an idol in a temple at Bangkok, Siam, one hundred and sixty feet long; "the soles of the feet are three and a half yards long and broad in proportion, and each of them is inlaid with mother-of-pearl as delicately as though it were a brooch or finger-ring. The figures represented by this inlaid work are entirely fruits and flowers, in accordance with the fable that fruits and flowers spring from the earth wherever Buddha planted his footsteps. It was constructed of brick and then heavily gilded, so that one might easily suppose it to be made of gold." There are about one thousand other idols of various sizes in the temple at Bangkok.

The men in this city were permitted thirty wives, if they could support them, the first wife being held in the highest consideration. They endowed their wives with cattle, slaves, and money. If a man disliked any wife, "he just turned her off and took another."

Marco visited Karakorum, the Mongol headquarters till 1256, when Mangu Khan transferred the government to Kaipingfu, north of Peking. Karakorum is north of

the Gobi desert. It was founded in the eighth century, and is said to have been the residence of Prester John, if that mythical person ever existed. All Europe from the eleventh to the thirteenth century believed that a Christian king ruled over a vast area at the East, and called him Presbyter Johannes.

Marco Polo heard that the ruler of the Tartars, Genghis Khan, a man whom he thought to be of great worth, — probably Marco had forgotten how many countries he had laid waste, — desired to marry the daughter of Prester John, whereat the latter was very angry, and said to the envoys who came for her, "What impudence is this, to ask my daughter to wife! Wist he not well that he was my liegeman and serf? Go ye back to him and tell him that I had liever set my daughter in the fire than give her in marriage to him, and that he deserves death at my hands, rebel and traitor that he is!"

When Genghis Khan heard this message, "such rage seized him that his heart came nigh to bursting within him." He levied a great host, and proceeded against Prester John as soon as possible. A dreadful battle followed with heavy losses, and Genghis Khan gained the victory. Genghis Khan, according to some authorities, married the daughter of Prester John, and others say his niece. He had a dream in which he was divinely commanded to give her away, and this he hastened to do the next morning.

Genghis Khan died during his third expedition against Tibet in 1227, at the age of sixty-six. Some say that he was killed by an arrow, and others that he was mortally injured by the beautiful queen of Tibet, Kurbeljin Goa Khatun, who then went and drowned herself in the Hoang-Ho, which thereafter the Mongols called Khatun-

gol, or lady's river. It is said that forty noble and beautiful girls, as well as many superb horses, were killed at his death so that they might serve him in the other world. He was borne to his grave on a two-wheeled wagon, the whole host escorting it, and wailing as they went. One of his old comrades sang: —

"Whilom thou didst swoop like a falcon: a rumbling wagon now trundles thee off:
O my king!
Hast thou in truth then forsaken thy wife and thy children and the Diet of thy people?
O my king!
Circling in pride like an eagle whilom thou didst lead us,
O my king!
But now thou hast stumbled and fallen, like an unbroken colt,
O my king!

This custom of killing persons to serve their superiors in the other world was common among the Tartars. Marco says that when Mangu Khan died, in the heart of crowded China, all who were met on the road to the place of burial were put to death in order that they might serve him — twenty thousand persons in all.

The Tartar houses were circular, made of boards and covered with felt. Whenever they wished to move to some other town, these houses were put on wagons drawn by twenty or more oxen, ten oxen abreast. The distance between the wheel-tracks was often twenty feet.

Marco says that the women did all the buying and selling and whatever was necessary to provide for the family, "for the men lead the life of gentlemen, troubling themselves about nothing but hunting and hawk-

ing and looking after their goshawks and falcons, unless it be the practice of warlike exercises."

They ate all kinds of flesh, including that of horses and dogs, and "Pharaoh's rats," probably the *gerboa* of Arabia and north Africa. Their drink was mare's milk, which they put into vessels of horse-skin, and then adding some cows' milk which was sour, fermentation took place. It was also churned with a staff which stood in the vessel. After three or four days the *koumiss* was ready to drink. This is the beverage of the Mongols at the present day, and is said to be a valuable tonic, especially useful in consumption.

They worshipped a God in heaven to whom they prayed daily; and besides Him they had a god, a felt or cloth figure of whom was in every house, with images of his wife and children around him. When they ate their meals they greased the mouths of the god and his family with the fat of their meat, and then believed that these had had their share of the dinner.

The wealthy Tartars wore gold and silk stuffs, lined with costly furs, such as sable and ermine.

They were capable of enduring the greatest hardships. "When they are going on a distant expedition," says Marco, "they take no gear with them except two leather bottles for milk, and a little earthenware pot to cook their meat in, and a little tent to shelter them from the rain; and in case of great urgency, they will ride ten days on end without lighting a fire or taking a meal. On such an occasion they will sustain themselves on the blood of their horses, opening a vein and letting the blood jet into their mouths."

Their laws were severe against theft. For horse-stealing they cut a man in two. For a petty theft they beat

him with sticks, from which beating the person not infrequently died. A man in whose possession some stolen animal was found was obliged to restore to the owner nine of the same value; if he could not, his children were seized as compensation; "if he have no children, he is slaughtered like a mutton," says Ibn-Battuta.

These Tartars married dead people to each other. If a man had a daughter who died before marriage, and another had a son who had also died before marriage, while the coffins were in the house — and these were sometimes kept for months — a wedding took place by regular contract, with the usual presents, music, and much ceremony. Then the papers of contract were burned that the young people in the other world might know it, and look upon each other as legally married. The bodies were usually buried in the same grave. The parents therefore felt that their families were related to each other.

The Ingushes of the Caucasas, says one historian, have a similar custom. "If a man's son dies, another who has lost his daughter goes to the father and says, 'Thy son will want a wife in the other world; I will give him my daughter; pay me the price of the bride.' Such a demand is never refused, even though the purchase of the bride amount to thirty cows."

Marco saw the Yak in Tibet, "wild cattle as big as elephants, splendid creatures, covered everywhere but on the back with shaggy hair a good four palms long. They are partly black, partly white, and really wonderfully fine creatures, and the hair or wool is extremely fine and white, finer and whiter than silk. Messer Marco brought some to Venice as a great curiosity, and so it was reckoned by those who saw it."

Marco devotes many pages of his book to the "wonderful magnificence of the Great Khan now reigning, by name Kublai Khan," the latter word signifying "The Great Lord of Lords." Genghis Khan believed in the genius of his young grandson, and said on his death-bed, "The words of the lad Kublai are well worth attention; see all of you that ye heed what he says! One day he will sit in my seat and bring you good fortune such as you have had in my day!"

Kublai was born in August, 1216, the fourth son of Tuli, who was the youngest of Genghis's four sons by his favorite wife, Burte Fujin. His brothers disputed his claim to the throne, but he maintained his right by his superior ability. His cousin Nayan, not wishing to be under Kublai, raised an army of four hundred thousand men against him. Kublai also raised a large force, and went himself to the place of battle, mounted on a great wooden *bartizan*, borne by four well-trained elephants, his standard high aloft over him, so that all the army could see it. His horsemen each had a foot-soldier, with a lance, sitting behind him. Before joining in battle all played and sang on a two-stringed instrument; and when the *nakkaroh*, or great kettle-drum, four feet in diameter, began to sound, then all rushed to arms, "with their bows and their maces, with their lances and swords, and with the arblasts of the footmen, that it was a wondrous sight to see. Now might you behold such flights of arrows from this side and from that, that the whole heaven was canopied with them and they fell like rain."

Two of the great *nakkarohs* were usually carried on an elephant, while a man sat astride the elephant and dealt strong blows on each drum with his hands.

There were not fewer than seven hundred and sixty thousand horsemen, not reckoning the footmen. Kublai was victorious, and Nayan was utterly routed, as no quarter was given. Nayan was made prisoner, and afterwards put to death by being tossed to and fro in a carpet, because, as he was of the Imperial line, it would not do to spill his blood.

Kublai, although he reigned long, never went in person to battle again, but sent his sons or his officials. Upon his successful warriors he bestowed titles, and gave them tablets of authority. All such persons, whenever they went abroad, had a golden umbrella carried high on a spear over their heads, in token of their great rank. Each dignitary always sat in a silver chair. Kublai was "of good stature, neither tall nor short; his complexion red and white, and his eyes black and fine." He had four superior wives, each of whom was attended by about three hundred charming damsels, with pages and other attendants of both sexes. Each of these ladies, says Marco, "had not less than ten thousand persons attached to her court."

Of lesser wives Kublai had a great number, chosen from a tribe of Tartars called Nugrot, celebrated for their beauty. Besides beauty they were obliged to have sweet breath, and not snore in their sleep! Two of Kublai's wives, including the best-beloved Jamui Khatun, were from this tribe. Of Kublai's twenty-two sons by the four principal wives, the eldest, Chinkin, died when he was forty-three, and Teimur, his third son, was named as Kublai's successor. Chinkin's eldest son, Kambala, squinted, so not being perfect physically, was not eligible to the throne. The second son, Tarmah, was feeble in body.

Kublai Khan lived in a magnificent palace at Cambaluc (Peking). "The hall of the palace," says Marco, "is so large that it could easily dine six thousand people. The outside of the roof is all covered with vermilion and yellow and blue and other hues, which are fixed with a varnish so fine and exquisite that they shine like crystal, and lend a resplendent lustre to the palace, as seen for a great way round."

This palace was surrounded by a high wall, one mile in length on each side. At each corner and midway between was a fine palace where the Emperor kept his war harness, his saddles, and everything needful for his army; eight palaces in all. The great wall had five gates, no one but the Emperor ever passing out of the middle gate. Beyond his own palace were many other palaces for the women of the household. In the great parks around his palace were white stags, fallow deer, gazelles, and squirrels of many kinds. A large lake over a mile long, abounding with fish, was in his park, and an artificial mound one hundred paces high, covered with evergreens. The mountain itself was also covered with some kind of mineral, giving it a green appearance.

Kublai's summer palace at Kaipingfu was also very beautiful. A wall sixteen miles long was built around the parks, lakes, and fountains. Here the Khan kept more than two hundred gerfalcons. He also built a palace of cane, gilt inside and outside. The canes were three palms in circumference and from ten to fifteen paces high. The palace was stayed by more than two hundred cords of silk.

The Khan kept more than ten thousand white horses, "all pure white, without a speck." The milk of the mares he and his family drank, no one else being

allowed to use it, except one tribe, the Horiad, because they had helped Genghis Khan win a victory years before. Whenever these mares were passing across the country, no one must go before them, but wait till they had passed, as these animals were treated with the greatest respect. White horses were presented to the Khan in homage on New Year's Day.

Marco saw many marvellous feats performed by the sorcerers, the Bacsi. There are still thousands of jugglers in China and India, who do some wonderful things. Marco saw the Emperor's wine cups moved about ten paces, seemingly without hands, and offered to the latter to drink. This was probably done by hidden machinery.

Cambaluc (Peking) is of very ancient date. It was the capital of the kingdom of Yen 222 B. C. Genghis Khan captured it in 1215, under the name of Yenking. Kublai founded a new city a little north-east of old Yenking. The existing Tartar city of Peking stands on the site of Kublai's city. The latter was eighteen miles in circumference. Both cities together measure about twenty-six miles. It is surrounded by walls about thirty feet high and twenty-five feet in width. At each of the twelve gates in Marco's time there were a thousand armed men, as a guard of honor to the sovereign. He also kept a guard of twelve thousand horsemen. Three thousand of these guarded the palace for three days and three nights, and these were then relieved by another three thousand.

At the feasts of ceremony the great Khan sat at an elevated table, with his chief wife on the left. On his right were his sons and other kinsmen at tables, with their heads on a level with the Emperor's feet. The highest officials and other women sat at tables lower still,

so that the Khan could look out upon them all. A greater part of the officers and soldiers sat on the carpet while they ate, and forty thousand persons were outside on various errands — many bringing gifts to the Emperor. The drinking-vessels were of gold, and beautifully carved.

Those who waited upon the Khan were barons; and these had their mouths covered with napkins of silk and gold, so that no breath should taint the dish or goblet presented to the King. When he drank, all the musicians played, and the company dropped on their knees and made obeisance to him.

The Khan's greatest feasts were on his birthday and at New Year's. He then appeared in robes wrought with beaten gold, and his twelve thousand barons and knights wore the same color. Thirteen times a year the Khan presented suits of raiment to his retinue, so that all might have the color which he wore.

At the New Year's feast all wore white, because they thought white clothing was lucky. More than one hundred thousand white horses, richly caparisoned, were brought as gifts to the Khan. It was customary to present nine times nine articles, eighty-one horses, or eighty-one pieces of gold.

Arminius Vámbéry says of the marriage price among the Uzbegs: "The question is always how many times *nine* sheep, cows, camels, or horses, or how many times nine ducats the father is to receive for giving up his daughter."

The whole of the Khan's elephants, five thousand, covered with inlaid cloths representing beasts and birds, were exhibited, each carrying on his back two coffers filled with plate required for the White Feast. These were followed by a vast number of camels laden with

things needful for the festivities. No wonder the people thought theirs a wonderful empire, and their Khan the greatest monarch of the earth. Before the feast all the officials came to the hall of the palace, and at a given signal bowed their faces to the floor four times, before the Emperor "as if he were a god. Then all the rich and costly presents are seen by the Emperor. A lion is also brought before the Khan, which lies down with every indication of reverence."

Marco says the Emperor was a great hunter, and kept leopards and several lions to catch wild cattle, bears, and stags. Eagles, also, were trained to catch wolves, foxes, deer, and wild-goats.

The Khan had two barons, Baian and Mingan, "Keepers of the mastiff dogs," who each had charge of ten thousand men dressed alike, one body in red, the other in blue. When the Khan went hunting, he had ten thousand men and five thousand dogs at his right hand, and the same number at his left hand. The two men in charge were obliged to furnish to the court one thousand head of game daily, from October to the end of March.

When the Emperor went hunting water-fowl, he took with him "ten thousand falconers and some five hundred gerfalcons, besides peregrines, sakers, and other hawks in great numbers."

"The Emperor is carried," says Marco, "upon four elephants, in a fine chamber made of timber, lined inside with plates of beaten gold, and outside with lions' skins, because he is troubled with gout. He always keeps beside him a dozen of his choicest gerfalcons, and is attended by several of his barons who ride on horseback alongside."

When the Emperor reached his hunting-ground he found his tents pitched, ten thousand in all, and very rich and fine. The tent in which he held court was large enough to accommodate a thousand persons. Each of the audience tents had three poles of spice-wood. The tents were covered with lions' skins, and lined inside with ermine and sable, these two being the costliest of furs. The Tartars call the sable "The king of furs." The tent ropes were all of silk.

From March to October nobody was allowed to hunt the hare, stag, buck, or roe, "so that even if a man were to find one of those animals asleep by the roadside, he would not touch it for the world!" This left an abundance for the Emperor and his courtiers and their families, from March to the middle of May.

When the hunting season was over the Khan returned to Peking for three days only, which were spent in court feasts, and then he retired to his summer palace until the 28th of August and then back again to Peking.

Under Kublai was a leading official, Achmath, who had obtained great power over the Emperor. People were afraid of him, because they knew that he was unscrupulous; therefore he had acquired vast wealth through bribes. At last the people, in the Khan's absence, laid a plot to kill him. They sent a message to Achmath that the Khan's son had arrived, and he must, of course, meet him. The moment Achmath reached the palace his head was cut off with a sword.

As soon as the Khan knew of it the three leaders concerned in the murder were publicly executed. When, however, he learned from Marco Polo, Assessor of the Privy Council, and others, Achmath's real character, how immoral and dishonest he was, the Khan had him dug

up, his head cut off and publicly exposed, and his body given to the dogs. His sons were flayed alive, while over seven hundred persons who had shared in his sins were punished. All his property reverted to the Emperor.

The Great Khan made his own paper money from the inner bark of the mulberry-tree. His orders were carried over the vast empire by means of messengers. Every twenty-five miles was a station, — a large building, with beds in rich silk, and about four hundred horses. Between these stations, every three miles, were houses for foot-runners, who, girt with a wide belt hung with bells, ran as fast as possible to the next station three miles away. Other men at these stations were employed when there was great haste, and these went on horses. If the horse broke down, the rider was empowered to take any horse he found, and go on his journey.

By the Emperor's orders rows of trees were planted along the routes of these messengers, even in the most uninhabited places. His astrologers had told him a very admirable thing, — that he who plants trees lives long, — so, whether true or not, the Khan rendered thereby a great service to the generations after him.

Colonel Yule relates an incident of the tenth century, showing how fruit was sent more quickly even than by horse-posts. Fatimite Khalif Aziz had a great desire for some cherries from Balbek. The Wazir Yakub-ben Kilis caused six hundred pigeons to be despatched from Balbek to Cairo, each of which carried attached to either leg a small silk bag containing a cherry.

Kublai Khan, with all his great wealth and magnificent living, was extremely good to the poor of his realm. He caused great granaries to be stored with corn for

them in time of dearth or famine. Every poor family could have a large warm loaf daily by coming to the court, and about thirty thousand came each day from year to year. He laid a tax upon wool, silk, and hemp, and the artisans gave one day a week to make these stuffs into clothes for the poor.

The Tartars, before they were converted to Buddhism, never gave alms, says Marco. When a poor person begged of them, they said, "Go with God's curse, for if He loved you as He loves me, He would have provided for you!"

To the five thousand astrologers and soothsayers in Peking the Khan gave food and clothing as to the poor.

Coal seems to have been abundant and cheap; and this was necessary, since the people "take a hot bath," says Marco, "three times a week, and in winter, if possible, every day."

Kublai was also just to the peasantry. One of his sons and a few others, having become separated from the army, stayed at a little village of Bishbaligh, where the people gave them a sheep and wine. The next year two of the party went that way and demanded a sheep and wine. The people gave it, but went to the Khan and told him they feared the thing would be done every year. He sharply rebuked his son, and paid the people for the sheep and wine.

Marco travelled for Kublai through Shan-si, stopping at various cities. At one city the sovereign, called the Golden King, had in his service none but beautiful girls, who used to draw him in a carriage. Colonel Yule says, "This precise custom was in our own day habitually reported of the Tai-ping sovereign during his reign at Nanking. None but women are allowed in the interior

of the palace, and he is drawn to the audience-chamber in a gilded sacred dragon-car by the ladies."

This Golden King was at war with Prester John, and could not conquer him. Finally, seventeen of Prester John's court volunteered to bring him the Golden King alive. They therefore went to the country of the latter, and entered his service for two years, he, meantime becoming greatly attached to them. One day, when they accompanied him on a pleasure party, when alone with him, they told him that he was their prisoner and must go to Prester John.

He begged for their compassion, but they carried him away. Prester John was greatly rejoiced, and set the Golden King to keep his cattle. At the end of two years he called the Golden King before him, gave him rich robes, and asked him, "Now, Sir King, art thou satisfied that thou wast in no way a man to stand against me?" Then Prester John sent the Golden King back to his own country with a goodly train, and the latter was thereafter the friend of Prester John.

Marco spent some time at Singanfoo, the capital of Shen-si, where the third son of Kublai, Mangalai, had a great palace, the interior finished in beaten gold. This city has been the capital of many ancient dynasties. One of the emperors had beautiful palaces, gardens, and parks here one hundred years before Christ. Here, in the seventh century, were Christian churches built by the Nestorians, as shown by a slab dug up a thousand years afterward by some workmen, in 1625. The slab was about seven feet by three, covered with Chinese inscriptions (surmounted by a cross), telling of the missionaries and the Emperor's approval of building a church in the principal square of the city.

Marco went from one province to another in China, describing the products of each and the habits of the people. In Yun-nan he saw great serpents ten paces long and ten palms in girth, "with eyes bigger than a loaf of bread, and mouth large enough to swallow a man whole." The flesh was used for food, and gall from the inside of the animal was sold at a great price as a cure for the bite of mad dogs and other ailments. The creatures were probably crocodiles.

The natives had a barbarous custom of killing any noted person who came among them, supposing that the good name and ability of the murdered man would be transferred to the slayers. Kublai put a stop to this custom when he conquered the people. It is said that the ancient Bulgarians of the Volga had the same superstition. If they found a man endowed with special intelligence, they said, "This man should serve our Lord God;" and straightway they put a noose around his neck and hanged him to a tree till his body fell to pieces.

West of Yun-nan lived a people called "Gold-Teeth" (Persian, Zăr-dandán), because they covered the teeth, upper and under, with gold plate. The men went to war and hunted, while the women did the work. A mother was obliged to go to work at once after her child was born, while the father took the infant and remained in bed or in the house with it for forty days, not once going out-of-doors, the mother waiting upon him and doing all the work, in-doors and out. Yule says this was the custom among some of the aborigines of the West Indies, Central and South America, and West Africa.

Their money was gold, but for small change they used shells. When they were ill, they sent for conjurers, who kept the idols, and who acted somewhat after the manner

of the dancing dervishes, wallowing upon the ground and foaming at the mouth, before the offended spirit, till the man recovered.

Marco visited Burma, and Laos, and Anam, east of Burma. The king of the latter made war against Kublai in 1277. The Burmese king prepared two thousand elephants, with towers of timber, in each of which were from twelve to sixteen armed men. He had also sixty thousand soldiers. The Tartar captains gave orders that every man should tie his horse to a tree in the forest and shoot the elephants with their arrows. The elephants, wounded, soon fled into the woods, breaking the towers on their backs, and injuring their riders. Then the battle waged furiously with sword and mace, and Kublai was victorious. Over two hundred elephants were captured by the victors.

A former king of Burma had erected two towers of stone, one covered with gold a finger in thickness, and the other with silver, with bells around the top of each, so that the wind would make them sound. These towers were beside his tomb, which was also plated with gold and silver. As these were erected for the good of his soul, Kublai would not allow them to be disturbed.

In the capture of Manzi, or Southern China, by Kublai, one city, Siang-yangfu, held out for three years after the rest of Manzi had surrendered. At the suggestion of the Polos, *mangonels* were made, — machines by which stones of three hundred weight or more could be thrown into the city. The buildings were soon crushed and the people surrendered.

Marco describes the great river Yang-tse-Kiang, more than one hundred days' journey from one end to the other, in some places ten miles wide, " the greatest river

in the world." America, with its Mississippi and Amazon, had not then been discovered. Up the Yang-tse-Kiang there passed two hundred thousand vessels yearly. Marco saw fifteen thousand vessels on it at one time. On the rocky eminences along the river idol monasteries were to be seen. One on the "Golden Isle," a little island not far from the mouth of the river, was surmounted by numerous temples. The monastery had the most famous Buddhist library in China. The buildings were entirely destroyed by the Tai-pings in 1860.

Marco describes Ching-kian-foo, where two churches of Nestorian Christians were built in 1278. In the war between England and China, in 1842, the heroic Manchu, commandant, seated himself among his records, and then set fire to the building, and perished in it, rather than fall into the hands of the English.

Travelling south-east one reaches Changchow, captured by General Gordon in 1864. When Kublai conquered Southern China, a company of Alans, who called themselves Christians, were sent to take this city. Finding some wine after they had entered the place, they all became dead drunk, and at night the people of the city fell upon them and slew them. This enraged Bayan, who had charge of the Great Khan's forces, so he sent a larger army and exterminated the whole population. Some historians say that he boiled the bodies. Genghis Khan, it is said, heated seventy caldrons after one of his victories and boiled his prisoners. Such was war in barbarous times.

Marco greatly admired Quinsay, which means the City of Heaven, and which is now called Hangchow. There were twelve guilds of different crafts in the city, and each guild had twelve thousand houses for its workmen. In-

side the city was a lake thirty miles in circumference, around which the wealthy built palaces. There were also spacious halls on two islands in the middle of the lake, where marriage feasts were held, and where sometimes a hundred entertainments were being enjoyed at the same time. This provision was made by the Emperor for the pleasure of his people.

At every bridge — and Marco says there were twelve thousand — was stationed a guard of twelve men, who with a piece of wood and a metal basin struck the hour of the night. In case of fire they beat the alarm, and the guards from all the bridges near hastened thither, with the owners of the property. No others dared leave their houses at night, as persons were arrested if found on the street after a certain hour.

The city of Quinsay, with sixteen hundred thousand houses, had three thousand hot baths, each so large that one hundred persons could bathe together. All our cities would do well to copy in this matter the Chinese who seven centuries ago were so wise in providing baths for the people. A modern writer says, "Only the poorer classes in Hangchow go to the public baths; the trades people and middle classes are generally supplied by the bath-houses with hot water at a moderate charge." The people bathe daily.

In this city was the magnificent palace of the Emperor of Southern China. The walls enclosing the palace and its beautiful gardens and fountains were ten miles long. The palace contained twenty halls finished in gold, besides one thousand chambers beautifully painted in various colors.

In some of the pavilions the King used to entertain ten thousand persons at a feast, which would last for

ten or twelve days. A covered corridor, six paces in width, led to the lake. On either side were ten courts in the form of oblong cloisters surrounded by colonnades, and in each cloister were fifty chambers with gardens to each. In these chambers were one thousand young ladies in the service of the King.

At Quinsay there were ten large markets, held in the squares of the city three times a week, frequented by forty or fifty thousand people. Here Marco saw all kinds of fruits, vegetables, and meats. The pears weighed ten pounds apiece. Colonel Yule says he has seen pears in Covent Garden market that must have weighed seven or eight pounds apiece, which sold for eighteen guineas a dozen — over ninety dollars.

Colonel Yule thinks this city of Quinsay was the greatest then existing in the world. Many other ancient travellers confirm Marco's account of the number of bridges (twelve thousand), the great wealth and extent of the city — one hundred miles in circumference — the hundreds of idol temples where from one to two thousand monks lived in each, the paved squares and streets, and the elegantly dressed people.

Marco Polo was sent by the Khan, after the latter had conquered this city, to inspect the revenue and to see that correct returns were made of sugar, salt, wine, etc. Marco says about fifty million dollars were paid yearly to the Khan. Silk paid ten per cent. No wonder that Kublai could support twenty thousand men as keepers of his dogs, when one city yielded such revenue as this.

Marco Polo next travelled to Cipango (Japan) where he found the people "white, civilized, and well-favored." The palace of the king seemed to be of gold, with the floors made in plates like slabs of stone, all seeming to be

pure gold, and by many believed to be such. Both white and rose-colored pearls were in abundance. When a person died, a pearl was placed in his mouth.

Kublai Khan was very eager to conquer such a rich country, and sent a fleet with one hundred thousand men against it. The fleet was scattered by a storm, and the Mongols were defeated, thirty thousand men put to death, and seventy thousand Coreans and Chinese were made slaves. It is stated that only three men were spared to be sent back to Kublai to tell him what had become of his one hundred thousand. The Great Khan wished to send another fleet, but there was such opposition to the scheme that he abandoned it.

Marco visited Cochin China, in Anam, which became subject to Kublai. The king had three hundred and twenty-six children and fourteen thousand tame elephants.

Sailing fifteen hundred miles south-east, Marco reached the island of Java, which he found to have surpassing wealth in spices. Kublai tried to conquer Java; but his ambassador, Mengki, was sent back to China with his face branded like that of a thief. A great armament started out from the ports of Fo-kien to avenge this insult, but they accomplished little. The death of Kublai prevented any further attempt at subjugation.

In Java the Less (Sumatra) Marco found some tribes of Cannibals who always ate their prisoners. If the sorcerers told them that a sick man would die, they smothered him, and ate him. Sometimes they exposed their dead in coffins upon rocks by the sea. Many elephants, monkeys, and the so-called unicorns were seen in Sumatra. The Semangs of the Malay Peninsula are said to destroy the unicorn in this manner. His whole

body is often immersed in mud, with only a part of his head visible. When the dry weather comes and the mud hardens, it is difficult for the animal to extricate himself. The Semangs build an immense fire over him, and he is soon destroyed and ready to be eaten.

The natives ate rice and drank wine from the Gomuti palm, which, when nine or ten years old, yields it from any cut branch, three quarts a day for about two years.

In Sumatra, where Marco with two thousand men in his company stayed five months, detained by contrary winds, he found camphor "worth its weight in gold," and sago, which he and his party made into bread and found it excellent. Says a modern writer, "The camphor tree attracts beyond all the traveller's observation by its straight columnar and colossal gray trunk and its mighty crown of foliage, rising high above the canopy of the forest. It exceeds in dimensions the *Rosamola*, the loftiest tree of Java, and is probably the greatest tree of the Archipelago, if not of the world, reaching a height of two hundred feet. . . . The camphor is found in small quantities, one quarter to a pound, in fissure-like hollows in the stem. Many trees are cut down in vain or split up the side without finding camphor."

The sago is the pith of the tree, which is put into tubs of water and stirred with a wooden spoon. The flour sinks to the bottom, while the bran comes to the top and is thrown away. One tree will sometimes yield nearly a thousand pounds of sago, which will support a man a year.

At the Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal, Marco found a tribe small in stature, "no better than wild beasts." They were black with woolly hair, ate men alive, were naked, and murdered the crews of wrecked vessels.

In Ceylon, Marco saw precious stones, among them some large rubies. It is said that the Emperor of China, in the fourteenth century, purchased for his cap a carbuncle which weighed more than an ounce. When worn at a grand levee, the lustre filled the palace; hence it was called the "Red Palace-illuminator."

In a high mountain in Ceylon the people believe Adam was buried, and make pilgrimages to the grave; but the Buddhists think it was Buddha. In Marco's time Buddha had been worshipped about eighteen centuries. He was the son of a king, married at sixteen to the beautiful Yasodhara, with forty thousand princesses in his harem. He had been kept in three elegant palaces away from the world, lest he should, if he once knew the evil and sorrow in it, be led to become an ascetic. Driving out one day in a chariot with four white horses, he saw an old man, and learned for the first time that old age was the portion of many. Later he saw a leper, and then a dead man, and learned that disease and death come to all. He left his wife and infant son at the palace, and thereafter, till his death at eighty, devoted himself to doing good to the world through a life of self-sacrifice. Buddha's alms-pot in Ceylon has been revered for centuries. A poor man could fill it with a few flowers, but a rich man could hardly be able with ten thousand bushels of rice. It was still at Ceylon a few years ago, though it had been carried to other countries several times. A sacred tooth is still in the island, and another at Foo-Choo.

From Ceylon, Marco Polo visited India. He describes the fishing for pearls. The fishers go out into the gulf in vessels, and then, after anchoring, get into small boats and jump into the water where it is from four to twelve

fathoms deep, remaining as long as they can hold their breath. They put the shells which contain the pearls in a net bag around the waist. The time for fishing is in March and April, just between the cessation of the north-east and commencement of the south-west monsoon. There are now, as then, shark-charmers, who are hired to keep the sharks from harming the divers, receiving one-twentieth of all the pearls found for their supposed valuable services.

The natives of Eastern India were naked, save a scrap of cloth about the loins. The King wore a piece of fine cloth about the middle of the body, and a necklace of precious stones, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. From his neck he wore suspended on a silk thread one hundred and four large pearls and rubies, because he had to say that number of prayers daily to his idols. His ancestors bequeathed the string of pearls to him for that purpose. He wore also three golden bracelets set with pearls, anklets on his legs, and rings on his toes.

This King had five hundred wives. Colonel Yule says the necklace taken from the neck of the Hindu King Jaipál, captured by Mahmúd in 1001, was composed of large pearls and rubies, worth a half-million dollars!

When any king died, several barons burnt themselves in the fire which consumed his body, so as to be his companions in the other world. Until recent years women burnt themselves at the death of their husbands.

The criminals condemned to death were allowed by the government to commit suicide as a sacrifice to a favorite god.

The people washed the whole body twice every day. They fed their horses boiled meat and rice. *Ghee*, or boiled butter, is said to be given now by natives to all

their horses. Some give a sheep's head occasionally to strengthen the animals.

St. Thomas was believed to be buried at Mailapúr, near Madras. Pilgrimages were made thither by both Christians and Saracens, and earth from his tomb was used for miraculous cures.

Marco tells of some of the Hindu ascetics who lived on rice and milk, went naked because they were "thus born into the world and desired to have nothing about them that is of the world," would not kill a fly or a flea because all have souls, slept on the ground without clothing over or under them, fasted every day in the year, and drank water only.

For any supposed insults duels were fought before the King. They could not use the point of the sword, as this was prohibited. All the people flocked to see the duel, which was continued till one party was left for dead.

At Coilum (Quilon) Marco saw much Brazil wood, — the natives plant the seeds at the birth of a daughter, and when the trees come to maturity in fourteen or fifteen years, their sale becomes her dowry, — pepper, and indigo.

"The indigo," says Marco, "is made of a certain herb which is gathered, and is put into great vessels upon which they pour water and then leave it till the whole of the plant is decomposed. They then put this liquid in the sun, which is tremendously hot there, so that it boils and coagulates, and becomes such as we see it."

Socotra, south of Arabia, was found to be inhabited by baptized Christians, with an archbishop. Every vestige of Christianity had disappeared when P. Vincenzo, the Carmelite, visited it in the middle of the seventeenth century.

From India, Marco is supposed to have gone to Madagascar, on the eastern coast of Africa, and is the first European or Asiatic writer, Colonel Yule thinks, who mentions the island by name. The ships from India reached Madagascar in twenty days. Among other things of interest in these far-off islands, below Madagascar and Zanzibar, was the Rukh, a bird so large that it was reported to be able to seize elephants in its talons, and carry them high into the air. Its feathers were said to be ninety spans long, while the quill part was two palms in circumference! An egg in the British Museum of the Aepyornis, once in Madagascar, but now extinct, requires two and one-half gallons to fill it, and is thirteen and one-fourth inches long.

At Zanzibar, Marco thought "the women the ugliest in the world, with their great mouths and big eyes and thick noses." The staple trade was elephants' teeth. Their sheep were white with black heads.

Abyssinia, Marco calls Middle India. He says that the Christians in baptism used a hot iron on the forehead, though some later authorities deny that this was a religious rite.

About the beginning of the fourth century there landed on the coast of Abyssinia some explorers from Tyre. They were all murdered except two, Frumentius and Adesius. The former gathered all the Roman merchants together, started a Christian church, and became Bishop of Axum, then the leading place for trade in Abyssinia. The people for some centuries were somewhat advanced in civilization, but they have sadly deteriorated.

Marco describes Aden, in the south of Arabia, at that time a great seaport; Es-shehr, three hundred and thirty miles east of Aden, where the horses, oxen, and camels,

as well as the people, live on dried fish the whole year through, — the cattle eating the little fish alive, just as they were taken from the water, — and Dhafár, where incense is gathered from small trees, and sold for use in churches.

Marco finishes his book with an account of Siberia, with its immense white bears and black foxes, and its sledges drawn by dogs, which Mr. Kennan says are half domesticated Arctic wolves. When the Tartars went far north to the Land of Darkness, as Polo calls it, they rode on horses which had colts, leaving the latter behind. When the Tartars had taken all the plunder they could get, they found their way home because the mothers by instinct knew the way back to their colts.

Finally Marco's twenty-six years of wandering and important missions for Kublai Khan were ended, and, rich and honored, he went back to live and die in Venice. He was the greatest traveller of his time.

John Fiske calls Marco Polo's book "one of the most famous and important books of the Middle Ages. It contributed more new facts toward a knowledge of the earth's surface than any book that had ever been written before."

Colonel Yule shows Polo's right to fame in that "He was the first to trace a route across the whole longitude of Asia, the deserts of Persia, the flowering plateaus and wild gorges of Badakshan, the jade-bearing rivers of Khotan, the Mongolian steppes; . . . the first traveller to reveal China in all its wealth and vastness; . . . to tell us of Tibet with its sordid devotees, of Burma, of Laos, of Siam, of Cochin China, of Japan, the Eastern Thule, with its rosy pearls and golden-roofed palaces; the first to speak of that museum of beauty and wonder, still so

imperfectly ransacked, the Indian Archipelago; of Java, pearl of islands; Sumatra, Nicobar and Andaman; of Ceylon; of India the Great, not as a dreamland of Alexandrian fables, but as a country seen and partially explored; the first in mediæval times to give any distinct account of the secluded Christian empire of Abyssinia, and the semi-Christian island of Socotra; to speak of Zanzibar and the vast and distant Madagascar; . . . of Siberia and the Arctic Ocean; of dog-sledges, white bears, and reindeer-riding Tunguses."

FERDINAND MAGELLAN.

ABOUT the year 1480, at Sabrosa, in the province of Traz-os-Montes, in Portugal, was born Ferdinand Magellan. His family was of noble birth. His father dying early, the estates came to him, the eldest, instead of to his brother Diego, or his sisters, Thereza, Isabel, and Ginebra.

When a lad he left his wild mountain home and was placed at Court at Lisbon, that his education might be under royal supervision. He became one of the pages of the Queen, the widow of Dom João II. This monarch had been a scholarly man, quite noted as a geographer, and called "the Perfect" from his, in many respects, admirable character.

In 1495 Dom Manoel came to the throne, and Magellan, then fifteen, passed into his service. Columbus had just discovered the New World, and little was talked of save exploration. Ships were fitted out to travel the unknown waters and see what treasures might be found in the far-off islands and in Asia, South America, and Africa.

Vasco da Gama had undertaken his second voyage to India in 1502, and other explorers were starting for Brazil, which had been discovered by Pedro Alvarez Cabral in 1500, and to Labrador, where Gaspar Cortereal went about the same time, and was never heard of

FERDINAND MAGELLAN.

waged to the bitter end. The next day more than thirty-six hundred bodies were washed ashore, "forming, as it were, a hedge." Nearly eighty Portuguese were killed and over two hundred wounded, among the latter young Magellan, who must by this time have had all the adventure which he longed for.

The Moors, finding themselves unable to cope with the Portuguese, obtained the assistance of the Sultan of Egypt. A severe battle was fought the last of December, 1507, in the river of Chaul, at which the Portuguese were defeated. Dom Lourenço's leg was shattered by a cannon-ball, but he fought till his ship sank, and perished with his men.

Two months later Almeida avenged the death of his son in a great battle, when between three and four thousand Moors and Mamelukes were slain. The Portuguese were victorious. Among the wounded we again find Magellan.

Almeida, greatly to his disappointment, saw himself superseded in office by Affonso d'Albuquerque, who had had great success on the northern shores of the Indian Ocean over the Mussulmans. Almeida, therefore, started for Portugal, but was killed on the journey in a battle with the Kafirs, in which the Portuguese lost eleven of their captains.

In 1509 Magellan sailed with a fleet which had been sent out to India from Lisbon to explore Malacca, a great centre of trade. The advent of the Europeans caused much alarm; but the King affected to receive them in a friendly manner, and invited the leaders to a banquet. Fearing treachery, the Portuguese declined, but were prevailed upon to send their boats ashore that they might be filled with pepper and other goods.

After the sailors had gone in their boats, the Malays crowded on board the ships. At a given signal — a puff of white smoke — those on sea and land were to be slaughtered. One of the leaders, suspecting treachery, sent Magellan in the only remaining boat to the flagship to warn the captain-general. It was just in time to save his life. The Malays on his ship were driven overboard and the fleet escaped. The men on shore were murdered. Two years later this treachery was avenged in the fall of Malacca through Albuquerque. Eight hundred Portuguese and six hundred Malabar archers defeated twenty thousand men. Through Malacca passed all the commerce of the Moluccas, the Philippines, Japan, and China to the Mediterranean; therefore its capture made the name of Albuquerque known far and wide.

Magellan purposed in 1510 to return to Portugal, after an absence of five years, and left Cochin about the middle of January. The ship in which he sailed and one other ran at night upon a shoal of the Great Padua Bank. It was decided to return to India, about one hundred miles distant; and there was contention as to who should go first, the crews being unwilling that the officers only should go in the boats. Magellan, with a magnanimity which was characteristic of him, said that he would remain with the crews, if those about to return would promise to send aid. This they did, and Magellan and the crews were rescued later.

After an expedition to Java, Celebes, and some other islands, Magellan carried out his purpose of returning to Portugal, after a seven years' absence. He was now about thirty-two. He had shown himself a brave soldier, a skilful navigator, and a fearless traveller.

He remained in his native land about a year, and then

joined a great armada of four hundred ships and eighteen thousand men-at-arms, against the Moors of Azamor in Morocco, who had rebelled against Dom Manoel. They were quickly subdued. In a skirmish a little later, Magellan was hit in the leg with a lance, and made slightly lame for life.

On April 12, 1514, the Moors attempted to retake Azamor; and though they were routed, leaving two thousand of their men on the field, they pressed on towards the city, only to find the walls destroyed, and the country round about laid waste. They were soon put to flight, over a thousand Moors made prisoners, and nearly as many horses captured.

Magellan and another captain were put in charge of the booty. They were accused, whether wrongly or not, of selling cattle to the Moors, and permitting them to be carried off at night. For this, or some other reason, Magellan left Africa, and returned to Lisbon.

He sought Dom Manoel and asked for promotion and an increase of pay —about twenty-five cents a month — for his long-continued service. To his surprise he was told that he had left Africa without the permission of his superior officer, and ordered at once to go back to Azamor, to answer the charges against him. He returned, wounded in spirit, as he felt that he had served his king long and faithfully. At Azamor the authorities refused to proceed against him, and Magellan came back at once to Portugal, hoping that his king would send him to India, in some honorable position. Dom Manoel made a serious mistake for himself and his country when he received the young noble coolly, and would not listen to his entreaties. It is said by one of the old historians that Magellan "demanded permission to go and live with

some one who would reward his services. . . . The King said he might do what he pleased. Upon this Magellan desired to kiss his hand at parting, but the King would not offer it to him."

It is probable that Magellan urged upon the King a project he had long had in mind — the passage to the rich Moluccas, or Spice Islands, by sailing westward around Cape Horn, at the extremity of South America, rather than eastward around the Cape of Good Hope in Africa. He had used all his spare time in studying maps and charts. He knew that navigators had sailed far along the South American coast, and that Vasco Nuñez de Balboa had looked upon a great ocean (the Pacific) from the mountains in the Isthmus of Darien, now Panama. Balboa fell upon his knees at the time of his discovery, Sept. 25, 1513, thanking God, and took possession of the whole seacoast in the name of Spain. Four years later, at the age of forty-two, he and four faithful friends were beheaded on the trunk of a tree, on the unjust charge of treason, through petty jealousies of his superiors in office.

Magellan's intimate friend, Francisco Serrão, was then living in the Moluccas. He had been wrecked some time previously upon a deserted island, infested by pirates. As soon as these latter saw the wreck they landed, intending to capture the survivors. Serrão kept his men hidden near the beach, and when the pirates had left their vessel, the Spaniards took possession of it. The thieves saw that they would be without food or water, and begged for protection, which they received after a promise that they would repair the Spaniards' wrecked vessel. All reached the Moluccas in safety, and Serrão remained there for life, writing to Magellan

that "he had discovered yet another new world, larger and richer than that found by Vasco da Gama." Magellan wrote back that he would come thither, "if not by way of Portugal, then by way of Spain."

Dom Manoel was not wise enough to remember that there were other nations interested in navigation besides Portugal, and that all power does not rest in any one person, however prominent. For Magellan to remain in Portugal under Dom Manoel was to see his hopes thwarted, and his life unsuccessful. He determined, therefore, to bid adieu forever to his own country and enter the service of the great Emperor of Spain, Charles V. For this course he was always condemned by the Portuguese: declared to be a monster, and a traitor to his king, and one willing to sow discord between the two nations. Yet he did what Columbus and others did — when one king refused to aid, they sought another crowned head.

Magellan reached Seville, in Spain, Oct. 20, 1517, not discouraged by the ingratitude of his own ruler, but anxious lest Charles V. should look upon a westward passage to the Spice Islands as visionary and futile.

Magellan was received into the home of Diogo Barbosa, a Portuguese, alcaide of the arsenal, a relation, possibly a cousin, where he remained for three months. Barbosa had served Spain fourteen years, had been one of the discoverers of the islands Ascension and St. Helena, and, like his son, Duarte Barbosa, was a skilled navigator. With all Magellan's absorption in his plans to discover new worlds, he found time to fall in love with Beatrix Barbosa, the beautiful daughter of his host, and was married at the age of thirty-seven before he went to court at Valladolid, probably taking his young bride with him.

Magellan laid his plans first before the Casa de Contratacion; but as this Portuguese was only one of many who had schemes to equip vessels for exploration, no attention was paid to the matter. Magellan learned what everybody learns sooner or later, — that there is no easy road to success; that he who is unwilling to overcome obstacles would better never undertake any matter of importance. One of the three chief officials of the Casa de Contratacion, Juan de Aranda, was wiser than his fellows, or perhaps more drawn to the slender and lame Portuguese, and had faith in the westward passage. Through him an opportunity was made of presenting the matter not only to Sauvage, the Lord High Chancellor, Cardinal Adrian of Utrecht, Fonseca, Bishop of Burgos, but to Charles V. himself, then only eighteen.

Magellan and a scholarly friend, Ruy Faleiro, taking their globe with them, explained to the King their purpose, and asked that he would fit out the ships at his own expense, rewarding the explorers as he thought best; or wealthy friends would provide the ships for them, if the King would give them the trade and ownership of the lands discovered by them.

The King, not unmindful, perhaps, that his grandmother, Isabella, had aided Columbus, and thus brought everlasting honor to herself, promised to provide an armada of five ships, to be provisioned for two years, with two hundred and thirty-four officers and crews. No other explorers should be sent to the Spice Islands for ten years; the territory of the King of Portugal should not be intruded upon; and Magellan and his friend Faleiro should receive one-twentieth part of the profit of their discoveries, and be governors of the islands — discovery, evidently, always meaning conquest.

But the fitting-out of the armada was not to be an easy thing after all. The Court at Portugal was greatly incensed when they learned that Charles V. (whose sister Eleanor, twenty, was about to become the third wife of Dom Manoel, aged fifty) was to befriend a navigator whose cause they had refused to consider.

They wrote earnest appeals to Charles; they sent messengers to Magellan begging him not to persist in his enterprise, and thus sin against God and his king; and when words did not avail, an effort was made to assassinate him, which proved unavailing.

After much delay the armada was finally made ready: the San Antonio, one hundred and twenty tons; Trinidad, one hundred and ten tons; Concepcion, ninety tons; Victoria, eighty-five tons; Santiago, seventy-five tons. Even when all was ready Magellan was mobbed, it was believed by some emissaries of the King of Portugal.

At last, nearly two years after he came to Spain, he heard mass in the church of Santa Maria de la Victoria in Seville, and sailed down the river with his fleet, Aug. 10, 1519. Remaining at the Port St. Lucar de Barrameda for a month, he made his will, giving the lands he should discover to his little son Rodrigo, then six months old, one-tenth of his income to three convents, and, in case of the death of his son, one-fourth to his wife, besides the return of the dowry which she brought him at her marriage, six hundred thousand *maravedis*. On the day of his burial three poor men were to be clothed, and food given to them and to twelve others, "and a gold ducat as alms for the souls in purgatory."

On Sept. 20, 1519, the fleet sailed away, amid the

booming of cannon from ships and shore, destined to make the first voyage around the world.

Magellan was in the Trinidad, as was also his brother-in-law, Duarte Barbosa. The ships carried nearly six thousand pounds of powder, a thousand lances, two hundred pikes, three hundred and sixty dozen arrows, ninety-five dozen darts, many cannon, and much armor for the men. Evidently while Magellan hoped to Christianize the peoples whom he should find, he had other measures in reserve besides persuasion.

The ship carried many charts, compasses, and the like, and quantities of goods for barter: knives, over two thousand pounds of quicksilver, twenty thousand bells, ivory, velvets, and glass. Several scholars had joined the expedition, among them an Italian, Antonio Pigafetta, who kept a valuable journal and published it on his return.

The fleet sailed towards the Canary Islands, stopping for wood and water at Teneriffe, then along the African coast, past Cape Verde and Sierra Leone, suffering somewhat from heavy storms, and having rain for sixty days while they were in the vicinity of the equator. Their course was so slow that the rations of the men were reduced to two quarts of water per day, and the bread to one pound and a half.

Taking a westerly course, they crossed the Atlantic, arrived near Pernambuco in South America, Nov. 29, rounded Cape Frio, and entered the harbor at Rio de Janeiro.

They found the natives friendly, willing to exchange enough fish for ten men for a looking-glass, a large basket of sweet potatoes for a bell, or one of their children or several fowls for a big knife. The people lived

in long, low huts, ate the flesh of their captives, and were nearly naked, wearing a sort of apron of parrots' feathers. Monkeys and birds of gorgeous plumage abounded.

Mass was twice said on shore by the Spaniards, in which the natives joined, kneeling and raising their hands to heaven, from whence they believed the pale faces had come, bringing rain with them, as it had not rained for two months previous to the arrival of the ships.

The fleet sailed away Dec. 26, following the coast, so that no inlet or strait should be overlooked which might furnish a passage across the continent. Arriving at the Rio de la Plata, they landed, and caught a quantity of fish. One night an Indian, dressed in goat-skins, came in a canoe to the ship. Magellan gave him a cotton shirt and some other articles, hoping that he would return and bring his friends, but he never came back. When the Spaniards attempted to catch some of the shy natives, they proved too fleet for them.

Going farther south, they found great numbers of "sea wolves," probably seals, and killed many. The winter was coming on, and storms were very severe, carrying away parts of their ships. After weeks of suffering they anchored in Port St. Julian, March 31.

Food was scarce, and the diminished rations caused great complaining. The cold was intense, and some had died from exposure. They begged of Magellan to go back to Spain, lest they all should perish, as evidently land stretched far away to the South Pole, and there was no hope of entering the Pacific Ocean.

Magellan censured them for their lack of courage, and said, for himself, he was determined to die rather

than return. There were plenty of fish and birds in the bay for food, and if they would push on, wealth and honor were before them.

For a time the men were content, but cold and suffering brought again their natural results. The men declared they were not sailing towards the Moluccas, but to a land of ice; that as Magellan was a Portuguese, he did not care if crews of Spaniards perished. Fearing the influence of such murmuring, the captain-general arrested the complainers. But it was too late; a mutiny had already been arranged. At night the captain of the Concepcion, Gaspar Quesada, Juan de Cartagena, the second officer, and over thirty armed men boarded the San Antonio, placed the captain, Alvaro de Mesquita, in irons, killed the master, and cleared the deck of the ship for action. The Victoria, with Louis de Mendoza at its head, joined the insurgents.

As soon as Magellan heard that three of his five ships had turned against him, he resolved upon decisive measures. All seemed lost, — no western passage discovered, and a return to Spain, if at all, in disgrace. Many a man would have quailed before such odds. Not so Magellan.

A skiff with five men bearing concealed weapons was despatched to Mendoza, of the Victoria, summoning him to the Trinidad to meet Magellan. As he refused to go, he was instantly stabbed to death. Another boat with fifteen picked men under Duarte Barbosa, brother-in-law of Magellan, appeared at once alongside the Victoria, boarded her, and compelled the surrender of her crew.

Then the Trinidad, the Victoria, and the Santiago stationed themselves at the entrance of the port to intercept the San Antonio and the Concepcion. When

the former came in sight the Trinidad fired upon her with large bombards, and she was boarded by the crew of the Victoria. Quesada and his helpers were seized and put in irons; forty men were condemned to death for treason, but were pardoned. Quesada was beheaded, and his body quartered, as was that of Mendoza, while Juan de Cartagena and a priest were left among the savages, perhaps to share an equally dreadful fate.

These measures seemed very severe; but if the insurgents had been permitted to put Magellan in an open boat, as was Henry Hudson among the icebergs of Hudson Bay, to die of hunger and cold, or had they killed their leader, as they intended, others might have found the westward passage, but not Magellan.

The Santiago, now that the mutiny was quelled, was sent ahead to examine the coast and look carefully for the eagerly expected strait which should lead them into the Pacific. She sailed to the Rio de Santa Cruz, sixty miles away, where she found abundance of fish and seals, or sea-wolves, weighing five hundred pounds. A sudden and violent storm came on, and the ship went to pieces. The crew, thirty-five in number, without provisions, had to make their way as best they could seventy miles through the wilderness to their comrades. When they reached the river Santa Cruz, it was decided that two only should cross on the little raft which they had made, while the rest encamped to wait for the ships. For eleven days the men made their solitary journey, fording marshes, cutting their way through forests, and living on roots and leaves. At length, thin and worn, they reached their comrades.

Magellan did not dare risk his vessels, so he sent a party of twenty-four men with food to the starving

company. They could find no water, and were obliged to melt snow for drink. At last all were brought back in safety, but much broken in health by exposure.

After remaining for weeks in Port St. Julian without seeing a single inhabitant, the sailors were astonished one day by the coming of a gigantic Indian, so tall that the Spaniards came only "to the level of his waistbelt." His face was painted red, his hair white, yellow circles were around his eyes, and his covering was the skin of the guanaco. He was shown, among other things, a large steel mirror, and, seeing himself in it, was so astonished that, springing backward, he knocked over four of the Spaniards. Still, he was not displeased at knowing how he looked, for he accepted a mirror as a present.

After this other natives came, several women among them, leading small guanacos by a string as they would dogs, with the purpose of enticing other animals of the same kind, so that the men might shoot them with their arrows.

The Patagonians were found to be a strange people, eating rats without stopping to skin them, living mostly on raw meat, thrusting arrows down their throats when they were ill, or cutting themselves across the forehead when they had headache.

Magellan, desirous of securing some of these savages for Charles V., practised a deception, which seemed far from right. When some of the Indians came on board the Trinidad, he loaded them with presents, and then showed them how a pair of irons could be fitted to the legs. These irons were at once riveted by a hammer, and the men were prisoners.

When they found they had been deceived, they in-

voked Setebos, their Great Spirit, and called in vain for their wives, as the Spaniards understood by their signs. Magellan sent two Indians bound to the shore in charge of some armed Spaniards. One Indian escaped, though he was wounded in the head. When they reached the huts of the natives, the other Indian spoke a few words to the women, who, instead of going to the ship, immediately fled into the forest.

After spending between three and four months in Port St. Julian, the fleet sailed for the Santa Cruz River, where they obtained an abundance of fish and dried it.

When October came Magellan found the weather so much warmer, and the winter broken, that they again started in earnest for the westward passage. On Oct. 21, 1520, they "saw an opening like unto a bay." The fleet was ordered to enter, and the Concepcion and the San Antonio were sent on in advance to see if it were indeed a strait. A fearful storm came on, and it was feared for a time that the vessels were lost. Finally they returned, their masts gay with flags, having found that the inlet, or bay, extended for a very great distance.

Magellan now sailed farther on, well assured in his own mind that the long-sought strait was found. After a month had gone by, on Nov. 21, he issued an order demanding of his captains and pilots their views about continuing the voyage. All were for going onward except Estevão Gomes, the pilot of the San Antonio. He said now that they had found the strait, they might all perish before the Molucca Islands were reached, as nobody knew the width of the Pacific.

Magellan, who had evidently been testing their courage and perseverance, replied that "if they had to eat the leather on the ships' yards, he would still go on and

discover what he had promised the Emperor." He declared that no one under pain of death should discuss the difficulties before them, knowing that discontent doubles if we dwell upon our obstacles.

They sailed onward and, Nov. 28, they emerged from the strait, afterward named Strait of Magellan in honor of its discoverer, and looked upon the great Pacific Ocean. So overjoyed were they that Magellan wept, as well as his companions. Guns were fired, and thanks were returned to God and the Virgin Mary.

With this great joy came an unexpected sorrow. Gomes and the San Antonio, the largest of the ships, and carrying the larger part of the stores, had deserted and returned to Spain. He and his companions had stabbed the faithful Captain Mesquita, and put him in irons, and then turned the vessel homeward. On May 6, 1521, she reached the port of Seville. The Patagonian prisoner, one of the two whom Magellan had allowed to be bound, died on the passage.

The other Patagonian, who was on board the Trinidad, died about the time they reached the Pacific. "When he felt himself gravely ill, of the malady from which he afterwards died," says Pigafetta, the Italian, "he embraced the cross and kissed it, and desired to become a Christian. We baptized him and gave him the name of Paul."

The navigators were thirty-eight days passing through the strait. The land to the south having many fires, they called it "Tierra del Fuego," land of fire, which name it has always retained. The tempests were over, and for three months and twenty days they sailed on a smooth and apparently boundless ocean, without a single storm. No wonder Magellan named it the Pacific.

After two months' sailing they came to an island, but it was uninhabited, and eleven days after another, but they found neither food nor water. Their condition had become distressing. The water on board was too offensive to touch, and their biscuits were full of worms. They did indeed eat the "leather on the ships' yards," as Magellan had determined to do rather than turn back. They softened the leather by letting it hang overboard three or four days, and then cooked it on the embers. Sawdust was used for food, and they ate rats with avidity. Scurvy broke out, and many died. Only three of the five ships were left, and the number of sailors on these was daily lessened.

The weeks wore on, until finally, March 6, land was sighted, and a number of *praus*, queer-looking boats, with palm-leaf sails, like lateen sails, came out to meet them. The Spaniards had discovered the Marianne or Ladrone Islands.

Great was their rejoicing to find fresh fruit and vegetables. The natives were thievish, and greatly annoyed Magellan by taking the skiff under the stern of the flagship, and, indeed, whatever they could lay their hands on. Driving them off, the ships, they sent back stones and burning torches. The next day Magellan burned one of their villages and several of their boats, killed seven or eight men, regained his own skiff, and took whatever provisions he wished.

The natives were unacquainted with the use of bows and arrows, and when one of their number was wounded, he would draw the arrow out of his body and look at it wistfully, which touched the hearts of the explorers.

The people had no clothing except aprons of bark. They lived in wood huts, thatched with fig-leaves; their

food was for the most part figs, fish, and birds; their weapons, long sticks with sharpened fish-bones at the ends.

The fleet left the Ladrones, and on March 16 reached the Philippines, and anchored on the little island of Suluan. The natives were very friendly, bringing cocoanuts, oranges, bananas, fowls, and palm wine, in return for which they received red caps, looking-glasses, bells, and other things. Their chief came with them, wearing large gold ear-rings and rich gold bracelets.

The sick sailors were put on shore in two large tents; and each day Magellan went to visit them, giving them cocoanut milk to drink with his own hands.

After nine days the fleet sailed to Leyte Island, where Magellan's slave, Enrique of Malacca, found that the people understood his Malay tongue. The shy natives would not at first come to the flagship, so Magellan put some presents on a plank and pushed it towards them.

A little later the King came, and brought fish and rice in person to the Admiral. In return Magellan gave him a Turkish red and yellow robe, with a red cap, and they became friends through the ceremony of blood-brotherhood; that is, each one tastes the blood of the other, drawn from the arm. The King was shown the armor of the men, their swords and guns, and the maps and charts which Magellan had studied so closely. After a dinner together, which the King seemed to enjoy, two Spaniards went on shore, and the King entertained them.

Pigafetta, who was one of them, thus describes the visit: "The King took me by the hand, while one of his chiefs took my comrade's, and we were led in this manner under a canopy of canes, where there was a *balangai*, or canoe, like a galley, on the poop of which we sat, con-

versing by signs, for we had no interpreter. The King's followers remained standing, armed with swords, daggers, spears, and shields. A dish of pork with a large vessel full of wine was brought, and at each mouthful we drank a cup of wine. If, as rarely happened, any was left in our cups, it was put into another vessel. The King's cup remained always covered, and no one drank from it but he and I. . . .

"Before the hour of supper I presented to the King the many presents I had brought with me. . . . Then came supper-time. They brought two large china dishes, the one filled with rice, the other with pork in its gravy. We ate our supper with the same ceremonies and gestures as before. We then repaired to the palace of the King, in shape like a sort of hay-loft or rick, covered with banana leaves, and supported on four large beams, which raised it up from the ground, so that we had to ascend to it by means of ladders. On our arrival the King made us sit upon a cane-mat with our legs crossed like tailors on a bench, and after half an hour a dish of fish was brought, cut in pieces and roasted, another of freshly gathered ginger, and some wine. The King's eldest son having entered, he was made to sit next me, and two more dishes were then brought, one of fish, with its sauce, and the other of rice, to eat with the prince.

"For candles they used the gum of a certain tree called *anime*, wrapped up in leaves of the palm or banana. The King now made a sign to us that he desired to retire to rest, and departed, leaving the prince with us, in whose company we slept on cane-mats with cushions stuffed with leaves."

In the morning the Spanish guests departed, the King and they kissing each other's hands.

When Easter came, March 31, mass was said with much ceremony, the Indian King and his brother kissing the cross, and kneeling with joined hands as did the Spaniards. A cross and crown of thorns was set upon a hill that the Indians might thereafter see and adore it.

Wishing to visit other islands for gold and spices, the King offered to be their pilot; but from excessive eating and drinking he slept all one day, and then they were delayed, as he had to gather his rice harvest. In this the Spaniards helped, and all being ready, the fleet departed April 4, and entered the port of Sebu Sunday, April 7.

They found a beautiful island, abounding in fruit, with birds of brilliant plumage, and quite large and busy villages. Their customs were most interesting to the explorers. Mr. George M. Towle, in his "Life of Magellan," thus describes a Sebu funeral, the circumstances gathered from the old chronicles: —

"The chief's corpse was laid in a chest in his house; around the chest was wound a cord, to which branches and leaves were tied in a fantastic fashion, while on the end of each branch a strip of cotton was fastened. The principal women of the island went to the house of mourning and sat around the corpse, wrapped in white cotton shrouds from head to foot; beside each woman stood a young girl, who wafted a palm-leaf fan before her face.

"Meanwhile, one of the women was engaged in cutting the hair from the dead man's head with a knife. His favorite wife all this time lay stretched upon his body, with her mouth, hands, and feet pressed close to his. As the woman concluded her hair-cutting, she broke into a low, dismal, wailing song, which the others after awhile caught up. The attendants on the mourners then

took porcelain vases with burning embers on them, upon which they kept sprinkling myrrh, benzoin, and other perfumes, that formed a cloud of incense in the room.

"These ceremonies and mournings continued for several days; meanwhile, the body was anointed with oil of camphor to preserve it; and at the end of the mourning period it was solemnly deposited in a kind of tomb, made of wooden logs, in the neighboring forest."

A treaty was made with the King of Sebu, by blood-brotherhood, and then Magellan made them an address through an interpreter. Anxious to win all the islands of the sea, not only for Spain, but for the Roman Catholic faith, he urged their becoming Christians, not through fear, nor the wish to please the Spaniards, but because it was right.

The King soon expressed a wish to be a Christian, and on April 14, on a scaffolding in the centre of the town, the ceremony of baptism took peace. Magellan came in state with forty men in armor, and the King and more than fifty others, dressed in white, and all were baptized. Magellan and the King sat in two velvet chairs, one red and the other violet.

The Queen and forty of her ladies were baptized the same day, she receiving the name of Joanna, after the mother of Charles V., and the King, Carlos, after the Emperor. Pigafetta gave to the queen a carved figure of the Virgin and child, which she seemed greatly to prize. She was young and quite pretty, wearing a black and white robe, and a large hat made of palm leaves. About eight hundred persons were baptized the same day, and later all the inhabitants of Sebu, and some on the neighboring islands, several thousand persons in all.

They were told that they must burn all their idols, wood

images, hollowed out behind, and arms and legs apart, with broad face and four teeth like those of a wild boar. Most of them were burned.

The idols were retained, however, in the house of a nephew of the King, a valiant warrior, who was very ill. Magellan informed the King that if the nephew were baptized, he would at once recover, and if this were not the case, he would forfeit his head. A procession was arranged in the square where the cross had been set up, and soon reached the sick man's house, where it was found that he could neither speak nor move. Magellan, not doubting that his prayer for the man would be answered, baptized him, and asked how he felt. He replied much better, and in five days rose from his bed recovered, and burned his idols.

Magellan, overjoyed at such professions of Christianity, offered to protect the King from any disloyal subjects or antagonistic rulers, — a rash thing to do, but his enthusiasm in christianizing the people was as great as his desire to circumnavigate the globe, and find the westward passage to the Moluccas. He felt grateful to the King of Sebu, and a sense of honor seemed to impel him to this unfortunate promise.

One of the minor chiefs, Silapulapu, rebelling, Magellan sent an expedition against him, which burnt one of his villages, and erected a cross over the ashes. It is not strange that their associations with the cross thereafter were not pleasant, and that they determined upon revenge.

Magellan was urged by his friends not to proceed further in the matter; but he resolved not only to punish them, but to conquer all for the newly converted King of Sebu.

At midnight, April 26, 1521, Magellan with sixty men in three boats, and the King of Sebu with about one thousand men in twenty or more war canoes, started for the little island of Mactan. Magellan preferred not to shed blood, and sent a message to Silapulapu that if he would submit and pay tribute, all would be well, but if not, "he would learn how our lances wounded."

The Indians sent word back that "if the Spaniards had lances so had they, albeit only reeds and stakes hardened by fire; that they were ready for them."

When morning came the king of Sebu begged to lead the assault, with his thousand men; but Magellan, over-confident, and wishing to show the Indians how his men could fight, ordered the King and his men to remain in the canoes, while he and forty-eight Spaniards landed, April 27, 1521, and attacked the rebels. The other twelve of Magellan's men remained to guard the boats. The Spaniards were at once surrounded by from fifteen hundred to six thousand natives, who threw stones and javelins at those portions of the body not covered by armor.

Some of the Spaniards set fire to the houses, which made the natives more furious than ever. They singled out Magellan, the leader, for their persistent attack. An arrow had pierced his right leg; and seeing that an advance was impossible, he ordered a retreat, but it was too late. Most of the Spaniards fled from such unequal warfare, only six or eight staying by their commander. Fighting hand to hand, they reached the shore. Magellan twice had his helmet torn off, and received a spear wound in the right arm. A bamboo spear was run into his face also, and he in turn plunged his lance into the breast of his pursuer. The enemy, seeing that he could

not draw out his sword on account of the wound in his right arm, rushed upon him and struck a blow on the left leg, which made him fall forward on his face. The end had come. They ran him through and through with iron-pointed spears and cimeters. Eight of his men lay dead beside him and four Christian Indians. "His obstinate resistance," says Pigafetta, "had no other aim than to give time for the retreat of his men."

It seemed pitiful to die in this manner after facing all the perils of the sea, without reaching the Moluccas, or circumnavigating the globe; but he had discovered the westward passage, and had pointed out the way around the world to all future travellers.

When word was brought to the King of Sebu that Magellan was killed, he wept like a child. He had left his canoes and gone to the aid of his pale-faced friend, but it was too late.

The Spaniards sailed back to Sebu, well-nigh crushed that their leader was gone. They offered any amount desired for the body; but Silapulapu declared that it should always be kept as a token of their victory, and the bones of the great navigator never left Mactan. A monument has been erected there to his memory.

Thus perished the man of noble family, the fearless, indomitable, unselfish Magellan. "In the history of geographical discovery," says Dr. F. H. N. Guillemard (late lecturer in geography at the University of Cambridge), in his Life of Magellan, "there are two great successes, and two only, so much do they surpass all others, — the discovery of America and the circumnavigation of the globe. Columbus and Magellan are the only possible competitors for the supremacy." Lord Stanley of Alderley, in his "First Voyage round the

World," calls Magellan "undoubtedly the greatest of ancient and modern navigators;" and Dr. Guillemard adds that it "is an opinion which a careful investigation obliges us to accept."

Magellan's family soon followed him. The little son Rodrigo died six months after his father, September, 1521, and his wife, Beatrice, broken-hearted for her child and her husband, — a second child was dead at its birth, after Magellan's departure, — died in less than a year after her husband, March, 1522.

The first work of the disheartened explorers was to select a leader to guide the fleet towards the Moluccas, now that Magellan had fallen. Two were chosen, Duarte Barbosa, the brother of Beatrice, and João Serrão, his faithful friend and the brother of Francisco.

Other troubles were before them. The King of Sebu had found that the great Spaniards whom he had supposed came from heaven were mortal like himself. The successful Silapulapu had sent word that unless he broke his alliance with the Spaniards and renounced Christianity, he would invade his kingdom. The Malay slave interpreter, Enrique, becoming disaffected towards Barbosa, told the King that his masters were going to attack the town and carry the King into captivity.

Perhaps it was quite natural for the King to have some doubts about his new-made friends; and while they in turn did not entirely trust him, still they were unprepared for his treachery. He sent word that he had some jewels which he wished to give to the King of Spain, and invited Barbosa and several officials to dine with him. Barbosa decided to accept the invitation, and took twenty-eight armed men with him.

The King met them graciously, and they at last forgot

their suspicions. Suddenly the King sprang from his seat and plunged a dagger into Barbosa's breast, and at the same instant each Spaniard was slaughtered by an Indian. Only one escaped towards the boat, Serrão.

Just as he came near, the savages caught and bound him; but they offered to release him if those on the ships would give two cannon and some merchandise. Serrão begged for his shipmates to save him; but they paid no attention to his cries, and sailed away as fast as possible. Serrão was at once stabbed to death. The cross on the hillside was torn down, and the natives returned to their idols.

The fleet at this time was not half as large as when they left Seville, — then over two hundred and seventy; now one hundred and fifteen. The Concepcion was so unseaworthy that she had to be burned. Only the Victoria and the Trinidad remained.

These two ships sailed along the western coast of Mindanão, where they found the King friendly. He drew some blood from his left hand, putting it on his face, breast, and tongue, and the Spaniards did the same. The King invited them to his long, low hut, where they had fish and rice; and they also visited the Queen, surrounded by her slaves. She was weaving a mat, and left her work to play for the visitors on a sort of timbrel. She wore many gold rings and bracelets, and in the King's house several of the utensils were of solid gold.

They next reached Palawan, and found to their delight, as they had only food enough for eight days, an abundance of pigs, goats, yams, cocoanuts, and rice.

On June 21 they started for Borneo, and, after a time, entered its capital, Brunai, where they found about twenty-five thousand people — some of the old histori-

ans say one hundred thousand — living in houses built on piles in the water. The chiefs came out to meet them in gayly painted boats, bringing presents of honey, eggs, wooden vessels filled with *betel*, which the natives chewed, and *arrack*, a drink made from rice.

The Spaniards sent handsome presents to the King, — a Turkish coat of green velvet, a chair of violet velvet, a glass vase, gilt goblet, etc., with a pair of slippers and silver case of pins for the Queen, besides presents for the chief courtiers.

Twelve natives, richly dressed, met the Spaniards with two great elephants, covered with silk, on whose backs were palanquins, on which the visitors were offered seats. The natives carried porcelain vases covered with silk napkins. These were to receive the presents intended for the King.

The palace of the King was a large house, reached by a broad flight of steps. The walls were hung with brilliant silks. He was very rich, and many of his household articles were of pure gold. Three hundred of the King's guard, with daggers drawn, their hilts of gold studded with gems, their fingers covered with rings, were stationed in the hall leading to the royal apartment. This the Spaniards could not enter, but could see the monarch, about forty years old, and his little son, surrounded by a number of wives. They were not allowed to speak to the King in person; but they could give their message to a chief, and he to another, and he in turn to the prime minister, who stood by the King's side. They were obliged to join their hands above their heads, raise first one foot and then the other, make three low bows to the King, and then kiss their hands to him. After the presents were laid at his feet, some rich silk

and brocade were sent to the Spaniards, and they were offered cloves and cinnamon to eat. After this a chief entertained them with a repast of chickens, peacocks, veal, fish, rice, and *arrack*. The rice they ate with gold spoons. They were provided with wax candles, and even with oil lamps.

Astonished at what they had seen, the Spaniards remained for a month, and held traffic with the people. They rode in the King's barges, and the houses of the chiefs were offered for their use. The King never left his palace except for hunting, so he did not visit the ships.

The inhabitants were nearly naked, were followers of Mahomet, skilful in making porcelain and china, and rich in various products.

After a month in Borneo, the ships sailed for the Moluccas. They were soon obliged to put in to a harbor for repairs. After this they sailed south-east, and Nov. 8, 1521, saw the high peaks of Ternate and Tidor. "The pilot," says Pigafetta, "told us that they were the Moluccas, for the which we thanked God, and to comfort us we discharged all our artillery. Nor ought it to cause astonishment that we were so rejoiced, since we had passed twenty-seven months, less two days, always in search of these Moluccas, wandering hither and thither for that purpose among innumerable islands."

They anchored in twenty fathoms, close to the shore of Tidor. Almanzor, the King, received them most cordially. He was a stately monarch, never bowing his head, so that in entering the cabin of the Trinidad, he was obliged to do so from the upper deck, so as not to stoop. His servants carried golden vessels of water, *betel*, and other necessaries, and his son bore his sceptre

before him. He had two hundred wives, each noble family being obliged to furnish one for the King. These women were carefully guarded, and any man found near their house was put to death. The King ate alone, or with his Queen, a wife considered superior to the other two hundred.

The friend of Magellan, Francisco Serrão, to whom he wrote that "he should come to the Moluccas, if not by way of Portugal, then by Spain," was dead. He was poisoned, it was said, by the King of Tidor, because Serrão, who was captain-general of the King of Ternate, conquering the former, made him give his daughter to the King of Ternate as his wife.

One of the sons of the King of Ternate came with the widow of Serrão and her two little children to the fleet.

Trade was soon begun with the natives. Several of the kings made treaties, and sent presents to Charles V. One king desired to send over four thousand pounds of cloves as his present; but the ships were already so laden with spices, that Espinosa, the captain of the Trinidad, did not dare take any more. Among the presents sent by this king were some skins of the bird of Paradise. The Mohammedans, who traded with the natives, had told them that this bird was born in Paradise, where were the souls of those who died. As so many wonderful things were in this abode of souls, they accepted the Mohammedan religion to be allowed to share in these comforts.

Dec. 18 the ships, filled to overflowing with spices, started homeward, sorry to leave the beautiful Moluccas. The Victoria started first, and the Trinidad attempted to follow her. A bad leak was discovered,

and she was obliged to remain and unload her cargo. Sad farewells were said, and the Victoria went on alone.

She sailed south-east to the island of Timor, and then across the Indian Ocean for the Cape of Good Hope. The ship was poor, and delay was occasioned by frequent repairs. The meat on board spoiled for lack of salt, and the sailors were reduced to living on rice. Scurvy came to decimate their numbers. Nearly one-third of the Spaniards died, and nine of the thirteen natives. They had scarcely enough men left to work the ship.

At last, after three years lacking twelve days, Sept. 8, 1522, they anchored once more at the port of San Lucar de Barrameda, and next day sailed up the river to Seville in Spain. The Victoria brought home twenty-six tons of cloves, besides cinnamon, nutmegs, and other spices. Crowds gathered to welcome the first circumnavigators of the globe; cannon were fired, and there was great rejoicing, as it was supposed that all were lost. The next day they walked barefoot, carrying tapers, to the churches of Santa Maria de la Victoria and Santa Maria de Antigua, and gave thanks for a safe return.

The Emperor Charles V. sent for the little band of explorers to come to Valladolid, where he gave them a public welcome. Each person received a handsome pension, and Juan Sebastian del Cano, the captain of the Victoria, five hundred ducats yearly and a coat-of-arms. This device consisted of two cinnamon sticks, three nutmegs, and twelve cloves with a globe, and the words "*Primus circumdedisti me*" (Thou first encompassed me.) Two Malay kings supported the shield. The navigators were surprised that they had lost a day in their reckoning. The Emperor submitted the matter to an

astronomer, who showed that travelling with the sun from east to west, they lost time, and from west to east, they gained time.

The Victoria made one more voyage to the West Indies. She was again sent to Cuba, and must have gone to pieces in some gale, as neither she nor her crew was ever heard of afterwards.

After the Trinidad had been repaired at the island of Tidor, Espinosa decided to sail eastward across the Pacific again, hoping to reach the Spanish settlement at Panama. After weeks of severe storms, he was obliged to return to the Moluccas. Three-fifths of his men had died from an epidemic on board, brought on by poor food and exposure; only nineteen were left out of fifty-four.

On their return to Tidor they found that the Portuguese had come with seven vessels and three hundred men under Antonio de Brito and demanded of the King why he had admitted Castilians, when the Portuguese had been there so long before. Espinosa was obliged to surrender his men and ship to de Brito; yet as Spain and Portugal were apparently friendly, he hoped for fair treatment. The vessel soon went to pieces in a storm, but the Portuguese saved her timbers and used them in building a fortress.

Antonio de Brito wrote to his King concerning the officers of the Trinidad that he thought it would "be more to your Highness's service to order their heads to be struck off than to send them to India. I kept them in the Moluccas, because it is a most unhealthy country, in order that they might die there, not liking to order their heads to be cut off, since I did not know whether your Highness would be pleased or not."

This certainly did not look very promising for Espinosa and his men.

They were obliged to go to work for the Portuguese, until the end of February, 1523, when, with the exception of two carpenters whom de Brito needed, they were allowed to start homeward.

They were first taken to Banda. Four were lost in getting there. The others were detained in Banda for four months, and then sent by way of Java to Molacca. Four died there. Five months later they were sent to Cochin in India in two or more ships. The junk in which three sailed was never heard of. When the others reached Cochin, the vessel which went back to Portugal once a year had already gone. Disheartened, two of them hid themselves on board another ship bound for Portugal. At Mozambique, having been discovered, they were put ashore with the intention of sending them back to India, but one died and the other secreted himself again on a ship, arrived at Lisbon, and was thrown into prison. He was finally released by order of the King.

Only three were left out of the Trinidad's company: Espinosa, the captain, Mafra, a seaman, and Master Hans, bombardier of the Victoria. The latter soon died, and Espinosa and Mafra were kept in prison for seven months after their arrival in Portugal. Finally Espinosa was released and appeared before Charles, who made him a noble, and gave him a life pension of three hundred ducats.

The westward passage through the Strait of Magellan had been discovered, and the way round the world ascertained, but only through fearful suffering and the loss of over two hundred lives.

John Fiske, in his delightful and scholarly "Discovery of America," calls this voyage of Magellan's "the most wonderful in history; . . . doubtless the greatest feat of navigation that has ever been performed, and nothing can be imagined that would surpass it except a journey to some other planet."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, soldier, colonizer, statesman, poet, courtier, was born in 1552 at Hayes, in the eastern corner of South Devon, England. He was descended from one of the noted families of the realm, who by reason of much forced contribution to royalty, and perhaps also through too costly manner of living, had become somewhat reduced in their estates.

His mother, Catherine, "a woman of noble wit and of good and godly opinions," was a Roman Catholic in the time of Queen Mary, but his father, Walter, was a Protestant.

In the persecutions under this Queen, among the heretics shut up in jail previous to their being burned was Agnes Prest, whom Mrs. Raleigh visited with the hope of converting her. The fearless Agnes told the gentlewoman to seek the body of Christ in heaven and not on earth, and that the sacrament was only a remembrance of his death. "As they now use it," she said, "it is but an idol, and far wide from any remembrance of Christ's body, which will not long continue, and so take it, good mistress."

When Mrs. Raleigh came home she told her husband that she never heard a woman talk so simply, godly, and earnestly, "insomuch that if God were not with her, she

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

could not speak such things. I was not able to answer her: I who can read, and she cannot." This probably went far towards making Mrs. Raleigh a Protestant. Both parents are buried in Exeter Cathedral.

The son Walter — he had an older brother, Carew, and a sister Margaret — entered Oriel College, Oxford, about 1568, when he was sixteen years old. Here he was liked for his wit as well as his scholarship, becoming "the ornament of the Juniors and a proficient in oratory and philosophy."

He left college early to engage in the religious wars of the time. Queen Elizabeth, sympathizing with the persecuted Protestants of France, permitted men and money to be sent to their aid. Young Raleigh, active and full of courage, went in a troop of a hundred gentlemen volunteers, well mounted, led by his cousin, Henry Champernowne, with the motto, "*Finem det mihi virtus*" (Let valor decide the contest).

Mr. Edward Edwards, in his life of Raleigh, says that although the men were sent to France by Queen Elizabeth and her ministers, each soldier wore on his breast a scroll with words explaining that if he were captured and hanged, he had met his fate, "for having come, against the will of the Queen of England, to the help of the Huguenots!" Such duplicity seems to have been common in those days.

Little is known of Raleigh's part in these battles for five or six years. He says, however, in his "History of the World," referring to these times, "I saw in the third civil war of France certain caves in Languedoc which had but one entrance, and that very narrow, cut out in the midway of high rocks which we knew not how to enter by any ladder or engine, till at last, by

certain bundles of straw let down by an iron chain, and a weighty stone in the midst, those that defended it [Catholics] were so smothered as they surrendered themselves, with their plate, money, and other goods therein hidden."

As Raleigh was not killed at the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1572, when one hundred thousand people were massacred by order of Charles IX., at the instigation of his mother, Catharine de' Medicis, it is probable that he found refuge in the house of the English ambassador, Walsingham, with young Sir Philip Sidney and others.

Raleigh remained in France until after the death of the young King, Charles IX., May 30, 1574, at the age of twenty-four. Mr. William Oldys, in his life of Raleigh, 1733, and Mr. Arthur Cayley, 1805, assert that Raleigh, on his return to England, took part in the wars of the Netherlands, especially at Rimenant, in August, 1578. Don John of Austria had been appointed governor of the Low Countries by his brother, the King of Spain. His tyranny became offensive to the people; and Elizabeth, fearful of Spanish increase of power, aided the Netherlands. The latter gathered an army near the village of Rimenant. Don John at the head of about thirty thousand men rushed upon them, when the latter made believe that they were retreating. Don John, excited with the hope of this easy victory, pushed rapidly onward, and soon came upon their real camp with nineteen thousand soldiers. He was completely routed, and survived his defeat only two months.

About this time — 1578 — Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half-brother to Raleigh, the son of his mother by a former marriage, was preparing to make explorations along the

Atlantic coast. He was a graduate of Oxford, governor of the province of Munster, a refined and scholarly man, and had great influence over Raleigh.

As Henry VII. had lost his opportunity of discovering the New World, Isabella of Castile having assisted Columbus just before his brother Bartholomew had gained the promise of aid from Henry, the English naturally desired some share in the new-found lands. John Cabot sailed from Bristol, England, May, 1497, with two ships and three hundred men, and after going seven hundred leagues found land, probably the island of Cape Breton, at the eastern extremity of Nova Scotia. He sailed along the coast three hundred leagues to Florida. Peter Martyr says, "Cabot directed his course so far towards the North Pole that even in the month of July he found monstrous heaps of ice swimming on the sea, and in manner continual daylight; yet saw he land in that tract free from ice, which had been molten. Therefore he was enforced to turn his sails and follow the west. . . . He sailed so far towards the west that he had the island of Cuba on his left hand."

It is probable that Sebastian Cabot, the son of John, was with him on this or a later voyage. In Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America" one finds a valuable account of the Cabots.

England, from these discoveries, felt that she had a right equally with Spain to colonize the new country. Indeed, it is difficult to find the "right" of any nation to dispossess the Indians, except in the old adage that "might makes right."

In the autumn of 1578, Sept. 23 (according to Mr. J. A. Doyle's "English Colonies in America"), Gilbert sailed from Dartmouth, England, for Newfoundland, with eleven

ships and enough food for a year, with the hope of founding a colony. One of the ships leaked and had to be left at home, and seven more soon deserted. There was a sea-fight with the Spaniards in which Raleigh took part, and Gilbert was finally obliged to return home, after the loss of one of his largest ships. That Raleigh went to the West Indies before this is probable, as there was a volume, now lost, entitled "Sir Walter Raleigh's Voyage to the West Indies."

In 1583, June 11, Gilbert sailed again to Newfoundland. He had lost so much by the previous unsuccessful voyage that he was obliged to sell a large part of his landed estate. Raleigh gave two thousand pounds to fit out a ship which bore his name, the Ark Raleigh. Two hundred and sixty men were enlisted — masons, carpenters, miners, and those of other trades — in this fleet of five ships. As Raleigh was already at court, and had become a favorite with Elizabeth, she would not spare him lest he be in another "dangerous sea-fight;" but she sent good words to Gilbert in departing, "wished as great goodhap and safety to his ship as if herself were there in person," asked him to send her his picture by the hand of her handsome young courtier, Raleigh, and gave him "an anchor guided by a lady" to wear at his breast.

Two days after starting from Plymouth, the Ark Raleigh, having a contagious fever on board, went back to shore. In the latter part of July the fleet reached Newfoundland, and Gilbert took formal possession in the Queen's name. Thirty-six ships of many nations were in St. John's harbor trading in codfish and whale-oil, but these seem to have promised willing allegiance to the Queen. The arms of England engraved on lead were fixed on a pillar of wood. Gilbert then granted

parcels of land to each person for a yearly rent, as they "found no inhabitants, which by all likelihood have abandoned these coasts, the same being so much frequented by Christians," says an old Chronicle. The savages had by this time become well convinced that the "Christians" had not come from heaven to bring them blessings, as they had at first supposed.

Gilbert enacted three laws: the first that the Church of England should be the recognized church; that if anything were attempted prejudicial to her Majesty's right of those territories, the offender should be executed for high treason; and if anybody should utter words against her Majesty, he should have his ears cut off and his property confiscated.

Many of the men soon became ill in the new countries; and several, tired of work as were the Spaniards under Columbus, deserted and went home on some fishing-vessel. Gilbert finally sent home the sick on the ship Swallow, and with the rest of the fleet sailed southward for exploration.

After seven days out the Delight, the only large ship of the fleet, with most of the provisions and clothing on board, struck a rock and went to pieces in sight of the other ships. Only sixteen men were saved from the wreck, and these were without food or water. They found their way back to Newfoundland and later to England.

The weather grew worse, food became scarce, and on Aug. 31 Gilbert sailed homeward himself in the Squirrel, of ten tons' burden, the smallest of the fleet. He was urged to go in a better vessel, but he said he would not forsake the little company with whom he had shared so many perils. A severe storm overtook them Sept. 9.

Gilbert sat abaft with a book in his hand, calling out to the men on the Golden Hind, "Be of good heart, my friends! We are as near to heaven by sea as by land." At midnight his lights disappeared, and his ship sank beneath the waves. Only one vessel, the Golden Hind, returned to Falmouth, the other ship having gone down with the Squirrel.

Raleigh meantime had been busy in the wars in Ireland. In the insurrection in Munster, under the Earl of Desmond, Raleigh helped to subdue the Irish, believing then, as was the usual belief at that time, "that the Irish were like nettles, sure to make those smart who gently handled them, and must be crushed to prevent stinging."

Coming upon a party of rebels, and seeing one of them with a great bundle of withes, Raleigh asked what they were for. "To have hung up the English churls," was the reply. "Well," said Raleigh, "but they shall now serve for an Irish kern," and immediately, says Oldys, commanded that the rebel "be tucked up in one of his own neckbands." The rest were put to death in some manner.

These were times of little mercy on either side. At the siege of Fort del Ore in the bay of Smerwick in Kerry, for three days Raleigh had the principal command, and on the fourth it was given to John Zouch, afterwards killed in a duel. On this day the Italians who were aiding the Irish waved the white flag, and cried out, "*Misericordia! Misericordia!*" The garrison begged that their lives might be spared if they surrendered; but stern Lord Grey would give no quarter, and at least six hundred men were at once put to death by the sword. Raleigh and Mackworth were ordered by Grey to enter and "fall straight to execution." All the

Irish, both men and women, were hanged. Two of "the best sort" had their arms and legs broken before being hanged on a gallows on the wall of the fort.

Raleigh was fearless and brave, and though severe, he was only like most others of the time. Such severity bore its own bitter fruit in Ireland in the centuries which followed.

Raleigh gained much local fame by the rescue of a friend from a river into which his horse had thrown him. He and six companions while crossing a stream were to be seized if possible by the rebels, who had a force twenty times his own. Raleigh dashed through the rebel crowd and crossed the river, when the cries of his companion for help made him turn back. Raleigh helped him up; but Moyle, his friend, in attempting to mount his horse, fell on the other side into deep mire, and had to be helped a second time. Not one of Raleigh's men was secured by the rebels.

Raleigh for a short time was Governor of Munster and later of Cork. While at the latter place he set out with ninety men to capture Lord Roche at his castle, Bally-in-Harsh. Five hundred of the townspeople, learning of the approach of Raleigh, had hastened to the castle to defend the owner. The young soldier — he was now about twenty-eight — soon put them to flight. He entered the castle, took Lord and Lady Roche and their attendants twenty miles to Cork in the darkness, over a rocky and difficult passage, and did not lose a single man in the skirmish, only one dying from a fall in the dark journey homeward. Lord Roche became a faithful subject of the Queen, and three of his sons died in her service.

After two years in Ireland, Raleigh was delighted to

leave it for the court. When, some years later, the Earl of Desmond was beheaded (his brother, Sir John, was hanged, his body fixed on the gates of Cork, and his head sent to London; his younger brother, Sir James, was also hanged, drawn, and quartered, and the fragments of his body hung in chains over the gates of Cork), his land and that of his confederates, over five hundred and seventy thousand acres, passed to Elizabeth, who gave it to some of her subjects, Raleigh receiving twelve thousand acres in the counties of Cork and Waterford. He finally sold it to Richard Boyle, afterward Earl of Cork.

How young Raleigh became the favorite of the Queen at court, or was brought especially to her notice, is not certainly known. Fuller, who was a schoolboy boy when Raleigh died, in his "Worthies of England" tells this story. The Queen was at Greenwich: "Her Majesty meeting with a plashy place, made some scruples to go on; when Raleigh (dressed in the gay and genteel habit of those times) presently cast off and spread his new plush cloak on the ground, whereon the Queen trod gently over, rewarding him afterwards with many suits for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a foot-cloth."

After this he wrote with a diamond on a window-glass, where the Queen could see it, —

"Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall."

She soon after wrote beneath it, —

"If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all."

Perhaps a more probable reason of his being liked by her was his wit and manly bearing when summoned before the lords to answer in a dispute between himself and Lord Grey. "He had much the better in telling of his

tale," says Sir Robert Naunton, later Secretary of State under James I., "and so much that the Queen and the lords took no small mark of the man and his parts. . . . Raleigh had gotten the Queen's ear at a trice; and she began to be taken with his elocution, and loved to hear his reasons to her demands, and, the truth is, she took him for a kind of *oracle*, which nettled them all."

Raleigh was a man of fine physique, six feet tall, dark hair, which very early became gray, a face unusually bright and alert, with, as Naunton says, "a good presence in a handsome and well-compacted person; a strong natural wit, and a better judgment; with a bold and plausible tongue, whereby he could set out his parts to the best advantage."

His clothes were of the richest material, and much covered with gems. A full-length portrait of him shows a white satin pinked vest, close-sleeved to the wrist, a brown doublet embroidered with pearls, a sword-belt also embroidered in the same manner, the dagger on his right hip enriched with jewels, the black feather of his hat with a ruby and pearl, his fringed garters of white satin, and his buff-colored shoes tied with white ribbons. His shoes were so bedecked with jewels that one author says they were worth "six thousand six hundred gold pieces." His pearl hat-band and another jewelled article were once stolen from him at Westminster; and these, says Mr. Gosse, were worth, in money at that time, one hundred and thirteen pounds. Doubtless much of this display was to please the Queen, who, despite her learning and unquestioned ability, was extremely fond of dress, having in later years, as Agnes Strickland says in her "Life of Elizabeth," "three thousand gowns and eighty wigs of divers colored hair." Under her tutor in early life, Roger

Ascham, she had become proficient in several languages. "French and Italian she speaks like English," he wrote; "Latin with fluency, propriety, and judgment. She also spoke Greek with me frequently, willingly, and moderately well. . . . She read with me almost the whole of Cicero and a great part of Livy. . . . The beginning of the day was always devoted by her to the New Testament in Greek, after which she read select orations of Isocrates and the tragedies of Sophocles, which I judged best adapted to supply her tongue with the purest diction, her mind with the most excellent precepts, and her exalted station with a defence against the utmost power of fortune."

He wrote later "that there were not four men in England, either in church or the state, who understood more Greek than her Majesty."

Sir Robert Naunton said of Elizabeth: "She is of personage tall; of hair and complexion, fair, and therewithal well-favored, but high-nosed; of limbs and feature, neat; of a stately and majestic comportment." Bacon spoke of her "great dignity of countenance, softened with sweetness." She knew that her white, slender hands, with long fingers, were beautiful.

At this time, 1582, Raleigh, the court favorite, was about thirty, and the Queen nearly fifty. The Earl of Leicester (Robert Dudley) had long been the favorite, so much so that it was supposed that she would marry him. Before her coronation, when she entered London on horseback, dressed in purple velvet, he rode beside her. She invested him with the Order of the Garter, made him Master of the Horse, constable of Windsor Castle and forest, and keeper of the great park during life. His wife, Amy Robsart, whom he had married with great

display in the reign of Edward VI., the brother of Elizabeth, was not allowed at court, lest the Queen should not bestow upon him so much attention. Her death at Cumnor Hall, Berkshire, by falling down-stairs, was believed by many to have been caused by the earl. She must at least have died broken-hearted. That Elizabeth liked Leicester there is no doubt; for she remarked to the French ambassador laughingly, "I cannot live without seeing him every day; he is like my lap-dog, so soon as he is seen anywhere they say I am at hand; and wherever I am seen, it may be said that he is there also."

But she probably never seriously intended to marry him on account of his inferiority in rank to herself; for she said, "The aspirations towards honor and greatness which are in me cannot suffer him as a companion and a husband." She had often declared that she would not marry at all, and if she did, "not a subject, for she had it in her power to wed a king if she pleased, or a powerful prince."

It seemed as though every nation offered her its leader as a husband; but she refused all, sometimes because she thought England would not like a foreign prince, but more often because she could not like them herself.

Leicester, probably in 1572, after Amy Robsart's death, had married privately a high-born lady of the court, a cousin of the Queen, Douglas Howard, the young widow of Lord Sheffield. After she had borne him a son and a daughter, it is said that he attempted to poison her, that he might marry Lettice Knollys, also a cousin of the Queen, and wife of the Earl of Essex. Finally he divorced Douglas Howard and married Lettice Knollys after she became a widow. Her husband died in 1576, his death also attributed to poison through the agents of Leicester.

In July, 1575, Leicester gave to Elizabeth the wonderful entertainment which Sir Walter Scott has described in his novel "Kenilworth." She with her ladies, forty earls, and seventy other principal lords were *fêted* for eighteen days at this beautiful palace. It is said that the Queen had bestowed this year upon Leicester fifty thousand pounds, so that he felt obliged to make the reception sumptuous.

As she and her royal train entered the gate, a poetical porter made an address to her, calling her —

> "A peerless pearl!
> No worldly wight, I doubt — some sovereign goddess, sure!
> In face, in hand, in eye, in other features all,
> Yea, beauty, grace, and cheer — yea, port and majesty,
> Show all some heavenly peer with virtues all beset."

When the Queen arrived on the bridge before the lake on one side of the castle a lady with two nymphs came up to her on a movable illuminated island, bright with torches, and she also made a poetical address. On the great temporary bridge, twenty feet by seventy, in front of the castle, were seven pairs of pillars with mythological deities standing beside them, offering the Queen all the supposed "good things" of the realm. On the tops of the first pillars were cages of live bitterns and curlews; on the second, great silver bowls, full of apples, pears, cherries, and nuts; the third, wheat and other grains; the fourth, red and white grapes; the fifth, silver bowls of wine, and so on. A poet in radiant costume explained all this to the queen.

All the clocks were stopped at the instant of her arrival, so that none should take note of time while the royal loved one remained. In the evening the fireworks

were so profuse and grand that they were seen for twenty miles away.

Each day the Queen hunted or witnessed fights between dogs and bears — "bear-baiting," when the dogs were let loose upon thirteen bears in a court, where, says Laneham in his "Kenilworth," "there was plucking and tugging, scratching and biting, and such an expense of blood and leather between them as a month's licking, I ween, will not recover."

Sunday mornings the Queen attended church, and in the afternoon witnessed theatrical plays, or pageants on the lake. Happily, times have changed under Victoria! All this did not win a royal bride; for Elizabeth said soon after to a person who pleaded for Leicester, "Shall I so far forget myself as to prefer a poor servant of my own making to the first princes in Christendom?"

Leicester did not like Raleigh, because the Queen showed the latter much attention. She gave him control over the wine trade — each vintner was obliged to pay him twenty shillings a year for a license to sell wines — whereby Raleigh received two thousand pounds a year, equivalent to about twelve thousand pounds at the present time, says Mr. Gosse. She also gave him two estates and a grant to export woollen broadcloths, from which his yearly income, Mr. Gosse thinks, was eighteen thousand pounds of Victorian money. In 1585 he was appointed lord warden of the stannaries, in which position he greatly lessened the hardships of the miners in the west of England. The same year he became lieutenant of the county of Cornwall, and soon afterwards vice-admiral of the counties of Cornwall and Devon. In 1587 he became captain of the Queen's guard.

Other rich estates were now given to Raleigh. Anthony Babington, descended from a family rich and noble since the time of Edward I., was accused and convicted — conviction in those days did not always mean proven guilty — of an attempt to put Elizabeth off the throne. He was beheaded and his estates confiscated. To Raleigh were given by the Queen three manors in Lincolnshire, together with lands and tenements at West Terrington and Harrick in the same county, the manor of Lee in Derbyshire, and several tenements; lands and tenements at Kingston and at Thrumpton, in Nottinghamshire; and his dwelling-house and land called Babington's Hall.

Raleigh also leased of the Queen, for his city residence, Durham House, a vast fourteenth-century palace, where Elizabeth had lived while her brother, Edward VI., was alive. She reserved a few rooms for herself.

Besides all this wealth, he was now busy with the work of a statesman, having been sent to Parliament as one of the two members from the county of Devonshire. During all these years he was so much occupied that he took only five hours each night for sleep, though he would steal four hours for reading. He was a poet, writing much that was considered admirable in that age. He was the intimate friend of Spenser, the author of the "Faërie Queene," and obtained for him the favor of Elizabeth. The latter granted Spenser three thousand acres in Cork, out of the Earl of Desmond's estate, and a yearly pension of fifty pounds. He lost this estate in the rebellion under the Earl of Tyrone, and died poor.

Raleigh was so besought to use his influence with the Queen for places of trust or power, that once, when he asked a favor, she replied, "When, Sir Walter, will

you cease to be a beggar?" to which he, with quick wit and courtesy, replied, "When your gracious Majesty ceases to be a benefactor."

All this time, while Raleigh was in favor with the Queen, and Leicester was jealous and revengeful in consequence, England was urging Elizabeth to marry, or to indicate who should be her successor, in case of her death. She usually answered the Commons in some non-committal fashion, saying that she thought marriage "best for a private woman, but as a prince, she endeavored to bend her mind to it; and as for the matter of the succession, she promised that they should have the benefit of her prayers!"

At last, after much talk about her marriage with Charles IX. of France, and later, with his brother Henry, and then with a still younger brother, Alençon, she seemed to be willing to wed the last one. His face was badly marked by the small-pox, but the French ambassador assured the Queen that, aside from this, "he was a paragon above all the other princes in the world," and that a physician in London could cure anybody so pitted, and he would soon make Alençon "beautiful and worthy of her favor."

He was twenty-two years younger than the Queen, small in stature, and exceedingly plain in looks, — always a great objection to Elizabeth, who was a lover of beauty. However, he wrote ardent letters, and came in person to press his suit. Elizabeth called him her "poor frog," and had made "one little flower of gold, with a frog thereon, and therein mounseer, his *phisnomye*, and a little pearl pendant." These words were written in one of her wardrobe books.

The Duke of Alençon, now become Francis, Duke of

Anjou, was elected sovereign of the Low Countries. She assisted him with one hundred thousand crowns, and sent a splendid escort, to join that from France, to accompany her boy-suitor to Antwerp. Raleigh was one of the leaders in this stately assemblage. He remained some time at Antwerp, and brought back messages from William, Prince of Orange, to Elizabeth.

The people of England were so incensed at this intended marriage, that the ladies of honor wept; the noble Sir Philip Sidney wrote her against her marriage "with a Frenchman and a papist, in whom the very common people know this, that he is the son of the Jezebel of our age," — his mother was Catharine de' Medicis, — and a book was written against it. The Queen had the hands of both the author, John Stubbs, and the publisher cut off with a butcher's knife and mallet in the market-place at Westminster. Stubbs was then confined in the Tower, and, broken in health, he died in France soon afterwards.

Still the Queen could not stand against the voice of her subjects, and refused the Duke, who flung the ring which she had given him to the ground, exclaiming "that the women of England were as changeable and capricious as their own climate or the waves that encircled their island." After a troublous rule in the Low Countries, he fled to France and died at his Castle of Château Thierry, June 10, 1584.

While Raleigh was aiding the Queen both in Parliament and at Court, he was following in the footsteps of his brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in his attempts to colonize the New World for England. He obtained from Elizabeth, in 1584, a grant to him and his heirs like that which had been given to Gilbert, "to discover

such remote heathen and barbarous lands, not actually possessed by any Christian prince, nor inhabited by Christian people, as to him or them shall seem good. . . . They shall enjoy forever all the soil of such lands or towns in the same, with the rights and royalties, as well marine as other . . . with full power to dispose thereof in fee simple . . . reserving always to Us, for all service, duties, and demands, the fifth part of all the ore of gold and silver there obtained after such discovery."

Raleigh fitted out two ships, some say at his own expense, to go to the New World and investigate the best locality for a colony. These ships, under the command of Captains Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe, sailed April 27, 1584. To the latter we are indebted for an account of the enterprise preserved in Hakluyt's "Voyages." To the compiler of these voyages, Richard Hakluyt, both England and America owe a debt of gratitude. When at Westminster School, he visited his cousin, Richard Hakluyt, a scholar in cosmography and promoter of navigation. He then became so interested in such studies that while at Christ Church, Oxford, he read in seven languages all the discoveries he could find, and became so eminent that he was asked to give lectures on navigation. He resided five years in France, making the acquaintance of noted sea-officers and merchants. He collected and published, in 1589, his first volume of voyages, and in 1599 and 1600 the work enlarged to three volumes. These books have been a treasure-house for all later historians.

The vessels reached the West Indies June 10, and, sailing south-easterly, by July 2 they "smelt so sweet and so strong a smell, as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden abounding with all kinds of odoriferous

flowers, by which we were assured that the land could not be far distant." They soon came to the coast, and sailed along it for one hundred and twenty miles before they could find any entrance or river. They entered the first one that appeared, and took possession of the land in the name of the Queen.

They supposed that it was the continent, but soon learned that it was an island, about twenty miles long and six broad, called Roanoke. The land was "so full of grapes, as the very beating and surge of the sea overflowed them, of which we found such plenty, as well there as in all places else, both on the sand and on the green soil, on the hills as in the plains, as well on every little shrub as also climbing toward the tops of high cedars, that I think in all the world the like abundance is not to be found."

The woods were full of deer, conies, and hare, "and the highest and reddest cedars in the world." They were three days on the island before they saw any natives, and then one small boat having three persons in it. One of the men came on board the ship, and received a shirt and hat, ate meat, and drank wine. As soon as he reached his own boat he began to fish, and in a half-hour it was "as deep as it could swim," which load he brought to the ship in return for their courtesy.

The next day the King's brother, Granganimeo, came with forty or fifty men. The name of the King was Wingina, and the country Wingandacoa. Mr. William Wirt Henry, in Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America," thinks that the natives did not understand when asked the name of the country, and that "Win-gan-da-coa" means "You wear fine clothes!"

Granganimeo gave them cordial welcome, "striking on

his head and breast, and afterwards on ours, to show we were all one, smiling and making show the best he could of all love and familiarity." They gave the Indian gifts, and soon after traded for chamois and deer skins, he choosing in exchange for twenty skins a tin dish, which he immediately hung about his neck, after making a hole in the brim.

Granganimeo soon brought his children to the boat with his wife. She is thus described: "well-favored, of mean stature, and very bashful; she had on her back a long cloak of leather, with the fur-side next to her body, and before her a piece of the same; about her forehead, she had a band of white coral; . . . in her ears she had bracelets of pearls hanging down to her middle, and those were of the bigness of good peas." Whenever she came to the ship she was attended by forty or fifty women.

The King's brother sent every day deer, fruits, melons, pease, walnuts, cucumbers, beans, and other gifts. Barlowe and seven others landed at Roanoke, and the wife of Granganimeo gave them a cordial reception. He was not at the village at the time. She commanded her people to draw the white men's boat on shore, and told others to carry these men on their backs to the dry ground. "When we were come into the outward room, having five rooms in her house, she caused us to sit down by a great fire, and after took off our clothes and washed them, and dried them again; some of the women plucked off our stockings and washed them, some washed our feet in warm water, and she herself took great pains to see all things ordered in the best manner she could, making great haste to dress some meat for us to eat."

She gave them boiled and roasted venison, boiled and

roasted fish, melons, and the juice of the grape. She begged them to tarry all night; but, as they were few in number, they were afraid. She therefore gave them their supper to take in earthen pots into the boat, some mats to cover them from the rain, and sent thirty women besides several men to sit all night on the bank beside the boat. No wonder Barlowe wrote, "We found the people most gentle, loving, and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age."

Raleigh laid before the Queen the report of this fertile country after the ships had returned in the autumn, and she, because it was discovered under a virgin queen, named it Virginia. She also knighted Raleigh. Her gift of the control of the wine-selling of the country was that he might have funds to found an English colony in the new lands of the virgin queen. Elizabeth was very careful about bestowing titles, and during her reign, of about forty-four years, created but six earls and eight or nine barons.

Early in the following year, 1585, Raleigh sent out his first colony of one hundred and eight settlers in a fleet of seven ships, under command of Sir Richard Grenville. After establishing the colony, it was to be left under Ralph Lane as governor. Mr. Doyle calls the latter "a well-born adventurer. . . . He had offered to raise an English contingent for the Spanish King against the Turks. Failing that, he had offered to serve the King of Fez against the Spaniard. If he might not serve under the banner of Rome or Islam, he was willing to fight for the Protestant faith under the Prince of Orange. . . . In scarcely a document does his name appear in which he is not an applicant for some office under the Crown.

At one time he is an equerry at Court and a hanger-on to Leicester."

They set sail April 9, 1585, and reached the coast of Florida June 20, anchoring for a time at Wococon, an island near Roanoke, and July 11 crossed over to the mainland. They explored the coast to Secotan, an Indian village some sixty miles south of Roanoke, and were well received by the savages. On their way back a silver cup was stolen, and with needless severity to the offenders, the English "burned and spoiled their corn and town, all the people being fled." It was self-evident that such a company would not long have peace with the Indians.

A settlement was begun at the north-east corner of the island of Roanoke. After a time the Indians and they were no longer friends. Granganimeo was dead, and his brother Wingina, now called Pemissapan, was an enemy. The English had no seed corn, and perhaps were too much like the Spaniards, unwilling to do hard work. "Because there were not to be found any English cities, nor such fair houses, nor at their own wish any of their accustomed dainty food, nor any soft beds of down or feathers, the country was to them miserable."

Lane made explorations, when the spring came, to the north and south of the settlement. His men had a quarrel with the Chowanoks, and took prisoner their king, Menatonon, impotent in his limbs, but a "very grave and wise man."

Learning from the Indians that there were pearls near the mouth of the river Moratoc (Roanoke), Lane determined to set sail up this river. Their food gave out, and they killed their two mastiffs, boiling the flesh of the dogs with sassafras leaves.

Pemissapan had laid his plans for the massacre of the settlement. He had reckoned upon the aid of Skico, the son of Menatonon, as Lane had once condemned Skico to death for attempting to escape, but he had afterwards been kind, and Skico was faithful to the whites, and divulged the plans of the red men. Pemissapan and his chief were in turn surprised by Lane. The latter on giving the watchword to his followers, *Christ our victory*, shot the Indians or cut off their heads. "Thus," says Lane, "they had, by the mercy of God for our deliverance, that which they had purposed for us."

On June 8 Sir Francis Drake and a fleet of twenty-three sail, returning with spoils from San Domingo and Carthagena, touched at the new settlement. Lane asked him to leave a ship and some boats with provisions, and to take home the sick to England. The Francis, a vessel of seventy tons, was sent to Lane, but a storm drove her out to sea, and she was seen no more. Drake offered to send the Bonner, of one hundred and seventy tons; but the settlers, becoming discouraged, begged to be taken back to England. To this Drake consented. When the boats were taking the men out to the ships, the sea became so rough that most of their goods, drawings, books, and writings were necessarily thrown overboard. They reached Plymouth, England, July 27, 1586.

Soon a vessel of a hundred tons sent by Raleigh, well filled with supplies, arrived at Roanoke, but finding the settlement deserted, returned to England. Three weeks later Grenville came with three ship-loads of food, and unwilling to lose control of the country, left fifteen men with supplies for two years. Lane's men in the ships of Drake brought back tobacco, which soon came into general use. The legend has been often told of

Raleigh smoking in his study, when his servant came in with a pot of ale, and seeing Raleigh, as he supposed, on fire, from the smoke coming out of his mouth, threw the ale over him, and rushed down-stairs to the family exclaiming that "his master was on fire, and before they could get up would be burnt to ashes."

Though the results of this second voyage and first attempt to plant a colony were discouraging, Raleigh sent out a second colony in May, 1587, consisting of one hundred and fifty householders, under Captain John White. Twelve men besides White were incorporated as the "Governor and Assistants of the city of Raleigh." Seventeen of the company were women, of whom seven were unmarried. The fleet of three ships reached Hatteras July 22, when White took forty of his best men ashore to search for the fifteen left by Sir Richard Grenville the previous year. They found only the bones of one man.

From the Indians they learned that the warriors of Pemissapan had determined to revenge his death. Two of their chief men asked that two white men should come to them unarmed, for a conference. They came, and one of the savages immediately struck one white man over the head with his wooden sword. The other fled to his company, and all the whites gathered into one house. This the Indians set fire to, and in the ensuing skirmish all the whites were killed, or fled, no one ever knew where. White and his men found also the fort which had been built by Lane razed to the ground, and the "nether rooms of the houses, and also the fort, overgrown with melons of divers sorts, and deer within them feeding on those melons."

The houses of the little settlement on Roanoke Island

were soon rebuilt. Aug. 18 a child was born to Eleanor, the daughter of Governor White, and Ananias Dare, and being the first white child born in Virginia, she was called Virginia Dare.

When his little granddaughter was nine days old, White returned to England to give a report of the colony and bring out supplies. This journey was much against his wishes, as he preferred that some other person should go, but they would not consent. His good-by proved a final one.

He found England on his return preparing every ship to meet the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada. Finally April 22, 1588, Sir Walter sent out two small pinnaces, the Brave and the Roe, with provisions and fifteen planters.

"These vessels," says Oldys, "minding more to make a gainful voyage than a safe one, ran in chase of prizes, till at last one of them was met with by a couple of strong men-of-war off Rochelle, about fifty leagues to the north-east of Madeira, where, after a bloody fight, the English were beaten, boarded, and rifled. . . . In this maimed, ransacked, and ragged condition the said ship returned to England in a month's time; and about three weeks after returned the other, having perhaps tasted of the same fare, at least, without performing the intended voyage, to the distress of the planters abroad and displeasure of their patron at home."

For a whole year no relief was sent, and when at last Governor White returned with three vessels the settlement had disappeared. Remnants of their goods were found, and also the name "Croatoan," an island, carved on a big tree, five feet from the ground, according to an agreement before White's departure, that if they went

away, they should indicate in what direction. The sorrows of that lonely year were never revealed. Long afterwards it was told that a company of white people were kept in slavery by the Indians, and finally massacred at the instigation of Powhatan. Only seven — four men, two boys, and a young maid (perhaps Virginia Dare) — were preserved alive by a friendly chief. From these were descended the Hatteras Indians. They had gray eyes, found among no other tribes.

Fourteen years later Raleigh fitted out a ship at his own expense, and placed over the crew Samuel Mace of Weymouth, who had twice sailed to Virginia, to search for the lost colonists, but it was of no avail. Raleigh gave up the attempt to colonize Virginia; but he said, "I shall yet live to see it an English nation," and his prophecy was realized. He had spent forty thousand pounds on his American enterprises, and, though misfortunes darkened his own pathway, his perseverance and hope lightened the way for others. Better than any one of his time, he saw England's unlimited possibilities in the New World, and tried to grasp them for his country and his queen.

England was now, 1588, absorbed in her preparations to meet what the Spaniards called their "Invincible Armada." Elizabeth believed that Philip II., the husband of her sister Mary, had never felt friendly since her refusal of him after her sister's death, thirty years before. Philip II. asserted his claim to the English throne through the Lancaster line.

Among the bitterest opponents of Spain was Raleigh. He was one of the nine commissioners who met to consider the best means of repelling the threatened invasion. He went at once to Cornwall and Devon to

gather men for the contest. He helped fortify the coast.

On May 29, 1588, the Armada sailed out of Lisbon, with from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty ships, under the command of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, with over thirty thousand soldiers, between eight and nine thousand sailors, and over twenty-four hundred cannon. The fleet was destined for the coast of Flanders, where Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, was stationed with about thirty-five thousand men and boats. This force was to be landed on the Isle of Thanet, at the mouth of the Thames, under the protection of the Armada.

Leicester was sent with twenty-three thousand men to Tilbury to oppose the landing of Parma. Another army of thirty-two thousand foot and two thousand horse was raised to defend the person of the queen. So sure was Philip II. of victory, that he "gave great charge to Duke Medina and to all his captains that they should in no wise harm the person of the Queen, and that the Duke should, as speedily as he might, take order for the conveyance of her person to Rome, to the purpose that his holiness, the pope, should dispose thereof in such sort as it should please him."

Meantime Elizabeth, without fear, was visiting her camp at Tilbury, and making speeches to her soldiers. "When she came upon the ground," says Miss Strickland, "she was mounted on a stately charger, with a marshal's truncheon in her hand, and, forbidding any of her retinue to follow her, presented herself to her assembled troops, who were drawn up to receive their stout-hearted liege lady on the hill, near Tilbury church. She was attended only by the Earl of Leicester and the Earl of Ormond,

who bore the sword of state before her; a page followed carrying her white plumed regal helmet. She wore a polished steel corslet on her breast."

Riding bareheaded between the lines, she said, "My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit our selves to armed multitudes for fear of treachery; but, I do assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear: I have always so behaved myself, that under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects; and, therefore, I am come amongst you, as you see at this time, not for any recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all — to lay down for my God and for my kingdoms and for my people, my honor and my blood even in the dust. I know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman; . . . rather than any dishonor should grow by me, I myself will take up arms — I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field." They received her with acclamations of joy, and were ready to die for her, as they all knew her courage and ability.

The Spanish Armada, in the form of a crescent, seven miles long, sailed up the channel. The English suffered all the ships to pass by, and then attacked them in the rear. Vessels of every kind had come from all parts of England, so that nobles, merchants, and all classes with any sort of ship at their command were gathered to save the flag. The English now had one hundred and eighty sail under Admiral Howard.

At the suggestion of the Queen, it is said, Lord How-

ard took eight of his least seaworthy ships, smeared their rigging with pitch, filled them with gunpowder, set them on fire, and in the darkness of midnight, Aug. 7, floated them out toward the Spanish fleet.

The slaughter was dreadful. Some of the Spanish ships caught fire, and the explosions were deafening. A storm came up and drove many of the ships upon the French coast. The English followed swiftly, as their vessels were lighter and more easily handled than the Spanish galleons. Four thousand men were killed by the shot and shell in one day.

Many Spanish ships fled towards the Norway coast, and the English followed till their ammunition gave out. On the Irish coast seventeen ships and more than five thousand men perished. Fierce storms did the rest of the devastating work. As Raleigh himself says, "A great part of them were crushed against the rocks; and those others who landed were notwithstanding broken, slain, and taken, and so sent from village to village, coupled in halters to be shipped into England; where her Majesty, of her princely and *invincible* disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain or entertain them, they were all sent back again to their own country to witness and recount the worthy achievements of their *invincible navy*." Only a little more than fifty of the ships reached Spain. "There was not a famous or worthy family in all Spain," says Hakluyt, "which in this expedition lost not a son, a brother, or a kinsman!"

There was the greatest rejoicing all through England at the victory. In November her Majesty went in state to St. Paul's to a public thanksgiving for the result and to listen to a sermon from the words, "Thou didst blow

with thy winds and they were scattered." She was seated in a triumphal car, like a throne, under a canopy supported by four pillars, drawn by milk-white horses. Close to her rode Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, Master of the Horse. (His widowed mother had married Leicester, who had died Sept. 4, 1588, on his way to Kenilworth, angered at his queen because she had not made him Lord-Lieutenant of England and Ireland for his services against the Armada.)

Thousands of people witnessed the great procession. When the people cried "God save your Majesty!" she said, "God save you all, my good people! Ye may well have a greater prince, but ye shall never have a more loving prince."

Many medals were struck in commemoration of the victory. One was a fleet under full sail, with the words, "*Venit, vidit, fugit*" — "It came, it saw, it fled." Another bore the device of fire ships scattering the Spanish fleet, and the words, "*Dux fœmina facti*" — "It was done by a woman," in remembrance of the suggestion of Elizabeth, which proved so valuable.

Raleigh was praised and rewarded, not only for his brave fighting, but for his invaluable advice to Lord Howard not to grapple and board the Spanish ships as he was urged to do. He wrote later in his "History of the World," that the "Lord Charles Howard would have been lost in 1588 if he had not been better advised than a great many malignant fools were that found fault with his demeanor. The Spaniards had an army aboard them, and he had none [none well drilled for service]; they had more ships than he had, and of higher building and charging; so that had he entangled himself with those great and powerful vessels, he had greatly endangered

this kingdom of England. For twenty men upon the defence are equal to a hundred that board and enter."

During the next few years after the destroying of the Armada, there were frequent captures of Spanish ships as prizes on the seas. Sir Walter fitted out several vessels which did great damage, enriched him, and made him hated more than ever by Spain.

Leicester during life had never felt friendly to Raleigh, and it is said had sent the young Essex, the son of his wife, to Court, with the hope of lessening the influence of Raleigh with the Queen. He was a handsome, brilliant youth, but little past twenty, while the Queen was much over fifty. He was extravagant, being already twenty-three thousand pounds in debt, impulsive, generous, and fearless. When brought to Court, at the age of eleven, the Queen offered to kiss him, which he refused. When he was again at Court in official capacity, he seems quickly to have won her admiration, as some of the people about the Court said, "When she is abroad, nobody is near her but my Lord of Essex; and at night, my Lord is at cards, or one game or another with her till the birds sing in the morning." He, too, was opposed to Raleigh; being disturbed at some supposed neglect by the Queen to his sister, he wrote to a friend that it was done to him, "only to please that knave Raleigh, for whose sake I saw she would both grieve me and my love, and disgrace me in the eyes of the world."

Elizabeth would not hear him speak a word against Raleigh, although, he says, "I spoke, what of grief and choler, as much against him as I could; and I think he, standing at the door, might very well hear the worst that I spoke of himself. In the end, I saw she was resolved

to defend him, and to cross me. . . . I told her 'I had no joy to be in any place, but was loath to be near about her, when I knew my affection so much thrown down, and such a wretch as Raleigh highly esteemed by her.' . . . The queen, that hath tried all other ways, now will see whether she can, by these hard courses, drive me to be friends with Raleigh, which rather shall drive me to many other extremities."

Both these men soon came under the royal displeasure. Essex had secretly married in 1591 Frances Walsingham, the widow of Sir Philip Sidney, the soldier whom Essex had made his model, though the latter fell far short of the pattern. She was the only daughter of the celebrated statesman Sir Francis Walsingham, who had been one of Elizabeth's truest counsellors. The Queen on account of this marriage banished Essex from her presence for several months, and would not let him be Chancellor of Oxford, which so distressed him, and wounded his pride, that while away at war he wrote to a friend, "If I die in the assault, pity me not, for I should die with more pleasure than I live with; if I escape, comfort me not, for the Queen's wrong and unkindness are too great."

The next year, 1592, her other favorite, Raleigh, committed a similar offence by a love affair with Elizabeth Throgmorton, a maid of honor, the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who had served Elizabeth with marked ability as her ambassador in France. He had been banished by Queen Mary, and nearly lost his life. When Elizabeth came to the throne he was a trusted but bold adviser. Having differed with Throgmorton, she became angry, and said, "Villain, I will have thy head!" to which the statesman calmly replied, "You will do well,

madam, to consider, in that case, how you will afterwards keep your own on your shoulders."

Raleigh and Elizabeth Throgmorton were at once imprisoned in the Tower, and were privately married, whether before or after this time is not known. For four years Raleigh was under the displeasure of the Queen. If she could not marry Raleigh, a subject, she evidently wished nobody else to marry him.

Oldys thus describes the picture of the woman who won Raleigh's heart, and who kept it to the end of life, making a true wife and devoted mother to their two children, Walter and Carew. It was painted about eight years after their marriage. "It represents her a fair, handsome woman, turned perhaps of thirty. She has on a dark-colored hanging-sleeve robe, tufted on the arms; and under it a close-bodiced gown of white satin, flowered with black, with close sleeves down to her wrist. She has a rich ruby in her ear, bedropped with large pearls; a laced whisk rising above her shoulders; a bosom uncovered, and a jewel hanging thereon, with a large chain of pearls round her neck, down to her waist."

Raleigh, with his heretofore active life, chafed at his imprisonment. Ambitious, successful, rich, and perhaps withal fond of the Queen, who had so honored him above almost all others in the realm, he constantly bewailed his fate, saying that his heart would break if he could not see his sovereign, "whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire in so many journeys."

Before Raleigh was sent to the Tower, early in 1592, he planned an expedition to retaliate upon the Spaniards by seizing their rich carracks from India, and attacking their pearl treasuries at Panama. He and his associates

furnished thirteen vessels at great expense, and the Queen added two ships of war. Sir Walter was made Admiral of the fleet. They were long delayed by storms, and the Queen, thinking herself unwise to spare so valuable a man for such a dangerous enterprise, sent orders for him to resign and return and let Sir Martin Frobisher have his place. He, however, felt it impossible to turn back at first, as he had arranged the enterprise, but being badly damaged by a storm off Cape Finisterre, a part of the fleet went to the Azores to intercept the Spanish ships from India, and a part to cruise near the coast of Spain. One of the largest "Indian Carracks," Madre de Dios, the "Mother of God," was taken by Raleigh's ship, The Roebuck. Her cargo was estimated to be worth five hundred thousand pounds, in carpets, silks, rubies, pearls, ivory, musk, spices, and other precious things from India. She was the most famous plate-ship of the times, and carried sixteen hundred tons. Philip II. had told his men to sink her rather than let her fall into the hands of the English.

She was plundered at every port, and the sailors had helped themselves to treasures; but when she entered Dartmouth, Sept. 7, she had over one hundred and forty thousand pounds' worth of valuables on board.

The officers and men were indignant when they reached England and found Raleigh in the Tower. The feeling was so intense that he was released temporarily, and came with his keeper to Dartmouth to superintend the unloading of the prize.

"His poor servants, to the number of one hundred and forty goodly men, and all the mariners," writes Sir Robert Cecil, "came to him with such shouts and joy, as I never saw a man more troubled to quiet them in my life. *But*

his heart is broken; for he is extremely pensive longer than he is busied, in which he can toil terribly. . . . Whensoever he is saluted with congratulations for liberty, he doth answer 'No, I am still the Queen of England's poor captive.'" When his half-brother, Sir John Gilbert, came to see him, Sir John wept.

Raleigh received little or nothing in return for his great expenditure save the increased hatred of Spain. But being, in a measure, forgiven by the Queen, he retired to his beautiful estate of Sherborne, where for two years he set out trees, orchards, gardens, and groves, and enjoyed the quiet of home life with the woman he really loved. It is believed that he was the first to bring orange-trees into England and the first to plant the potato in Ireland, on his estates there. In 1594 their son Walter was born at Sherborne.

By this time it was known that Spain was growing rich out of the colonies planted in the New World. The hopes of Columbus a century before were now having fulfilment. The Spaniards, as ever, in search of gold, believed there was a city or country in the northern part of South America in Guiana called "El Dorado," or the Golden City. Some of their travellers reported seeing an Indian chief, on a solemn occasion, anoint his body with turpentine, and then cover himself with gold-dust. Others reported that many of the natives, before their great feasts, covered themselves with white balsam, which they called *Curcai*, and powdered themselves with gold-dust till they looked like statues of gold.

Francisco Lopez de Gomara wrote that in Manoa, the capital of the empire of Guiana, in the house of Inga, the Emperor, "all the vessels were of gold and silver, both on the table and in the kitchen; that in his ward-

robe were hollow statues of gold which seemed giants; and the figures, in proportion and bigness, of all the beasts, birds, trees, and herbs that the earth brings forth, and of all the fishes that the sea or waters of his kingdom breeds. Finally, there was nothing in his country whereof he had not the counterfeit in gold."

Many parties of Spaniards had lost their lives in this search for gold. Gonzalo Pizarro, the brother of the conqueror of Peru, in 1540 set out with three hundred and forty Spaniards and about four thousand Indians from Quito. They journeyed two thousand five hundred miles, and finally returned disappointed. "They had eaten their saddles on the road; their horses were long dead; their arms broken and rusted; the skins of wild beasts hung loosely about their limbs; their matted locks streamed down their shoulders; their faces had been blackened by a tropical sun; their bodies wasted by famine."

Raleigh never feared hardship, but courted adventure. He, too, determined to find out if Guiana were really one great gold mine. In the year 1594 he sent out Captain Jacob Whiddon to explore the Orinoco River and its tributaries. He was hindered in his work by the Spanish Governor of Trinidad, Antonio de Berreo, and returned with little accomplished.

The next year, Feb. 6, 1595, Raleigh set sail with five ships and one hundred officers and soldiers, besides the crews, to make the search for himself. He arrived March 22. Berreo had given orders that no Indian should go on board of Raleigh's ships under penalty of being hanged and quartered. However, the Spaniard had been so brutal in his treatment of the natives, that many came to Raleigh and begged his protection. The

latter attacked and took the town of Saint Joseph, — Berreo he made a prisoner, — where he found bound to one chain, five Indian chiefs who had been cruelly tortured and were at the point of death. Berreo put broiling bacon on the bare limbs of his victims.

Raleigh left his ships in the Gulf of Paria and proceeded in some small boats to explore Guiana. Berreo used all his blandishments to prevent him from going, as he had intended to go himself later. He told Raleigh that he possessed already ten images of fine gold, which he was to send to the King of Spain.

On this exploring tour Raleigh and his men suffered much, as he said in his report, now reprinted in Hakluyt's "Voyages," "being all driven to lie in the rain and weather in the open air, in the burning sun, and upon the hard boards, and to dress our meat, and to carry all manner of furniture in them. Wherewith they were so pestered and unsavory, that what with victuals, being mostly fish, with the wet clothes of so many men thrust together, and the heat of the sun, I will undertake there was never a prison in England that could be found more unsavory and loathsome."

They were absent from their ships a month, in and out of the various branches that formed the great Orinoco, eleven hundred and twenty miles long, which receives four hundred and thirty-six rivers and two thousand smaller streams. They found the people, says Sir Walter, "goodly and very valiant, and have the most manly speech and most deliberate that ever I heard of what nation soever. In the summer they have houses on the ground, as in other places. In the winter they dwell upon the trees, where they build very artificial towns and villages." "The river Orinoco rises thirty

feet," says Sir Walter, "and covers the islands through several months of the year."

"The religion of the Epuremei is the same which the Ingas, emperors of Peru," says Raleigh, "used, which may be read in Cieca, and other Spanish stories: how they believe the immortality of the soul, worship the sun, and bury with them alive their best-beloved wives and treasure, as they likewise do in Pegu in the East Indies, and other places.

"The Orono Koponi bury not their wives with them, but their jewels, hoping to enjoy them again. The Arwacas dry the bones of their lords, and their wives and friends drink them in powder. In the graves of the Peruvians the Spaniards found their greatest abundance of treasure; the like also is to be found among these people in every province. . . .

"Their wives never eat with their husbands, nor among the men, but serve their husbands at meals, and afterward feed by themselves."

However, a woman of ability seems to have taken an important position among them, as she does in any land or time, as Raleigh speaks of the wife of a chief, who "did not stand in awe of her husband, but spoke and discoursed, and drank among the gentlemen and captains, and was very pleasant."

Sometimes Raleigh's company were stranded on the sand; sometimes the high trees grew so close to the river banks as to make the air stifling, and they were nearly famished, before they could find birds "of all colors, — carnation, orange-tawny, purple, green, watchel, — and of all other sorts," which they used for food. They saw many alligators, and a young negro who belonged to the company, having leaped out to swim, was devoured

before their eyes. Some canoes were captured full of bread, the owners having disappeared in the woods, and this food proved a great blessing.

They saw hundreds of natives, men and women, and the English gained their good-will, as Sir Walter allowed no stealing, and the penalty for an insult to the wife or daughter of a savage was death.

The Spaniards not only stole women, but trafficked in them, buying from the cannibals girls of twelve or fourteen for three or four hatchets apiece, and selling them in the West Indies for from fifty to a hundred crowns each.

The Indians never forgot Raleigh, and inquired tenderly about him long years after he was in his grave.

A chief, Topiawari, one hundred years old, told Sir Walter much about the people, and gave his only son for a hostage to be sent to England, in proof of his friendliness and willingness to help them in the future, when they should come with more men to visit the great city of Manoa. Raleigh left in exchange for the Indian boy, Hugh Goodwin, who desired to learn the language. He could not have been devoured by a tiger, as some authorities say, as twenty-two years afterwards Raleigh met him, and he had almost forgotten English. Francis Sparry volunteered to stay with the lad, Hugh, and returned to England in 1602.

In Sparry's account of his adventures south of the Orinoco, he records the purchase "of eight young women, the eldest whereof was but eighteen years of age, for one red-hafted knife, which in England had cost me a halfpenny." He could not have made such a transaction under Raleigh.

Raleigh was charmed with the country: "The deer

crossing in every path," he says, "the birds towards the evening singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes, cranes and herons of white, crimson, and carnation, perching on the river's side, the air fresh with a gentle, easterly wind."

But the hardships, on the whole, discouraged the men, and they were obliged to retrace their way to the ships, a severe storm nearly destroying them and their boats, without a sight of "El Dorado," which Raleigh was sure existed, but which has never been found.

On his return to England in the fall of 1595 he hoped to be received at Court for his exploration and glowing words about his Queen to the Indians, — he had "dilated at large," he says, "on her greatness, her justice, her charity to all oppressed nations, with as many of the rest of her beauties and her virtues as either I could express or they conceive," — and her praise in a volume soon published concerning this voyage, which was translated into Latin, German, and French. It was a graceful, glowing narrative, and Mr. Gosse says: "As it was the first excellent piece of sustained travellers' prose, so it remained long without a second in our literature."

It is thought by some that Raleigh, on his return, brought into England the pineapple, so called because it resembles the cones of the pine-tree, concerning which James I. said, "It was a fruit too delicious for a subject to taste of!"

Elizabeth, however, had not forgotten Raleigh's love for Miss Throgmorton, and he was allowed to remain at Sherborne with no word of approval from her. Sir Walter mourned, and knew "the like fortune was never offered to any Christian prince." It was evident that Elizabeth did not wish to be secondary even in the heart

of a subject. She could, in a measure, forgive Essex, a youth of twenty, for marrying, but not Sir Walter, a man of forty.

The next year, 1596, Raleigh sent Captain Laurence Keymis, who had been with him the previous year, to Guiana, and he explored the coast from the north of the Orinoco to the Amazon. Before the year was passed he sent another ship under Captain Leonard Berry, wishing to keep alive his intercourse with the Indians, and hoping to interest his Queen later. He attempted to send thirteen vessels two years later, in 1598, under his half-brother, Sir John Gilbert, but the plan was for some reason defeated.

England was again busy in chastising Spain. As Philip II. had made a vow "to avenge the destruction of the Armada on Elizabeth, if he were reduced to pawn the last candlestick on his domestic altar," it seemed best to cripple his power once for all. June 1, 1596, a fleet of ninety-three English vessels and twenty-four Dutch, with nearly sixteen thousand men, set sail for Cadiz to attack Spain on her own ground. Essex and Admiral Charles Howard commanded the ships, and Raleigh and Lord Thomas Howard joined in the council of war.

The Admiral and Essex determined to land the soldiers and attack the town before they assaulted the Spanish fleet. When Raleigh arrived Essex was disembarking the men. There was a heavy sea, and some of the boats sunk. Raleigh at once came on board of Essex's ship, and in the presence of the officers protested against such a course as endangering the whole armies. He said, "The most part could not but perish in the sea ere they come to set foot on ground; and if any arrived on shore, yet were they sure to have their boats cast on

their heads, and that twenty men in so desperate a descent would have defeated them all."

The Earl of Essex yielded to Raleigh, and begged him to convince the Admiral. Raleigh at once went to him, and, gaining his consent, called out to Essex, *Intramus*, when the impulsive Essex cast his plumed hat into the sea for joy. The officers accepted Raleigh's plan of attack, and it was decided that he should lead with his ship, the War Sprite.

At the break of day the English vessels swept into the harbor. Before them lay seventeen galleys, the fortress of St. Philip and other forts, besides six great galleons and ships, about fifty-seven in all.

The fight lasted six hours, and was terrible. Two great Spanish ships, the St. Philip and St. Thomas, burned themselves rather than fall into the hands of the English. "They tumbled into the sea," says Sir Walter "heaps of soldiers, so thick as if coals had been poured out of a sack in many parts at once, some drowned, and some sticking in the mud. . . . Many drowned themselves; many, half-burnt, leaped into the water, very many hanging by the ropes' ends by the ship's side under the water, even to the lip; many swimming with grievous wounds stricken under water, and put out of their pain."

Raleigh had an especial desire to be revenged on the St. Philip, which had helped cause the death of his cousin, Sir Richard Grenville, who was formerly engaged with Raleigh in the expeditions to Virginia. Grenville had gone to the Azores in a fleet in 1591 to help capture some Spanish ships. The English were surprised by the Spaniards, and the Revenge, the ship of Grenville, with one hundred men, sustained for fifteen hours the guns of

fifteen ships, and repulsed them all, one of the most remarkable battles in English naval history. The St. Philip, the great Spanish galleon, did the most damage. The Revenge was cut down to the hull, her deck covered with shattered bodies. Grenville was moved against his will to a Spanish ship, and soon died, exclaiming in Spanish, "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, having ended my life like a true soldier that has fought for his country, queen, religion, and honor."

Raleigh was so wounded in the leg during the sea-fight that he could not help attack the town, but as he could not bear to be left behind, he was carried into Cadiz on the shoulders of some of his men.

Cadiz at this time was a large and handsome city, the chief See of the bishop, and had a fine college — Essex brought back the famous library of the Bishop of Algarve and gave it to Sir Thomas Bodley. It is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The city soon surrendered. The people had liberty to take with them whatever goods or clothes they could carry, which permission, says Oldys, "produced a remarkable example in a beautiful young Spanish lady, who, leaving all that was precious and valuable, bore away her old and decrepit husband upon her back, whom before she had hidden from the danger of the enemy; herein imitating the piety of the Bavarian women after the conquest of their country by the Emperor Conrad III."

The next morning Raleigh desired to follow the fleet of forty carracks, bound for the Indies, which lay in Puerto Real road, as they were said to be worth twelve millions. In the confusion no answer was returned. In the afternoon the merchants of Cadiz and Seville offered two millions if the fleet could be spared. Mean-

time the Duke of Medina Sidonia set fire to the fleet, and all was destroyed.

Many who had captured rich Spanish prisoners were given large ransoms. Raleigh got nothing for his bravery, except, as he says, "a lame leg and a deformed. I have not wanted good words, . . . but I have possession of naught but poverty and pain."

The Queen did not take him back to Court till almost a year after the successful battle of Cadiz, from which Spain never rallied.

It was soon learned that the King of Spain was to make one more effort to invade England and Ireland. In the spring of 1597 he fitted out a fleet, which the storms scattered as they did the Armada.

Meantime Elizabeth resolved upon the so-called islands voyage, to intercept the Spanish plate-fleet at the Azores. She sent one hundred and twenty ships with six thousand soldiers. Essex was commander-in-chief, and Raleigh rear-admiral. Fayal was to be taken by Essex and Raleigh, and other ports by various commanders. Essex sailed first, but Raleigh reached the harbor before the earl. The people at once began to leave the town, while the fort opened fire, and six companies of men opposed the landing of the English. Raleigh waited two days for Essex to arrive, when his men became so impatient for the attack, that he promised to lead them the third day if Essex did not come.

On the fourth day, with a party of two hundred and sixty men, Raleigh pushed his boats to the landing-place. This was guarded by a mighty ledge of rocks, some forty paces long into the sea, with a narrow lane between two walls. The men stood back dismayed when they saw the defile, and the shot poured upon them; but Raleigh

rebuked them, as Oldys says, "Clambering over the rocks, and wading through the water, he made his way pellmell through all their fire, with shot, pike, and sword up to the narrow entrance, where he so resolutely pursued his assault, that the enemy, after a short resistance, gave ground; and when they saw his forces press faster and thicker upon them, suddenly retiring, they cast away their weapons, and betook themselves to the hills and woods."

Then Raleigh led his forces into the town; and when some of the new soldiers shrank from the contest, — two had their heads taken off by big shot, and many were wounded, — Raleigh went to the very front, though he was "shot through the breeches and doublet-sleeves in two or three places." When they had passed the forts it was found that the inhabitants of the town, Villa Dorta, had fled, leaving such things as could not be removed suddenly. The town contained about five hundred stone houses and many choice gardens. Among those who fought bravely were Captain Laurence Keymis, who had been with Raleigh in the voyage to Guiana.

The next morning Essex arrived, and was very angry because Raleigh had not waited for him, and had already won all the glory. Peace was finally made between the two leaders, and the fleet returned to England with three good prizes, laden with cochineal and other merchandise, and some ships from Brazil. The King of Spain lost through this expedition eighteen ships, including two of his best galleons. Raleigh returned to his place in Parliament, with his health much broken. He was soon made governor of Jersey, with the gift of the manor of St. Germain on that island.

For a year or more Raleigh and Essex had not been friends. The latter, impulsive, and with a temper not under control, had lost the favor of the Queen, who had always petted him like a spoiled child. She had made him general of her armies, when everybody knew he was too young and inexperienced. Whenever the Queen made appointments which did not suit him, he feigned illness, and would not appear at Court.

In a council meeting when the, as usual, disturbed condition of Ireland was being discussed, the Earl of Essex was so strenuous in his desires, that the Queen, forgetting her womanly dignity, boxed him on the ear, saying, "Go, and be hanged!"

At once Essex grasped his sword-hilt, when the admiral, Charles Howard, stepped between them. The Earl declared "that he would not have taken that blow from King Henry, her father, and that it was an indignity that he neither could nor would endure from any one!" He was forgiven later, and returned to Court.

Essex had at one time saved the life of the Queen, by discovering the plot of her physician, Lopez, who was a Jew. Two confederates confessed that Lopez, through the Spanish court, was to poison the queen for fifty thousand crowns. Lopez died on the scaffold affirming "that he loved the Queen as well as he did Jesus Christ," an assertion ill-received by the people who knew his religious faith.

In March, 1599, Essex was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. His enemies were pleased to get him away from Court, so that they could have more influence with the Queen; but he seems to have found the position utterly distasteful, for he wrote Elizabeth: "From a mind delighting in sorrow; from spirits wasted with

passion; from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travail; from a man that hateth himself, and all things else that keep him alive, — what service can your Majesty expect, since any service past deserves no more than banishment and proscription to the cursedest of islands."

The Earl of Tyrone was in rebellion. Essex, with a desire to restore tranquillity to the distracted nation, had a conference with Tyrone, and sent his requests to her Majesty. She, surrounded by advisers who hated Essex, and Ireland as well, could not say bitter things enough about such a pacific attempt. Finally Essex determined to return and see the Queen in person.

As soon as he had reached her at her palace at Nonsuch, in the early morning, he went directly to her apartments, (and knelt before her "covering her hands with kisses.") She received him with some marks of favor, though she was still displeased, especially that he should have left Ireland without asking her leave. She ordered him to consider himself a prisoner in his apartment till his conduct should be investigated. Through such petty acts as this, England learned later that in the hands of no one man or woman can any great amount of power be trusted. Tyrants are easily made.

Essex was removed in a day or two to the lord-keeper's charge at York-house, and the Queen went to Richmond. Lady Walsingham went and made humble suit that Essex might write to his wife (who was Frances Walsingham), as she had just given birth to an infant, but the stern Queen refused. So much in anger was she that she walked the floor, exclaiming, "I am no Queen — that man is above me! Who gave him command to come here so soon? I did send him on other busi-

ness!" When he became ill, she would not permit his own physician to attend him; and yet if she ever loved anybody, it was young Essex.

On her birthday Essex wrote her: —

Vouchsafe, dread Sovereign, to know there lives a man, though dead to the world and in himself exercised with continued torments of body and mind, that doth more true honor to your thrice blessed day [anniversary of her accession to the throne] than all those that appear in your sight. . . .

For they that feel the comfortable influence of Your Majesty's favor, or stand in the bright beams of your presence, rejoice partly for Your Majesty's, but chiefly for their own happiness. Only miserable Essex, full of pain, full of sickness, full of sorrow, languishing in repentance for his offences past, hateful to himself that he is yet alive, and importunate on death, if your favor be irrevocable: he joys only for Your Majesty's great happiness and happy greatness; and were the rest of his days never so many, and sure to be as happy as they are like to be miserable, he would lose them all to have this happy seventeenth day many and many times renewed, with glory to Your Majesty and comfort of all your faithful subjects, of whom none is accursed but

Your Majesty's humblest vassal,

ESSEX.

The wife of Essex finally came to beg for him, and brought the queen a jewel; but it was returned, and the haughty monarch sent back word "that she must attend her Majesty's pleasure by the lords of the council, and come no more to Court."

Essex had now become very ill, so that his life was despaired of. Some of the privy council urged the Queen to forgive him, while others urged his being sent to the Tower, or beheaded. Twice a warrant was made out for his removal to the Tower, but the Queen would not sign it. She so far relented as to allow his wife to

come daily to see him, and ordered her own physician to take him some broth with the message "that if it were not inconsistent with her honor, she would have come to visit him herself."

The enemies of Essex were busy preparing pageants of all kinds, that Elizabeth might forget the earl, and that the people might also forget him, for he was popular because of his bravery and generosity. The Queen outwardly seemed to enjoy them, but she was in private greatly dejected.

At last Essex, after a partial return to health, was tried before the commissioners for a whole day. When accused of treason he protested, with his hand upon his heart, "This hand shall pull out this heart when any disloyal thought shall enter it." He was pardoned, but forbidden to appear at Court. Afterwards he wrote urging that the license from wines — about fifty thousand pounds yearly — be renewed to him as he was deeply in debt; but this wish was not granted.

Essex at last, humble and penitent though he had been, began to murmur at the Queen. She certainly had shown anything but a lovable nature to the man whom she had seemingly idolized. "The Queen," he said, "has pushed me down into private life. I will not be a vile, obsequious slave. The dagger of my enemies has struck me to the hilt. I will not be bound to their car of triumph."

It was reported to the Queen that he said she was an "old woman, crooked both in body and mind." His house became the centre of the disaffected. He wrote private letters to the King of the Scots, afterwards James I., to urge his being recognized as successor to the throne, a matter Elizabeth never wished to hear about.

Whether with or without reason, he believed that Raleigh was a bitter enemy. He had written to the Queen when he was in Ireland, deprecating the fact that Lord Cobham, Raleigh, and others "should have such credit and favor with Your Majesty when they wish the ill success of Your Majesty's most important action, the decay of your greatest strength, and the destruction of your faithfullest servants."

This, of course, was not true, however much he might have believed it, for Raleigh was always loyal to his sovereign. If Raleigh really thought it advisable that the earl should die, as would seem from a letter to Sir Robert Cecil —

("If you take it for a good counsel to relent towards this tyrant, you will repent it when it shall be too late. . . . The less you make of him, the less he shall be able to harm you and yours; and if her Majesty's favor fail him, he will again decline to a common person. Lose not your advantage; if you do, I read your destiny.") then Raleigh experienced the Bible words literally: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." The letters of Essex to James I. embittered that monarch against Raleigh, — he always thought that Cecil and Raleigh helped to bring "my martyr Essex" to the grave, — and paved the way for his own sad fate.

It had been planned at Essex House, the home of the earl, that a chosen few should go around to the palace of the Queen, seize the gate, rush into her presence, and on their knees beg her to remove the adversaries of Essex from her council. If she did not consent to this, Essex would call a parliament and demand justice.

Feb. 7, 1601, Essex received a summons to appear before the privy council, his actions having caused con-

cern. He was advised by his friends to make his escape, but he determined to appeal to the people, knowing how much they loved him.

On Sunday morning, Feb. 8, Essex had three hundred followers at his house. That very morning Sir Ferdinando Gorges, a cousin of Raleigh's, had been sent for by the latter to meet him at Durham House. Essex advised that they meet on the Thames. They did so, when Raleigh urged Gorges to escape, as there was a warrant out for his arrest. Sir Christopher Blount, who had married the mother of Essex after her second husband, Leicester, was dead, shot at Raleigh four times as he was going back to his boat to Durham House, with the desire either to kill or to capture him.

About ten o'clock on this Sunday morning the lord chief-justice and a few others came to Essex House, and inquired why so many persons were gathered in the court. Essex then told his wrongs, and rushing out with his followers down Fleet Street, cried, "England is sold to Spain by Cecil and Raleigh! Citizens of London, arm for England and the Queen!" Waving his sword, he shouted, "For the Queen! for the Queen!"

The people did not rise, as he had foolishly expected. The streets were soon barricaded, and he was declared a traitor.

The Queen was at dinner when told that Essex was trying to arouse the city. Her attendants were greatly alarmed; but she proposed going to oppose the insurgents, saying "that not one of them would dare to meet a single glance of her eye. They would flee at the very notice of her approach."

That night Essex and his men were arrested and lodged in Lambeth Palace, and the next day confined in the Tower.

After an all-day trial Essex was condemned to death. He said, "I am not a whit dismayed to receive this doom. Death is welcome to me as life. Let my poor quarters, which have done her Majesty true service in divers parts of the world, be sacrificed and disposed of at her pleasure."

The story of the ring which Elizabeth gave to Essex with the promise "that if ever he forfeited her favor, if he sent it back to her, the sight of it would ensure her forgiveness," has been disputed, though it was vouched for by the descendants of the Careys, closely related to the Queen. Lady Elizabeth Spelman, a relative, thus relates it: —

"When Essex lay under sentence of death, he determined to try the virtue of the ring by sending it to the Queen, and claiming the benefit of her promise; but knowing he was surrounded by the creatures of those who were bent on taking his life, he was fearful of trusting it to any of his attendants. At length, looking out of his window, he saw, early one morning, a boy whose countenance pleased him, and him he induced by a bribe to carry the ring, which he threw down to him from above, to the Lady Scroope, his cousin, who had taken so friendly interest in his fate. The boy, by mistake, carried it to the Countess of Nottingham, the cruel sister of the fair and gentle Scroope; and as both were ladies of the royal bed-chamber, the mistake might easily occur. The countess carried the ring to her husband, the lord-admiral, who was the deadly foe of Essex, and told him the message, but he bade her suppress both."

The Queen seems to have expected that Essex would send some message; for it was long before she could be prevailed upon to sign the death-warrant, and even after

she had done so she revoked it. Finally she ordered the execution to proceed. He was beheaded Feb. 25, 1601. Elizabeth told the Duke de Biron, who came over at the head of a state embassy from France, "that notwithstanding Essex's engaging in open rebellion, he might still, by submission, have obtained her pardon, but that neither his friends nor relations could prevail on him to ask it."

What must have been the horror of Elizabeth when, two years later, the dying Countess of Nottingham, according to Lady Spelman, told her the true story of the ring, and said she could not die in peace till she had craved the pardon of the Queen! Elizabeth, in great anger as well as grief, shook, or some say struck, the dying woman in her bed, exclaiming, "God may forgive you, but I never can!"

After the death of Essex, the people ceased to welcome their Queen as rapturously as before, for he had been the popular idol. She herself became dejected after he was beheaded. She told the Count de Beaumont from France, "that she was aweary of life," and wept as she talked of Essex. One of the Queen's household wrote, "She sleepeth not so much by day as she used, neither taketh rest by night. Her delight is to sit in the dark, and sometimes with shedding tears, to bewail Essex."

In the spring of 1603 the great Queen was near the end of life. When Robert Carey, the Earl of Monmouth, her kinsman, came to see her, during the visit he says, "She fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs. I was grieved at the first to see her in this plight; for in all my lifetime before I never saw her fetch a sigh, but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded." Towards the end she said, "I wish not to live any longer, but desire to die."

After a long prayer by the Archbishop of Canterbury at her bedside, she fell asleep and never woke, dying about three o'clock on the morning of March 24, 1603.

With the death of Elizabeth, Raleigh's power came to an end. As Captain of the Guard he had seen Essex die, and at first stood near the scaffold hoping Essex would speak to him, but as he did not he had retired to the armory. Essex asked for him later, and Raleigh always regretted that he was not near to receive his message of peace. Christopher Blount, who had attempted to kill Raleigh, on the scaffold asked his forgiveness, saying, "Sir Walter Raleigh, I thank God that you are present. I had an infinite desire to speak with you, to ask your forgiveness ere I died. Both for the wrong done you, and for my particular ill-intent towards you, I beseech you to forgive me;" and Raleigh answered, "I most willingly forgive you, and I beseech God to forgive you, and to give you his divine comfort."

James I., the son of Mary Queen of Scots, now came to the throne. He had a difficult place to fill. The Roman Catholics hoped for favors which they could never obtain under Elizabeth. The Protestants were guarding every point, lest the Catholics gain the ascendancy. James, self-conceited, fancied himself the peacemaker of Europe. He did intend to keep the peace, which was perhaps the best thing in his weak nature.

Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, the historian, says of him: "James had too great confidence in his own powers, and too little sympathetic insight into the views of others, to make a successful ruler, and his inability to control those whom he trusted with blind confidence made his court a centre of corruption."

Fontenay, a French writer, says: "He speaks, eats,

dresses, and plays like a boor, and he is no better in the company of women. He is never still for a moment, but walks perpetually up and down the room, and his gait is sprawling and awkward; his voice is loud, and his words sententious. He prefers hunting to all other amusements, and will be six hours together on horseback. . . . His body is feeble, yet he is not delicate; in a word, he is an old young man. . . . He is prodigiously conceited and he underrates other princes. . . . He told me that, whatever he seemed, he was aware of everything of consequence that was going on. He could afford to spend time hunting, for that when he attended to business, he could do more in an hour than others could do in a day."

James was prejudiced against Raleigh, partly through the unscrupulous Lord Henry Howard, the bitter enemy of Raleigh, and Essex before him, and partly because Sir Walter was an uncompromising foe to Spain, while James desired to make peace with Spain, even planning to marry his son to the daughter of Philip III.

When Raleigh came to court to ask James to continue his commissions as Lieutenant of Cornwall and Warden of the Stannaries, the King received him coldly, making a coarse pun on his name, as he said, "On my soul, man, I have heard but *rawly* of thee." He soon told his secretary, Sir Thomas Lake, to prepare some permits for Sir Walter, and added, "Let them be delivered speedily, that Raleigh may be gone again." Raleigh was soon deprived of his position as Captain of the Guard, and Durham House was restored to the Bishop of Durham. Raleigh had spent two thousand pounds upon it.

The next time he saw the King, Raleigh talked with him about prosecuting the war with Spain, — offered to

raise two thousand men at his own expense, and to invade Spain at their head. He could not have known that the King was always playing two parts, — trying to calm England, who liked the Scot none too well, and at the same time kneeling to Spain, whom most of the English hated.

Raleigh was still at Court, and on the morning of July 17, 1603, was walking on the terrace at Windsor, waiting to ride with the King, who was about to hunt, when Sir Robert Cecil, who had made himself a favorite with James, came to Raleigh, and said he was wanted in the Council Chamber, to be questioned concerning some matter.

And this was the matter. The English Catholics had two agents, or pretended agents, two priests, William Watson and Francis Clarke, who were to labor with the King for increased toleration for their religion. While they petitioned the King on one hand, Cecil was on the other saying to James, "It would be a horror to my heart to imagine that they that are enemies to the gospel should be held by you worthy to be friends to your fortune." To the English, James talked of "Jesuits, seminary priests, and that rabble;" to the Pope, he spoke of concessions and great good-will.

Such duplicity, or lack of courage, in time brought its natural reward. Thousands were angered. Finally a plot was arranged by Watson and Clarke, called "The Priests' Treason." Several joined with them: George Brooke, a graduate of King's College, Cambridge, the dissolute brother of Cecil's wife; Sir Griffin Markham, of a prominent family but himself a spendthrift; Lord Thomas Grey de Wilton, a young man under thirty, scholarly, a Protestant, and much beloved; and Anthony Copley, third

son of Sir Thomas Copley. He was a fearless man, as Topliffe wrote to Queen Elizabeth, "The most desperate youth that liveth. Copley did shoot a gentleman the last summer, and killed an ox with a musket, and in Horsham Church drew his dagger at the parish priest."

These men had planned that James I. should be seized at Greenwich and carried to the Tower, where he should be asked for three things: "1. For their pardon; 2. For toleration of their religion; 3. For assurance thereof to prefer Catholics to places of credit, as Watson to be Lord Keeper; Grey, Earl Marshal; Brooke, Lord Treasurer; and Markham, Secretary." The King was to be kept in the Tower a year, till the changes were accomplished. Grey was opposed to Papists, but wanted the King to subscribe to "Articles" which would limit his power, and place the government more in the hands of the people. This plot was also called "The Surprising Treason."

This plot was betrayed by John Gerard, a Jesuit, who believed that by submission to James all Catholic disabilities were soon to be removed *without force.* He had been a Catholic missionary to England, and had been imprisoned in the Tower for his ardent labors, but had escaped by swinging along a rope over the Tower ditch. He evidently did not understand James's character.

Copley was arrested towards the end of June, 1603, and told of all the others, who were at once taken into custody. It soon came out that George Brooke, Grey, and others were in another plot, with Lord Cobham (Henry Brooke), the brother of George. He had married the widow of Henry, twelfth Earl of Kildare, and daughter of the Earl of Nottingham. It is said that, though wealthy, after Cobham's fall "she abandoned

him, and would not give him the crumbs that fell from her table."

Lord Cobham was an enemy of Essex, and the latter had coupled his name with Raleigh's when he wrote to win the favor of James before the death of Elizabeth. Cobham had no liking for James, and knew James's ill-feeling towards him.

There was for a long time a desire on the part of many that Lady Arabella Stuart should come to the throne instead of James. She was his first cousin, the daughter of Charles Stuart, descended from Margaret, sister of Henry VIII. Charles's brother had married Mary, Queen of Scots. Arabella stood, therefore, in the same relation to the throne as did James. Elizabeth had feared her, and James feared her even more, because he was an alien, while she was born on English soil.

At one time Cobham meditated seriously how Arabella could succeed Elizabeth; but, after meeting her, he wrote to Cecil, "I resolved never to hazard my estate for her."

She was shamefully treated by James: put in prison in 1609, on account of a rumor that she was to marry somebody, and James feared a possible heir to the throne. Feb. 2, 1610, she became engaged to William Seymour, descended from Mary, sister of Henry VIII. They were brought before the council, and promised not to marry without the consent of the King. Knowing that they would never receive this, they were privately married. Seymour was arrested and put into the Tower. Arabella escaped in man's clothing, but was taken and confined in the Tower also, where she remained for five years, till her death, Sept. 25, 1615.

But if Cobham had given up the Arabella Stuart project, he had planned another with Charles, Count of

Aremberg, Minister of the Archduke Albert, now sovereign of the Spanish Low Countries. This was to help on the peace between Spain and England, by putting "good sums of money where they would have taken great hold," as Lord Cecil, Secretary of State, wrote to Sir Thomas Parry, ambassador in France.

Aremberg was to get five or six hundred thousand crowns from Spain and a large amount from France; and this was to be used among the discontented, to buy their influence on the side of peace. He offered Raleigh ten thousand crowns; Grey was to have as much, and others in like proportion.

However degrading such a plan, it was no uncommon thing in those times. We find Count de Beaumont writing to his King, Henry IV. of France, urging that he be allowed to give "pensions" and gifts to English statesmen. He writes to his King: "The Spanish ambassador makes no scruple to bargain for the treaty openly, offering pensions and money to the grandees of this kingdom for the purpose of promoting it."

"The great extent," says Mr. Edwards, "to which Spanish bribes were accepted has long been one of the foulest scandals of a scandalous reign. Evidence of the corruption of some of the statesmen who took a prominent part in the prosecutions of 1603 is old and trite. Recent researches in the archives at Simancas have established, beyond controversy, the fact that amongst those who lived and died as pensioners of Spain was the Lord Treasurer, Salisbury."

That such methods are not entirely obsolete in the nineteenth century, it is only necessary to recall to mind the Crédit Mobilier in America and the Panama Canal scheme in France.

Raleigh and Cobham were intimate friends, and Raleigh knew of the visits between Aremberg and Cobham, though probably not the full plans. They were both arrested on a charge of treason, and accused of attempting to put Arabella Stuart on the throne, and to use the money in raising an army to do away with the "King and his cubbs" (which language George Brooke at first affirmed, but denied on the scaffold). It was asserted, but never proved, that Arabella was to write separate letters to the Archduke of Austria, the King of Spain, and the Duke of Savoy, promising if she obtained the crown to establish a firm peace between England and Spain, tolerate the Romanists, and be governed by the three powers in contracting marriage.

The resulting trial was one of the most interesting ever held in England, as well as one of the most unfair. One of the judges, Gawdy, said afterwards, on his deathbed, "The justice of England has never been so injured and degraded as by the condemnation of Sir Walter Raleigh;" and this has been the verdict of the great lawyers in the succeeding generations.

Cobham denied that he had any such intent about Arabella; and she, in the great trial at Winchester, in Wolvesey Castle, the ancient Episcopal palace, protested through the Earl of Nottingham, "upon her salvation, that she never dealt in any of these things."

When Raleigh was at first called before the council, and was asked about Cobham, he cleared him of all, as he wrote Cobham by his faithful servant, Captain Keymis. He further said to the council, "Whatever correspondence there was between Cobham and Aremberg, La Renzi [a merchant who was in attendance on Count Aremberg] might be better able to give account of

it, therefore advised to the calling upon him," but added that "he knew of no intelligence between them, but such as might be warranted." This also he wrote to Cecil.

When Cobham was examined he acknowledged that he desired to go to Spain to raise the money, but had no thought of Arabella Stuart. It was to be used as "pensions," which was probably true, though it was believed by some that he intended also to use it to help the "Priests' Treason," and so get the more liberal government which Lord Grey desired.

When, for the purpose of entrapping him, the letter of Raleigh was shown him, — altered, it is feared, to suit the purpose of his enemies, — he at once felt that he had been betrayed by Raleigh, and accused the latter of instigating the plot, and of being the occasion of his whole discontent.

When they were both in the Tower, Raleigh wrote Cobham urging that he deny his unjust statement. Through the suggestion of the servant of Raleigh, Cotterell, Cobham left his window ajar at night, and the letter of Raleigh, tied round an apple, was thrown into Cobham's room. In half an hour the following letter of retraction was written and pushed by Cobham under his door and was carried to Raleigh: —

"Now that the arraignment draws near, not knowing which should be first, you or I, to clear my conscience, satisfy the world, and free myself from the cry of your blood, I protest upon my soul, and before God and his angels, I never had conference with you in any treason; nor was ever moved by you to the things I heretofore accused you of. And, for anything I know, you are as innocent and as clear from any treasons against the King

as any subject living. . . . And so God deal with me and have mercy on my soul as this is true."

Again he accused Raleigh and again he retracted.

Raleigh denied before his accusers, Nov. 17, 1603, every one of these indictments. "I was accused to be a practiser with Spain — I never knew that my Lord Cobham meant to go thither. I will ask no mercy at the King's hands, if he will affirm it. Secondly, I never knew of the practices with Arabella. Finally, I never knew of my Lord Cobham's practice with Aremberg, nor of their 'surprising treason.'" He knew of their visits to each other, and had already told them so. He also said, "Lord Cobham offered me ten thousand crowns of the money, for the furthering the peace between England and Spain; and he said that I should have it within three days. I told him, 'When I see the money, I will make you an answer.' For I thought it one of his ordinary idle conceits, and therefore made no account of it." If Cobham and Aremberg had talked of money for an army, which is doubtful, Raleigh evidently knew nothing of it. He asked to have Cobham brought face to face before him, but this was denied him.

The Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, was brutal in his treatment. He said to Raleigh, "Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart. . . . I will prove thee the rankest traitor in all England. . . . Thou hast a Spanish heart, and thyself art a spider of hell."

The whole trial was a barbaric farce. Raleigh pleaded eloquently, as it was for his life, but he was condemned before the trial.

Lord Chief justice Popham, in giving sentence of

death, was as brutal as Coke, and both were hissed by the people.

The following was the sentence, brutality, or even capital punishment, doing as little good to society in those days as it ever has afterwards: "Since you have been found guilty of these horrible treasons, the judgment of this court is, that you shall be led from hence to the place whence you came, there to remain until the day of execution; and from thence you shall be drawn upon a hurdle through the open streets to the place of execution, there to be hanged and cut down alive; and your body shall be opened, your heart and bowels plucked out, and your private members cut off, and thrown into the fire before your eyes; then your head to be stricken off from your body, and your body shall be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of at the King's pleasure; and God have mercy upon your soul!"

It is said that some of the jury were so "touched in conscience as to demand of Raleigh pardon on their knees."

After the sentence, Raleigh asked the Commissioners to request the King that "Cobham might die first," for he said, "Cobham is a false and cowardly accuser. He can face neither me nor death, without acknowledging his falsehood." He also asked that his death "be honorable and not ignominious." The two persons who brought the news of the sentence to James were Roger Ashton and a Scotchman. "One," says Sir Dudley Carleton, afterwards Viscount Dorchester, "affirmed that never any man spoke so well in times past, nor would do in the world to come; and the other said, that whereas when he saw him first, he was so led by the common hatred, that he would have gone a hundred miles to have seen

him hanged; he would, ere he parted, have gone a thousand to have saved his life."

Nov. 29, Watson and Clarke, the priests, were executed. "They were bloodily handled," says Carleton, "for they were both cut down alive; and Clarke, to whom more favor was intended, had the worse luck; for he both strove to help himself, and spoke after he was cut down. They died boldly both. . . . Their quarters were set on Winchester gates, and their heads on the first tower of the castle." George Brooke was beheaded Dec. 6, saying at the last, "There is somewhat yet hidden, which will one day appear for my justification."

Markham, Grey, and Cobham were to be beheaded Dec. 10, and Raleigh, Dec. 13, as James could not bring himself to destroy the man against whom nothing was proved till after Cobham had faced death.

Raleigh had before this, about July 20, after the sentence, attempted to commit suicide, — not that he feared death, but he could not bear to have his enemies triumph over him. Just before he wrote his wife a touching letter: —

"That I can live never to see thee and my child more! — I cannot. . . . That I can live to think how you are both left a spoil to my enemies, and that my name shall be a dishonor to my child! — I cannot. . . . For myself, I am left of all men that have done good to many. All my good turns forgotten; . . . all my services, hazards, and expenses for my country — plantings, discoveries, fights, councils, and whatsoever else — malice hath now covered over. I am now made an enemy and traitor by the word of an unworthy man. . . . Woe, woe, woe be unto him by whose falsehood we are lost! He hath separated us asunder. He hath slain my honor, my for-

tune. He hath robbed thee of thy husband, thy child of his father, and me of you both. O God! thou dost know my wrongs! . . .

"I bless my poor child, and let him know his father was no traitor. Be bold of my innocence, for God, to whom I offer life and soul, knows it."

He recovered from his wound; and when the time for execution came, in December, again he wrote her in the Tower a farewell letter: —

"My love I send you that you may keep it when I am dead, and my council, that you may remember it when I am no more. . . . And seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you in this life, bear my destruction gently and with a heart like yourself.

"First, I send you all the thanks my heart can conceive, or my pen express, for your many troubles and cares taken for me [she had pleaded day and night for his release] which, though they had not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt is to you nevertheless; but pay it I never shall in this world.

"Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travel seek to help your miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child. Your mourning cannot avail me that am but dust. . . .

"Remember your poor child for his father's sake, that comforted you and loved you in his happiest times. Get those letters (if it be possible) which I wrote to the lords, wherein I sued for my life; but God knoweth that it was for you and yours that I desired it, but it is true that I disdain myself for begging it. And know it, dear wife, that your son is the child of a true man. . . .

"I cannot write much. God knows how hardly I stole

this time, when all sleep. . . . My true wife, farewell. Bless my poor boy; pray for me. My true God hold you both in His arms.

"Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, but now (alas!) overthrown.

"Yours that was, but now not my own,

"W. RALEIGH."

The time drew near for execution. Sir Griffin Markham was first brought to the scaffold about ten o'clock on the morning of Dec. 10. A napkin was offered him to cover his face, but he refused, saying, "I can look upon death without blushing." Just as he had made himself ready for the axe, James sent his page, John Gibb, with a reprieve for two hours. He was led away in amazement, and Lord Grey was brought to the scaffold.

Grey knelt and prayed in the rain, and then said he had never plotted treason. He urged the King not to let the brand of traitor rest on his name for the sake of the "unstained blood which we have spilled at the head of your ancestors' armies, and for that loyalty of four hundred years, during which the House of Wilton was untouched." A reprieve also came for him at the last moment.

Lord Cobham came next; and though he had shown fear and trembling at the trial, he was prepared to meet death calmly. He again accused Raleigh. The sheriff now stayed the execution, and called back Markham and Grey, and told them that the King had decided to spare their lives. The people shouted their applause, and the prisoners were removed to the Tower. Raleigh, too, went back to prison.

Lord Grey died in the Tower, July 9, 1614, just as he was entering the twelfth year of his imprisonment.

Lord Cobham died poor and miserable, Jan. 24, 1619. He had been released from the Tower for a short time on account of his health, and died of paralysis after a year's helplessness. Markham was released and went to Brussels, where he was so poor that "he was constrained to pluck out the inlaid silver of the hilts of his sword to buy flour to make a hasty-pudding for his dinner," says Oldys in his notes. He afterwards found service under the Archduke Albert.

For more than twelve long years Raleigh lived in the Tower, and found happiness as best he could in books. For a man with his active life the confinement must have been well-nigh unbearable. At first he gave much time to the study of chemistry and experiments in that science. He then began his great and learned "History of the World." He was confined in what is now the Bloody Tower, above the principal gate to the Inner Ward. For a time Lady Raleigh and her son Walter were permitted to remain in the Tower, but when the plague broke out in 1604 they were obliged to go away for safety.

Lord Cecil tried in vain to keep some of Sir Walter's property from confiscation. There were a dozen persons who eagerly tried to get possession of the beautiful Sherborne estates. Lady Raleigh went to court in 1608, holding her boys by the hand — Walter then fourteen, and little Carew, four, born in the Tower after his father was in prison, — and on her knees begged Sherborne for her children; but James brusquely replied, "I maun hae the lond; I maun hae it for Carr," who was a young favorite of the King, becoming afterwards Earl of Somerset.

The King finally purchased Sherborne for his son, Prince Henry. Lady Raleigh was promised eight thou-

sand pounds for her life interest in Sherborne; but the interest was irregularly paid, and later the principal was mostly lost in the expedition to Guiana. She had an annuity of four hundred pounds a year, which was frequently unpaid.

Raleigh's health failed, and various efforts were made for his release, but none succeeded. Finally there was a rift in the cloud. Prince Henry, the broad-minded son of a narrow-minded father, partly through pity and partly from his appreciation of a fine intellect, had become fond of the imprisoned statesman. He was, in 1610, sixteen years old, while Raleigh was fifty-eight. He often visited Raleigh, and conferred with him about politics, ship-building, and foreign policy. He consulted him about his marriage with a Princess of Savoy, and would not consent to it because Raleigh thought it unwise, as "the Dukes of Savoy were of the blood of Spain, and to Spain those dukes have always been servants," said Raleigh. It was generally believed that Prince Henry had received the Sherborne estates only that he might bestow them upon his friend. He said, "No man but my father would keep such a bird in a cage." At the coming Christmas, 1612, the prince had obtained with great difficulty from his father a promise of liberation for Raleigh. But six weeks before this, to the dismay and sadness of the whole of England, Nov. 6, the noble youth died of typhoid-fever, at the age of eighteen. James I. gladly forgot his promise to his dead boy, and the prison doors closed forever on Sir Walter Raleigh. No, they opened once more, but the path led to the block.

All these years the conditions of Raleigh's prison life grew harder. His garden was taken away from him, where he had enjoyed the study of botany, his wife was

seldom allowed to see him, and his health yearly grew poorer. Often he was for two hours, he wrote Cecil, now become Earl of Salisbury, "without feeling or motion of my hand and whole arm," and, "every second or third night in danger either of sudden death, or of the loss of my limbs or sense;" but Salisbury was no longer a friend, and James I. was only hoping "that man Raleigh will die before I do." The wife of James, Anne of Denmark, was always the friend of Raleigh, and tried to obtain his release; but she had no influence with James, partly because she had become a Romanist, and partly because he became tired of any affection after a time.

It is thought that Raleigh began the "History of the World" in 1607, and seven years after, in 1614, he gave the first volume of 1,354 closely printed pages to the public. This brought the world's history only down to the conquest of Macedon by Rome. It was a marvel of diligence, showing that Raleigh could "toil terribly," and would have filled, says Mr. Gosse, "thirty-five such volumes as are devised for an ordinary modern novel."

The next year, 1615, James commanded the suppression of the book, because it was "too saucy in censuring the acts of kings." Ninias, son of Queen Semiramis, who "had changed nature and condition with his mother, proved no less feminine than she was masculine;" and James read between the lines, as he thought, or probably some jealous person thought for him, that this was a true picture of James I. and his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots.

Raleigh then wrote "The Prerogative of Parliament," an argument in favor of the King against his evil advisers; but anything from Raleigh's hand was unwelcome,

and he was forbidden to publish it. Ten years after his death it appeared. His "Observations on Trade and Commerce," in favor of free trade, was suppressed because James was a protectionist.

One can scarcely imagine the wearisomeness of the years that saw manuscript after manuscript piled up, from a fertile and brilliant mind, with no power to bring them before a world which it strove to influence.

One of the best known of Sir Walter's several works is his "Instructions to his Son and to Posterity." The first edition which Oldys saw was published fourteen years after Raleigh's death, 1632. It went through several editions. In the chapter on "Choice of Friends," he says: "If thy friends be of better quality than thyself, thou mayst be sure of two things: the first, that they will be more careful to keep thy counsel, because they have more to lose than thou hast; the second, they will esteem thee for thyself, and not for that which thou dost possess. But if thou be subject to any great vanity or ill (from which I hope God will bless thee), then therein trust no man; for every man's folly ought to be his greatest secret. . . .

"The next and greatest care ought to be in the choice of a wife. And the only danger therein is beauty, by which all men in all ages, wise and foolish, have been betrayed. . . . If thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will never last nor please thee one year; and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all." Raleigh thought the best time for his son to marry was "toward thirty. And though thou canst not forbear to love, yet forbear to link; after awhile thou shalt find an alteration in thyself, and see another far more pleasing than the first,

second, or third love." About talking, Sir Walter says: "He that cannot refrain from much speaking is like a city without walls, and less pains in the world a man cannot take than to hold his tongue; therefore if thou observest this rule in all assemblies, thou shalt seldom err. Restrain thy choler, hearken much, and speak little; for the tongue is the instrument of the greatest good and greatest evil that is done in the world. . . . Never spend anything before thou have it: for borrowing is the canker and death of every man's estate." Concerning wine-drinking, Sir Walter admonishes his son: "Take especial care that thou delight not in wine, for there never was any man that came to honor or preferment that loved it; for it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, bringeth a man's stomach to an artificial heat, deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and, to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despised of all wise and worthy men, hated in thy servants, in thyself and companions; for it is a bewitching and infectious vice. . . .

"Whosoever loveth wine shall not be trusted of any man, for he cannot keep a secret. Wine maketh man not only a beast, but a madman; and if thou love it, thy own wife, thy children, and thy friends will despise thee."

Men in James's cabinet had died and others had taken their places. Raleigh had never lost sight of Guiana, its gold mines yet to be found, and its shores to be colonized for his beloved England.

At last he got the ear of Sir George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the favorite at that time, and Secretary Sir Ralph Winwood. Mr. Edwards says Raleigh gave two

individuals fifteen hundred pounds, — seven hundred and fifty apiece, — a large sum in our money, — to influence the proper persons; besides he promised much gold from Guiana, if he were only permitted to go there and obtain it.

James could never say "no" to the favorites then in power; so that Raleigh, at their solicitations, was finally released Jan. 30, 1616, — he had been in the Tower for almost thirteen years, — that he might, under a keeper, live in his own house, and prepare for a new expedition to Guiana.

For fourteen months, though much broken in health, he was busy with his pet scheme. His all was staked upon it. Lady Raleigh sold some land which she owned and gave her husband twenty-five hundred pounds. The eight thousand pounds from the Sherborne estate were called in. Five thousand pounds were borrowed, and Raleigh's friends furnished fifteen thousand more.

He built one large ship and called it the Destiny — a fitting name. He collected other vessels and furnished them with ordnance. Meantime Spain, which knew Raleigh's hatred, was closely watching the expedition. The Spanish ambassador, Gondomar, had James well under his thumb. He flattered him, and wrote him in gratitude, "that a Spaniard should have been and should still be *a councillor, not merely in your Majesty's Privy Council, but in your private Closet itself*, doth not only exceed all possible merit of mine, but also exceeds all the services that I can possibly have been able to render to your Majesty." Meantime he wrote to his friends how inordinately vain and egotistical was the king of England!

Gondomar hated Raleigh. He feared that Raleigh

would capture a plate-fleet if opportunity offered, and he was utterly opposed to his visiting Guiana at all, as the Spaniards were already there. He finally persuaded James to give him a pledge that no harm should be done to the Spaniards in Guiana, or Raleigh's life should pay the penalty. James allowed Gondomar to forward to Madrid the proposed route of the Destiny and other private matters.

James must have known that in all human probability the Spaniards would meet and contest the claim of the English to even land in the country, saying nothing of taking away their gold; but he loved money so well that a gold mine would have enabled him to be very independent with "our dear brother the King of Spain," as he called him. That Raleigh did not return with gold probably sealed his fate.

James at the same time kept his friendship with his "dear brother," as Raleigh says, by sending word to him "the very river by which I was to enter, to name my ships, number, men, and my artillery;" and Philip III. at once wrote letters to all parts of the Indies and to Guiana, to prepare for Raleigh. Duplicity could not go much farther than it went in James I. But he had a marriage in mind of his son Charles with the infanta of Spain: "You must demand with her," said James to his agents, "two million crowns, and you are not to descend lower than so many crowns as may make the sum of five hundred thousand pounds besides the jewels." The marriage was broken off by Spain, and Charles married Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France.

The fleet of seven vessels sailed for Guiana at the beginning of April, 1617; young Walter Raleigh, the son

of Sir Walter, going as captain of the Destiny. Other ships were added at Plymouth. Storms very soon scattered the vessels. One was lost, and several were forced to take refuge in Falmouth harbor for a time. Later on in the journey a sickness, like a plague, broke out, and many of the officers, as well as sailors, died. Raleigh himself came very near death from a fever. On Nov. 14 the fleet anchored at the mouth of the Cayenne River on the eastern coast of South America.

The Indians remembered Raleigh's visit twenty years before. He wrote Lady Raleigh, Nov. 14: —

"Sweet Heart, — I can yet write unto you with but a weak hand. . . . To tell you that I might be here king of the Indians were a vanity; but my name hath still lived among them. Here they feed me with fresh meat and all that the country yields: all offer to obey me. Commend me to poor Carew, my son."

Raleigh's own health preventing his going in person, he sent Captain Keymis, with five hundred men in five smaller ships, up the Orinoco River to search for the mine. They were given instructions to do their best to reach the mine without conflict with the Spaniards. "When they returned they would find him dead or alive. If you find not my ships, you shall find their ashes. For I will fire, with the galleons, if it come to extremity; but run will I never."

The ascent of the Orinoco took twenty-three days. Despatches from Madrid, through Gondomar, had already been sent concerning their coming. The Spaniards fired first upon them as they attempted to land on the bank of the river, some distance from the supposed mine. The English returned the fire; and young Raleigh, only twenty-three, was killed at the head of his men.

Wounded by a musket-shot, he pressed on, bleeding and using his sword, when he was felled to the ground by the but-end of a musket in the hands of a Spaniard. His last words were: "Go on! May the Lord have mercy upon me, and prosper your enterprise!"

The Spaniards were driven back into their town of San Thome, built about twenty miles from its site twenty years before, when Raleigh took Berrio, the Spanish governor, prisoner. The Spaniards were defeated, and several houses were burned. Young Raleigh was buried in the little church of San Thome, far away from home and friends.

Young Raleigh was a brave youth, the idol of both parents. He had been made to suffer for his father's downfall. He was engaged to an heir of Sir Robert Basset, descended from King Edward IV. This girl was a ward of Raleigh, who managed her estate of three thousand pounds a year — about fifteen thousand of our money. After Sir Walter's disgrace she was taken away from the son and married Henry Howard, the son of Lord Treasurer Suffolk. He died suddenly at table, and she afterwards married William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle. "He would never have wedded her," says an old writer, "if young Walter Raleigh had been alive, conceiving her, before God, to be his wife, For they were married as much as children could be."

Captain Keymis then pushed on towards the mine, but the Spaniards fired upon him from the woods, several men were killed, and, his force becoming disheartened, with the young Raleigh dead and the admiral Sir Walter, likely to die, Keymis gave up the search for the mine, and reluctantly returned to the ships.

The meeting between Raleigh and Keymis, with the

news of the death of his son, was a sad one. Raleigh wrote his wife: "God knows I never knew what sorrow meant till now. . . . I shall sorrow the less because I have not long to sorrow, because not long to live."

When Keymis told the story of the failure to reach the mine, Sir Walter, in bitterness of soul, replied, "that Keymis had undone him, and that his credit was lost forever." Sir Walter knew only too well that gold alone would satisfy King James.

Raleigh blamed the captain so much that the latter was greatly cast down. Afterwards he came to Raleigh, saying that he had written an excuse to the Earl of Arundel, and begged Raleigh to allow of his apology. The latter refused, whereupon Keymis replied, "I know not, then, sir, what course to take," and went to his cabin, where he at once killed himself by a pistol and a knife.

Raleigh now determined to go in search of the mine himself, but his men mutinied and refused to go. On the journey homeward they were scattered again by severe storms.

When the Destiny, Sir Walter's ship, arrived in Plymouth, Lady Raleigh hastened to meet her heart-broken husband. They started towards London; and when they had gone about twenty miles they were met by Sir Lewis Stukeley, a kinsman of Sir Walter's, who declared that he had come to arrest him and his ships, and they all returned to Plymouth. Captain King, a faithful servant of Raleigh, begged him to escape to Paris, and, overpersuaded, a bark was engaged and Raleigh entered it, but when a little way out he determined to return and take the consequences.

Meantime Gondomar, hearing of the San Thome affair,

hastened to the King, but was told that he was engaged. He sent a message that he might be allowed only one word, and, permission being granted, rushed into the Audience Chamber, and cried out, "*Piratas! Piratas! Piratas!*"

Raleigh stated the case of "Piracy" well, when he wrote his "Apology" to be laid before the King and the country. "If it be now thought to be a breach of peace, the taking and burning of a Spanish town in the country, if the country be the King of Spain's, it had been no less a breach of peace to have wrought any mine of his, and to have robbed him of his gold. If the country be the King's, I have not offended; if it be not the King's, I must have perished if I had but taken gold out of the mines there." James I. allowed him to go to Guiana, and now James was to punish him for going.

Raleigh arrived in London Aug. 7. He now bribed Stukeley and a French physician who was with him to help him to escape to France. They accepted the bribe, rowed out towards the French ship, and then told him that they had betrayed him. Stukeley was always called Sir Judas Stukeley after this. When Stukeley complained to the King that some one spoke ill of him, James replied, "Were I disposed to hang every man that speaks ill of thee, there would not be trees enough in all my kingdom to hang them on." Later he fled the country for stealing, or clipping coin. He died a maniac in 1620, on the lonely Isle of Lundy.

Raleigh passed through the form of an examination (James having proclaimed "an horrible invasion of the town of San Thome," . . . and "the malicious breaking of the peace which hath been so happily established"); but Philip III., through Gondomar, had already demanded his death.

Raleigh again entered the Tower Aug. 10, 1718. On the 28th of October, at eight in the morning, he was brought hastily to Westminster, being commanded to rise from his bed, where he was ill with the ague. A servant reminded him that the combing of his hair had been forgotten. "Let them kem it that are to have it," said Raleigh with a smile.

At the hearing at Westminster he was told by Francis Bacon, who was at enmity with him, that he was to be executed on the old charge of treason in 1603. (Bacon three years later was impeached for bribery and fined forty thousand pounds, besides losing his office.)

Raleigh begged for a little delay, to finish some writing; but the King had ordered that all things be done quickly, and had gone away lest he be besought for pardon. Much of this time, says Edwards, when he was not hunting or horse-racing, James was writing "Meditations on the Lord's Prayer!"

Later in the day, on this Thursday, the 28th, Lady Raleigh heard of the trial, and hastened to her husband. They talked together till midnight, he calming her heart-break with his cheerfulness and resolution. He told her he could not trust himself to speak of their dear little Carew. Her last words to him were that she had obtained permission to have his precious body for burial. He smiled and said, "It is well, dear Bess, that thou mayest dispose of that dead which thou hadst not always the disposing of when alive."

He wrote on the fly-leaf of his Bible the night before his execution: —

> "E'en such is time! which takes in trust
> Our youth, our joys, and all we have;
> And pays us naught but age and dust,
> Which in the dark and silent grave,

When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
And from which grave, and earth, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust."

In the morning he passed cheerfully through the vast throng of people to the block. Seeing an old man bareheaded, he took from his own head a night-cap of cut lace which he wore under his hat, and threw it to him with the words, "You need this, my friend, more than I do."

"He was the most fearless of death that ever was known," said Dr. Townson, his spiritual adviser, "and the most resolute and confident; yet with reverence and conscience."

On the scaffold he spoke eloquently for nearly a half-hour, showing his innocence and asserting that the world would yet be persuaded of it. Friends lingered long on the scafford, loath to leave one of nature's noblemen and one of England's greatest and bravest. He gently dismissed them, saying, "I have a long journey to go, therefore I must take my leave of you."

After he had prayed, he said, "I die in the faith professed by the Church of England. I hope to be saved, and to have my sins washed away by the precious blood and merits of our Saviour, Christ."

The executioner was affected, and asked to be forgiven for what he was about to do. Raleigh placed both hands on the man's shoulders, and assured him of his forgiveness. He then laid off his cloak, and asked to see the axe. The man hesitated. Raleigh again said, "I prithee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?"

He touched the edge with his finger, and kissed the

blade, saying, "It is a sharp medicine, but one that will cure me of all diseases." Soon he added, "When I stretch forth my hands, despatch me."

The executioner then cast down his own cloak that Sir Walter might kneel upon it. When asked which way he would lay his head upon the block, he replied, "So the heart be right, it matters not which way the head lies." Raleigh knelt, prayed for a moment, laid his head towards the east, and then stretched forth his hands. The executioner seemed benumbed. Raleigh stretched them forth again, but no blow came.

"What dost thou fear?" said Raleigh. "Strike, man, strike!" Two blows fell, but the first had done its bloody work.

The severed head was placed in a red bag and given to Lady Raleigh. This she embalmed and kept with her while she lived, giving it to her son Carew when she died. It was probably buried with him at West Horsley, in Surrey, where he had an estate.

The body of Sir Walter she interred in St. Margaret's, in which church, in 1882, after a lapse of two centuries, a beautiful memorial window was placed in memory of the man so unjustly beheaded, the man who helped to make North America English instead of Spanish, as the forerunner of the Virginia colony; whose treatment of the Indians was above reproach, in an age of harshness and immorality; one of the bravest of Englishmen, and one of the most remarkable of his time.

Lady Raleigh lived till 1647, twenty-nine years after the death of Sir Walter. Though she did not see the unfortunate Charles I., the son of James, perish on the scaffold, Jan. 30, 1649, she saw the Stuarts overthrown. The vacillating and unrighteous policy of James I. bore its legitimate fruit.

Carew Raleigh, the son, after graduating from Wadham College, Oxford, came to court, by favor of his kinsman, William, Earl of Pembroke. James disliked him, as he "appeared to him like the ghost of his father" — no wonder that James's conscience troubled him. After the King's death, a year later, Carew returned and begged to have his estates restored to him. Charles I. instead gave him four hundred pounds a year, after the death of his mother, who had received that amount while living. He married Lady Philippa, the rich widow of Sir Anthony Ashley, and had two sons and three daughters. He was in Parliament during Cromwell's time. At the restoration of Charles II. his élder son, Walter, was knighted, but died soon after. Carew Raleigh died in 1666, at the age of sixty-two.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, DR. KANE, C. F. HALL, AND OTHERS.

"NO officer could have been found in the marine of any country who combined more admirable qualifications for the duties of an explorer," says Dr. Elisha Kent Kane in his "United States Grinnell Expedition." "To the resolute enterprise and powers of endurance which his former expeditions had tested so severely, Sir John Franklin united many delightful traits of character. With an enthusiasm almost boyish, he had a spirit of large but fearless forecast and a sensitive kindness of heart that commiserated every one but himself. He is remembered to this day among the Indians of North America as 'the great chief who would not kill a mosquito.'" He is remembered, too, by all the world, as the man for whom a heroic woman spent nearly her whole fortune and her whole life, moving two continents by her prayers and her appeals, to search for her husband in the frozen regions of North America.

In the little town of Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, England, April 16, 1786, was born John Franklin, the youngest son in a family of ten children — four boys and six girls.

The father, Willingham Franklin, was engaged in mercantile pursuits, and seems to have had enough money to educate his children well, though the family

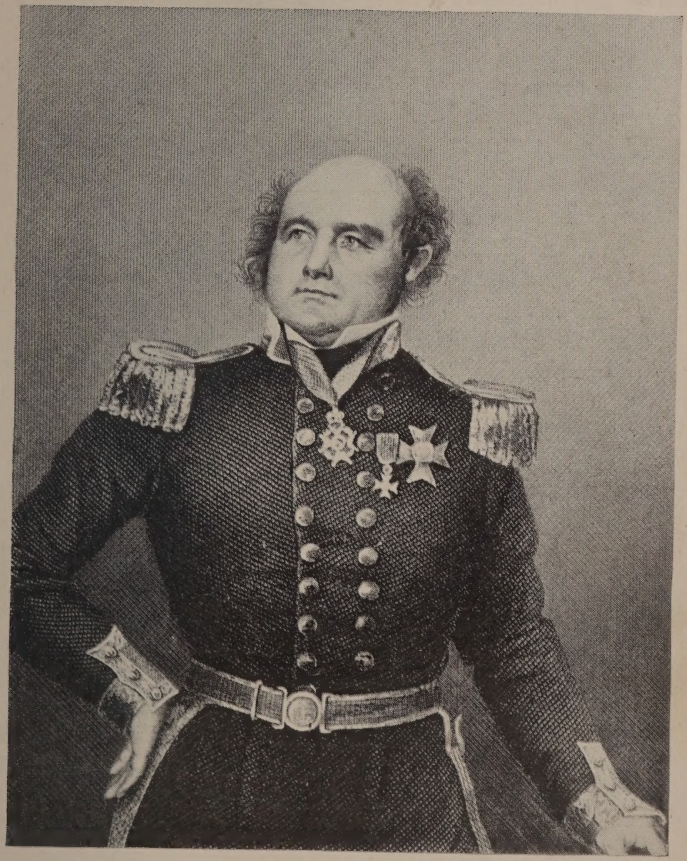
lived simply, in a one-story house. One son, the second, Sir Willingham Franklin, educated at Oxford, became a judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Madras, and died at the age of forty-five. Another son, Major James Franklin, became distinguished in the army, was skilled in science, and a Fellow of the Royal Society, dying at the age of fifty-one.

John was sent to a preparatory school at St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, and at twelve to the Louth grammar school, with the expectation of his good mother, Hannah, that he would become a clergyman.

But the lad seems to have had other thoughts in his mind. At ten years of age, having a holiday, he and a companion went to the shore of the North Sea, about ten miles from their home. The sublimity of the ocean greatly impressed John; and he then and there resolved to be a sailor, as has many another boy before and since, forgetful or unconscious of the hardships before them.

Disappointed at his choice, but desiring to cure him of his wish to go to sea, as school had become distasteful to him, the parents sent him on board a merchant ship to Lisbon and back. Charmed with the blue waters and pleased with the kindness of the captain, who liked and petted the cheerful, enthusiastic boy, he became more than ever infatuated with a sailor's life.

His earnest entreaties were at last acceded to; and John obtained a place on His Majesty's ship, Polyphemus, March 9, 1800, as a first-class volunteer. He was now fourteen years old. A year later the Polyphemus with eighteen line-of-battle ships and many other vessels, was engaged in the conflict off Copenhagen, which Lord Nelson declared "the greatest victory he ever



SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

gained . . . the most hard-fought battle and the most complete victory that ever was fought and obtained by the navy of this country." The Polyphemus boarded and took possession of two ships, losing six killed and twenty-four wounded. The boy who craved adventure was having it to his heart's content.

Soon after the battle young Franklin was appointed one of six midshipmen on the ship Investigator, bound for exploration in the Southern Hemisphere. This position came through a relative, Captain Matthew Flinders, also from Lincolnshire, already somewhat known as an explorer and scientific student.

The Investigator sailed from Spithead, July 18, 1801, and anchored in King George's Sound in Western Australia, Dec. 8. Then the ship sailed along the south shore, making surveys, and naming islands, bays, and inlets — two islands of the St. Francis group were named in honor of the boy navigator, then fifteen years of age, the Franklin Isles; another in Spencer Gulf, Spilsby Island, after his birthplace, while a large bight was named Louth Bay, and two more islands Louth Islands, after the old grammar school, founded by Edward VI. in 1552, where the youth had studied books with his heart full of longing for the sea. Captain Flinders must have felt strangely drawn to the lad who was so eager in his geographical studies and such an apt scholar for the work in hand.

On their arrival in Sydney Cove an observatory was set up on shore, where all the astronomical observations were taken. Franklin was made assistant to Mr. Samuel Flinders, brother of the captain, and was called jokingly, though not inaptly, "Tycho Brahe," after the celebrated Danish astronomer.

Later the east coast of Australia was carefully explored. After nearly two years, the ship's company having become much reduced by sickness and several deaths, through scurvy from lack of fresh food and from much exposure, the old Investigator being abandoned as unseaworthy, Captain Flinders sailed for England in the Porpoise. Young Franklin was made master's-mate July 21, 1803.

Six days after the Porpoise had sailed from Australia she was wrecked on the reefs. The crew were saved, with the charts and books of the expedition, though the latter were damaged by the salt water. These charts were spread out to dry upon the sand, and Franklin and others thoughtlessly drove over them the sheep which were saved alive from the ship. The marks, it is said, are still to be seen upon them in the Royal Colonial Insitute in London.

The shipwrecked men erected some tents on the beach, and prepared to live as best they might till relief should possibly come. Captain Flinders and thirteen men started in a six-oared boat, saved from the wreck, for Sydney, seven hundred and fifty miles away. They carried provisions for three weeks. It was doubtful if the little craft could ever weather the sea; but by skilful management she reached the desired port and obtained three vessels, one bound for China, and two government schooners, which sailed to the wreck and picked up the anxious and disabled company.

Franklin was carried to China, while Captain Flinders, touching at Mauritius for water and provisions, was made a prisoner of war by the French Governor. He was detained for six years and a half. On his release he wrote the narrative of his expedition, and, worn by his

privations and unjust imprisonment, he died July 19, 1814, on the very day that his book was published.

Franklin sailed for England in a large squadron filled with the merchandise of China and Japan. On the journey they were attacked by a French squadron of men-of-war, but the latter were defeated by the merchant ships. After a little more than three years, Aug. 7, 1804, Franklin was once more in the one-story house at Spilsby, and Hannah Franklin was listening intently to the perils of her son, and rejoicing at his safe return.

In a few weeks he was on board the Bellerophon, helping to blockade the French fleet in the harbor of Brest. On the 21st of October, 1805, he was in the great battle of Trafalgar, the Bellerophon taking a leading part, losing in the conflict her captain, John Cooke, and twenty-seven other men, while one hundred and twenty-seven were wounded. Franklin evinced conspicuous zeal and activity as signal midshipman, and was one of the few in the stern of the ship who escaped unhurt.

From the Bellerophon, Franklin was transferred to the Bedford, and was made an acting lieutenant Dec. 5, 1807. She cruised for some weeks off Lisbon, and helped to escort the royal family of Portugal from Lisbon to Brazil, to which country they fled for safety when Marshal Junot invaded Portugal. For two years they were stationed on the coast of South America, returning to England in August, 1810. Three months later, Nov. 27, 1810, Franklin's mother died at Spilsby, at the age of fifty-nine. She had seen her son at twenty-four respected and promoted. She could not know how the lad born in the quiet home was to be talked of and

mourned throughout the world. She had reared him in her own earnest faith; she could trust his future.

During the next three years Franklin cruised in the West Indies, and was engaged in the attack on New Orleans in our war of 1812 with England. In clearing Lake Borgne of the American gun-boats so that the English could land their army, Franklin was wounded, and received a medal for his bravery. Later in the war he showed great courage.

In 1815, on his return to England, Franklin was transferred to the Forth, and made first lieutenant under Captain Sir William Bolton. After peace was concluded the navy was reduced, and Franklin, on half-pay, had leisure to devote himself to scientific study.

From early times there had been talk of a north-west passage to Cathay (China) and India, by sailing from Europe above North America in the Arctic Circle, and thus crossing from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; also a north-east passage above Russia. Tragedy had attended nearly every voyage. Sir Hugh Willoughby and his frozen crew met their fate in a Lapland harbor in trying to solve the north-east passage. William Barentz, the Dutch navigator, in his third voyage in 1596, perished off Icy Cape, Alaska. Henry Hudson, with his orders to "go direct to the North Pole," reached 80° 30′ off the coast of Spitzbergen, naming the north-west point Hakluyt Headland. No other vessel went so far to the northward for one hundred and sixty years.

"From a commercial point of view," says Captain Albert Hastings Markham, R. N., in his life of Franklin, "Hudson's voyage must always be regarded as a great success; for the report that he made of the numerous whales and walruses he had seen led to the estab-

lishment of that lucrative and prosperous fishery which has, with varying success, been prosecuted to the present day. The east coast of Greenland, discovered by Hudson, was not again visited by any known navigator for the space of two hundred years."

On Hudson's third voyage, 1609, in search of the north-west passage, he discovered the river which bears his name, and on his fourth voyage, 1610, sailed through Hudson's Straits and several hundred miles on the great Hudson Bay. He wintered on Southampton Island in the northern part of the bay, and in the spring again started for the Pacific. But his men mutinied, and cruelly putting their commander with his only son and six sailors, all ill, into an open boat, left them to perish amid the icebergs. Some of the mutineers reached England in safety, six were killed by the Indians, and some starved to death. At home they were despised and died unlamented. Six years later, 1616, William Baffin discovered Baffin's Bay.

Largely through the influence of Sir John Barrow, Secretary of the Admiralty, England was again interested not only to try to discover the north-west passage and reach the North Pole, but to undertake these things partly in the interests of science, rather than the never-ending chase for the gold of Cathay and the wealth of the Indies.

Lieutenant John Ross and Lieutenant Edward Parry[1] were chosen to search for the north-west passage, and Commander David Buchan with Lieutenant John Franklin to reach, if possible, the North Pole.

Buchan had already explored considerable of Newfoundland, and Franklin had had experience in Australia. Buchan commanded the Dorothea, of five hundred

and seventy tons, and Franklin the Trent, of two hundred and fifty tons. Both ships carried provisions for two years and plenty of instruments for deep-sea soundings and astronomical observations. They sailed out of the Thames April 25, 1818. In just a month, May 24, the ship sighted Bear, or Cherie Island, south of Spitzbergen, and proceeded, according to their directions from the Government, to seek the North Pole by sailing between Spitzbergen and Greenland.

The ice soon became so thick on the ships that it was necessary to cut it away by axes from the bows, and the ropes were much covered. June 3 they were in Magdalena Bay, on the north-west coast of Spitzbergen. Here they surveyed the harbor, shot seals and walruses which basked in the sun on the huge broken pieces of ice, saw a great glacier, believed to be a quarter of a mile in circumference, slide into the sea from a height of two hundred feet, — its weight was computed to be over four hundred thousand tons, — and then sailed around the northern shore of Spitsbergen, and near Red Bay were beset in the great ice pack which stretched away to the north.

After several days the ice loosened and the ships anchored in Fair Haven, a little to the west of Red Bay. They shot forty reindeer and several eider ducks, thus providing fresh meat for the men.

Early in July the ships again put to sea, and reached eventually 80° 34′ north, but could go no farther on account of the impenetrable mass of ice. In an attempt to go westward the ships were caught in a gale of wind, and so battered by the ice floes, — great broken pieces, — that Franklin determined to drive his ship into the pack to escape destruction. When she struck the pack,

the men lost their footing, the masts bent, and the vessel staggered from side to side.

"Literally tossed from piece to piece," wrote Captain Beechey, then first lieutenant of the Trent, "we had nothing left but patiently to abide the issue, for we could scarcely keep our feet, much less render any assistance to the vessel. The motion was so great that the ship's bell, which in the heaviest gale of wind had never struck by itself, now tolled so continually that it was ordered to be muffled, for the purpose of escaping the unpleasant association it was calculated to produce."

On the following morning it was found that the Dorothea was even more badly damaged than the Trent, the port side being driven in. Though Franklin desired to press forward in the search for the Pole, Captain Buchan did not dare to take his vessel to England, unaccompanied by another ship, therefore both returned on Oct. 22, not having accomplished their desire, but having provided a useful experience for the yet to be distinguished Arctic navigator, Franklin.

The other expedition under Ross and Parry sailed through Davis Strait, up Baffin's Bay, and sixty miles into Lancaster Sound; but the weather being bad, they returned to England in October of the same year. Ross thought there was land beyond, so that this water was Lancaster Bay, but Parry believed it to be a sound, thus continuing the north-west passage.

Franklin and Parry were both eager to make another voyage of research, and accordingly in May, 1819, two expeditions started from England. Parry had two ships, the Hecla and Griper, the latter commanded by Lieutenant Liddon. In about a month they reached Davis Strait, passed through Baffin's Bay, and on Aug. 4,

entered Lancaster Sound. Proceeding farther west, they came to a strait which they named Barrow Strait, after Sir John Barrow of the Admiralty. Here their progress was barred by solid ice, and they were obliged to sail south through Prince Regent Inlet, which leads into Boothia Gulf.

Again stopped by ice, they retraced their course, and found an open passage through Barrow Strait. On their north side they discovered a channel which they named Wellington Channel, and on Sept. 3 they crossed the 110th meridian of west longitude, which passes through Melville Island in Melville Sound. Here the ice again stopped them, and cutting a channel in it for two miles, Parry took his ship through to winter quarters on the south side of Melville Island. This place he called Winter Harbor. The men were made happy by the fact that they had earned the reward of five thousand pounds offered by Parliament to any person or ship sailing far enough west to cross the 110th meridian.

Parry explored the country about him, using a light cart dragged by men. Sir F. Leopold M'Clintock found the marks of the wheels more than thirty years afterwards.

The next summer, finding it impossible to push through the ice, and not having provisions for another winter, Parry returned to England, where he was promoted to the rank of commander, and made a Fellow of the Royal Society. He undertook a second voyage in 1821, again sailing in the Hecla, with the ship Fury as escort, hoping to find the north-west passage through Hudson's Strait and Fox Channel; but they were unable to get beyond a strait which leads into Boothia Gulf,

which he named Fury and Hecla Strait. There they wintered, and returned to England in the summer of 1823.

Meantime Franklin started from England, May 23, 1819, to make his wonderful journey through the then unknown North American lands. He was accompanied by Dr. John Richardson, a scientific man, Mr. George Back, and Mr. Robert Hood, midshipmen and artists both, and John Hepburn, a sturdy sailor. They were carried to Hudson Bay in one of the Hudson Bay Company's ships, Prince of Wales, and after being nearly shipwrecked, reached York Factory on the south-west coast of the Bay, Aug. 30, after a three months' voyage.

Here they took one of the transports of the company, a light boat about forty feet long, requiring a crew of from nine to twelve men. When these boats cannot pass over the rapids in the rivers, they are carried round the falls by the men.

The party started from York Factory on the noon of Sept. 9, 1819. The first day they travelled twelve miles, six by boat, and then they were obliged to drag it by hand, walking along a steep and slippery bank. They arose at five the next morning, all eager for the march.

Franklin notes in his journal the beauties of nature in this autumn month, on Steel River. "The light yellow of the fading poplars formed a fine contrast to the dark evergreen of the spruce, whilst the willows, of an intermediate hue, served to shade the two principal masses of color into each other. The scene was occasionally enlivened by the bright purple tints of the dog-wood, blended with the browner shades of the dwarf birch, and frequently intermixed with the gay yellow flowers

of the shrubby cinquefoil. With all these charms the scene appeared desolate from the want of the human species."

Later they found Indians on the verge of starvation, some having been reduced to eating members of their own family.

At the end of nearly two months, Oct. 23, the party reached Cumberland House, on the Saskatchewan River, after a toilsome journey of seven hundred miles, over marshes and across lakes, their clothes often wet all day long.

Unable to obtain guides and hunters at this point, as he had hoped, Franklin, with Back and Hepburn, pressed on towards Fort Chippewyan, on Lake Athabasca, where he hoped to find men to accompany him, leaving Richardson and Hood to winter at Cumberland House.

This winter journey of eight hundred and fifty-seven miles with dogs and sledges was a cold and dreary one. "The tea froze in the tin pots before we could drink it, and even a mixture of spirits and water became quite thick by congelation." The provisions became so scanty that the poor dogs had "only a little burnt leather."

The snow-shoes, made "of two light bars of wood, fastened together at the extremities, and projected into curves by transverse bars," were from four to six feet long and about one foot and a half wide, weighing two pounds each. The feet become very sore and much swollen after long travelling.

Wolves abounded. Here and there the carcasses of deer were found, the wolves driving the herd with hideous yells over a precipice, and then feeding on their mangled bodies at their leisure.

Finding an Indian hut on the journey and a pile of wood near by, they hoped it covered provisions. Remov-

ing the upper pieces of wood, they found the dead body of a woman, clothed in leather, and beside her, "her former garments, the materials for making a fire, a fishing-line, a hatchet, and a bark dish." These she was supposed to need in the other world.

Five families of the Chippewyan tribe were found in a destitute condition. "They had recently," says Franklin, "destroyed everything they possessed, as a token of their great grief for the loss of their relatives in the prevailing sickness. It appears that no article is spared by these unhappy men when a near relative dies; their clothes and tents are cut to pieces, their guns broken, and every other weapon rendered useless, if some persons do not remove these articles from their sight, which is seldom done. Mr. Back sketched one of the children. This delighted the father very much, who charged the boy to be very good now, since his picture had been drawn by a great chief."

The Chippeways think their first ancestor was a dog. The Chippeway widow, says Dr. Richardson, carries a bundle of rags or a doll constantly in her arms, after the husband dies, she calling this bundle her husband. When her relatives think she has mourned long enough, perhaps a year, she is at liberty to marry again.

In this long journey Franklin thought one of the greatest evils was that of "being constantly exposed to witness the wanton and unnecessary cruelty of the men to their dogs, who beat them unmercifully, and habitually vent on them the most dreadful and disgusting imprecations." Such treatment was all the more to be deprecated, because "these useful animals are a comfort to them by the warmth they impart when lying by their side or feet, as they usually do."

Lieutenant Greely, in his "Three Years of Arctic Service," tells what kindness will do for these dogs. They bought at Godhaven, Greenland, "stout surly animals of apparently incurable viciousness." Some months later he says: "Our dogs would now never be recognized as the same wolfish, snapping, untamed animals obtained at the Greenland ports. Good care, plenty of food, and kind treatment had filled out their gaunt frames, put them in good working condition, and made them as good-natured, appreciative, and trustful as though they had never been pounded, half-starved, and generally abused from their puppyhood upward. Half-starved animals, who have never been kindly spoken to, and who have been cruelly beaten on the slightest pretence, necessarily assume in self-defence a threatening and vicious attitude toward all comers." Greely's dogs were fed regularly once a day, and "we never found it necessary to maltreat them to insure fair behaviors at feeding-time." Lieutenant Peary in his Greenland exploration fed his dogs once a day, and, as seen at his lectures, they were gentle and kindly creatures.

Hall says, in his "Arctic Research Expedition," that the Eskimos are usually kind to puppies, as they wish them for future service. Sometimes they treat them better than their children. During one of his sledge journeys he says, "I found that two puppies formed a part of our company. Their mother was an excellent sledge-dog of our team. The pups were carried in the legs of a pair of fur breeches, and they rode on the sledge when travelling. Every time we made a stop they were taken out of their warm quarters and given to the mother for nursing. When we arrived at our encampment, Sharkey built up a small snow-hut for the parent dog and her offspring."

These dogs assist in the hunts for seal, walrus, and bear. Barbekark, a most intelligent dog, belonging to Hall, killed a reindeer, and by his jumping and peculiar actions finally forced the men to go to the spot, where they found the dead animal, and brought it to the company for food.

When Hall was exhausted in a sledge journey Barbekark "would dance round me," he says, "kissing my face, placing himself by my side, where I could pillow my head upon his warm body. . . . He would bound toward me, raise himself on his hind-legs, place his paws upon my breast, and glance from me toward the vessel." Barbekark was brought home by Hall to the United States.

The Eskimos use their dogs in summer as pack-animals. "I have seen," says Gilder, in "Schwatka's Search," a fine large dog that would carry two saddles of reindeer meat, or the entire forequarters of two reindeer. His back would be bent low beneath the burden he bore, but still he would struggle along, panting the while, and regarding his master with a look of the deepest affection whenever he came near him, yet ever ready to fight any other dog that got in his way."

Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hood joined the party again in July, and all proceeded to Fort Providence, on the northern shore of Great Slave Lake. They now had with them twenty-six men, principally Canadian half-breeds, three women to make the fur clothes, and as many children. Several Indians in their canoes also joined the party to hunt and fish for them.

After travelling five hundred and fifty-three miles, they were obliged to settle for the winter, as the Indians would not proceed farther, prophesying death from cold and

starvation. The place where they erected their log buildings they called Fort Enterprise.

Very soon after their huts were built, the walls and roofs plastered with clay, the reindeer disappeared from that locality, and fish began to fail them. These froze as soon as taken out of the nets; very soon the nets themselves were found empty. The Hudson Bay Company's posts had not been able to furnish them the provisions they had promised.

It became necessary for Back to return to Fort Chippewyan for supplies. He started Oct. 18, with three or four persons, and returned March 17, after a five months' journey of eleven hundred and four miles on snow-shoes, with no covering at night save one blanket and a deerskin, with the thermometer once at fifty-seven degrees below zero, and sometimes without food for two and three days at a time. The Indians who went with him were very generous, often not tasting a fish or bird which they caught, but giving it to Back with the self-sacrificing words, "We are accustomed to starvation, but you are not." The party lived largely on a weed or lichen gathered from the rocks, called *tripe de roche*. One night while they were eating it, "I perceived," says Mr. Back in his journal, "one of the women busily employed scraping an old skin, the contents of which her husband presented us with. They consisted of pounded meat, fat, and a greater proportion of Indian's and deer's hair than either; and, though such a mixture may not appear very alluring to an English stomach, it was thought a great luxury after three days' privation in these cheerless regions of America."

The feet of the dogs became raw with the jagged ice, and Back made shoes for them, which, however, came off frequently in the deep snow.

At length, with what food Back had been able to procure, Franklin and his party left Fort Enterprise June 14, 1821, with two large canoes and several sledges, crossing lakes and hills, and finally sailing on the Coppermine River to the sea. They arranged with an Indian chief, Akaitcho, to accumulate a large supply of provisions at Fort Enterprise, in case they should return there the following winter.

Their feet were torn by the ice and sharp-pointed stones, and the feet of the dogs left bloody marks; they were tormented with swarms of mosquitoes, and their food was mouldy from being wet; but they pushed on hopefully through the three hundred and thirty-four miles, for they were nearing the Arctic Ocean, which they had longed to reach. On July 21 they launched their canoes on the ocean, for the journey eastward along the coast line.

During the journey from Fort Enterprise they killed several musk-oxen. "These," said Franklin, "like the buffalo, herd together in bands, and generally frequent the barren grounds during the summer months, keeping near to the banks of the river, but retire to the woods in winter. . . . When two or three men get so near a herd as to fire at them from different points, these animals, instead of separating or running away, huddle closer together, and several are generally killed; but if the wound is not mortal they become enraged, and dart in the most furious manner at the hunters, who must be very dexterous to evade them. They can defend themselves by their powerful horns against the wolves and bears, which, as the Indians say, they not unfreqently kill."

Dr. John Richardson says of hunting this animal: "The shaggy patriarch [the leader] advanced before the cows,

which threw themselves into a circular group, and, lowering his shot-proof forehead so as to cover his body, came slowly forward, stamping and pawing the ground with his fore-feet, bellowing, and showing an evident disposition for fight, while he tainted the atmosphere with the strong musky odor of his body."

When wounded by a ball, "he instantly faced about, roared, struck the ground forcibly with his fore-feet, and seemed to be hesitating whether to charge or not." The men were glad when they saw him climb the snow-covered mountain, followed by the cows.

Greely, in his "Three Years of Arctic Service," tells of the securing alive of four calves in a band of musk-oxen, at Discovery Bay, in Robeson Channel, far north of Smith Sound. "The calves were brought in from the top of the mountain, eighteen hundred feet above the sea," says Greely. "Every effort was made to raise the calves, which soon became tame and tractable. They ate milk, corn-meal, and almost any food that was given them. . . . In a short time they became very fond of Long and Frederik, who generally cared for them, and would follow them around and put their noses into the men's pockets for food. I had intended to send them to the United States by the visiting vessel of 1882. When the long nights came it was impracticable to give them exercise, and probably from this cause, despite our care, they died."

Greely tried to save the calves by sending them to Bellot Island, near by. When one was untied he died immediately. "The other was taken up into the ravine, following Long like a dog, but, despite all efforts, the men were unable to leave him there; he ran after the sledge and returned to the station. After arriving near the

house he followed Long everywhere, and was finally carried to his old pen. He died the next day."

The Franklin party saw a few Eskimos who fled at their approach, leaving an aged man who was too infirm to follow them. He was bent and white-haired. "Whenever Terragaunœuck received a present," says Franklin, "he placed each article first on his right shoulder, then on his left; and when he wished to express still higher satisfaction, he rubbed it over his head. He held hatchets and other iron instruments in the highest esteem. On seeing his countenance in a glass for the first time, he exclaimed, 'I shall never kill deer more,' and immediately put the mirror down. . . . These Eskimos strike fire with two stones, catching the sparks in the down of the catkins of a willow. . . Their cooking utensils are made of pot-stone, and they form very neat dishes of fur, the sides being made of thin deal bent into an oval form, secured at the ends by seaming, and fitted so nicely to the bottom as to be perfectly water-tight. They have also large spoons made of the horns of the musk oxen."

Terregaunœuck gave each person a piece of dried meat, which, though highly tainted, was at once eaten, as this was a token of peaceable intention.

After reaching the Arctic Ocean, they explored the coast for five hundred and fifty-five miles, and would gladly have gone farther, but meeting no Eskimos who could provide them with food, and killing only some bears and two small deer, they turned back on the 22d of August, at a point which Franklin named Point Turnagain, on Dease Strait, six and one-half degrees east from the mouth of the Coppermine River.

It was a perilous journey in their light canoes, and most of the Indians refused to take it, having no faith

that such boats could live amid the blocks of ice and in the storms.

Soon after starting they landed on an island where the Eskimos had stored up fishing implements and winter sledges, with dressed seal, musk ox, and deer-skins. "We took from this deposit," says Franklin, "four seal-skins to repair our shoes, and left in exchange a copper kettle and some awls and beads."

At several places where Eskimos had been encamped, leaving either sledges or skins till their return, Franklin left presents of knives and beads, to show the friendship of the white men. This was but in accordance with the nature of the man so universally beloved and so universally lamented.

They explored a gulf and named it Coronation Gulf in honor of George IV., who had recently come to the throne. Hood River was named after Franklin's young companion. Some islands he called Porden, after Miss Eleanor Anne Porden, the daughter of an eminent architect, and a girl of much talent. When Buchan and Franklin made their first trip in the Dorothea and the Trent to the Arctic regions, she wrote a sonnet on the expedition, which led to her acquaintance with Franklin, and a deeper interest in him and his journey. She soon after wrote a poem, assuming the character of an Eskimo maiden, begging Franklin to return to the North. Perhaps he could read between the lines that his return to England would be equally welcomed.

On the departure for Fort Enterprise it was decided to take the shortest route overland, one hundred and forty-nine miles in a straight line. The stores and books were to be left in boxes *en cache;* that is, covered up with a pile of stones away from the wolves, while each man

bore on his shoulders about ninety pounds' weight in ammunition, nets, hatchets, astronomical instruments, blankets, kettles, and two canoes.

On the evening of the day on which they started they killed a cow from a drove of musk oxen, but the men were too heavily laden to carry more than a small portion of the flesh. This was unfortunate, as food soon became scarce.

Early in September snow fell three feet deep, and storms were frequent. The last piece of pemican was gone. This food was prepared, says Sir John Richardson, in his "Arctic Searching Expedition," "from beef of the best quality, cut into thin steaks, from which the fat and membranous parts were pared away, was dried in a malt kiln over an oak fire, until its moisture was entirely dissipated, and the fibre of the meat became friable." After being ground in a mill, it was mixed with equal weight of beef-suet or lard. Sometimes Zante currants or sugar were added. The tents and bedclothes were frozen, and all began to suffer from insufficient food. Franklin writes in his journal, "I was seized with a fainting fit, in consequence of exhaustion and sudden exposure to the wind; but after eating a morsel of portable soup, I recovered so far as to be able to move on. I was unwilling at first to take this morsel of soup, which was diminishing the small and only remaining meal of the party; but several of the men urged me to it, with much kindness."

The larger of the two canoes became so broken through the falling of the man who carried it that it was valueless. They therefore used it to build a fire to cook the last of their soup and arrow-root, a scanty meal after three days' fasting. In the afternoon they gathered some *tripe de*

roche from the rocks, and with half a partridge each, which had been shot during the day, they made a supper, cooked by a few willows dug from beneath the snow. They slept that night and all the succeeding nights upon their shoes and socks, to prevent them from freezing.

They forded rapid rivers, often up to their breasts in water, and sometimes carried over one passenger at a time in their leaky canoe. One of the men walked all night to hunt a herd of musk oxen which he had seen, but was enabled to bring back only four pounds of a deer, the rest of which had been devoured by wolves.

Finally, in a herd of musk oxen, they killed a cow which was skinned and cut up at once. "The contents of its stomach were devoured upon the spot, and the raw intestines," writes Franklin. "A few willows whose tops were seen peeping through the snow in the bottom of the valley were quickly grubbed, the tents pitched, and supper cooked and devoured with avidity. This was the sixth day since we had had a good meal, the *tripe de roche* (lichens), even when we got enough, only serving to allay the pangs of hunger for a short time;" and he adds, "This unpalatable weed was now quite nauseous to the whole party," and produced sickness among them.

The men were growing so weak after three weeks on the march that it became necessary to lighten the baggage by leaving the books and several of the instruments on the way. Dr. Richardson was also obliged to leave his specimens of plants and minerals.

In crossing a river three hundred yards wide, the canoe was overturned in the middle of the rapid, and being righted and entered, she struck a rock and went down; but they were able to rescue her, though Franklin's port-

folio, with his journals, meteorological and astronomical observations made during the descent of the Coppermine River and along the seacoast, were lost. One of the men, Belanger, was nearly drowned and dragged senseless through the rapid by a small cord belonging to one of the nets. When rescued he was rolled in blankets, and two men undressed themselves and went to bed with him; but he did not recover warmth and sensation for several hours.

On Sept. 15 a deer was killed, and this gave cause for thanksgiving. When this was gone they ate the skin. "We were now," writes Franklin, "almost exhausted by slender fare and travel, and our appetites had become ravenous. We looked, however, with humble confidence to the great Author and Giver of all good, for a continuance of the support which had hitherto been always supplied to us at our greatest need." Evening prayers were read at the close of each weary day.

The sun had not shone for six days, and the helpers were becoming discouraged, and even threatened to throw away their bundles. They did indeed throw away the broken canoe, and could not be induced to carry it again, and the officers had become too weak to do so after the refusal of the men. "The latter halted among some willows," says Franklin, "where they had picked up some pieces of skin and a few bones of deer that had been devoured by the wolves last spring. They had rendered the bones friable by burning, and eaten them as well as the skin; and several of them had added their old shoes to the repast." The officers also "refreshed themselves by eating their old shoes and a few scraps of leather."

After eight days of famine they killed five small deer, and "every heart was filled with gratitude." They then prepared to make a raft of willows to cross the Coppermine River, forty miles from Fort Enterprise.

The cold increased and the men became careless, and scattered in different directions for hunting. When they shot partridges, they secreted them from the officers, fearing starvation. Finally the raft was completed, and Dr. Richardson, after several fruitless attempts by the men to cross, attempted to swim with a line about his body. He soon became benumbed with the cold, — he was reduced to skin and bone for lack of food, and so could not bear the exposure, — and sank before their eyes. They instantly pulled upon the line, and he was drawn in almost lifeless. He was restored; but, his whole left side being deprived of feeling, did not come to its natural condition till the following summer.

Finally a kind of canoe was made out of the painted canvas in which they wrapped their bedding, and it was covered with pitch gathered from the small pines which grew near. Meantime the men had found the putrid carcass of a deer which had perished in the cleft of a rock in the spring, and it was devoured at once. Again they found "the antlers and back bone of a deer which had been killed in the summer. The wolves and birds of prey had picked them clean, but there still remained a quantity of the spinal marrow which they had not been able to extract. This," writes Franklin, "although putrid, was esteemed a valuable prize, and the spine being divided into portions, was distributed equally. After eating the marrow, which was so acrid as to excoriate the lips, we rendered the bones friable by burning, and ate them also."

The company had now become so weak that some walked by the support of a stick. They could talk of little else but the dire need for food.

They crossed the river in the little canoe, one at a time being drawn over; but at each passage it filled with water, and their clothes and bedding were wet and frozen. They now ate the remains of their old shoes and whatever scraps of leather they had, and pressed forward in the deep snow, some falling at almost every step. At last some became benumbed and speechless, and their companions were unable to carry them. Death stared the whole party in the face.

Finally it was decided to leave Richardson and Hood with faithful John Hepburn to help them to gather what *tripe de roche* they could, while Franklin and the rest pushed on towards Fort Enterprise. After they "had united in thanksgiving and prayers to Almighty God," the forlorn party started with the hope of finding succor and relieving these three companions.

Unable to carry the tent, they cut it up, and the next night crept close together, but could not keep warm in the deepening snow. Perrault, one of the men, had become so dizzy that he could not stand, and J. B. Belanger and Michel an Iroquois begged to return to Richardson and Hood, which was reluctantly permitted. About two miles farther on Fontano, an Italian, fell down utterly exhausted, and was allowed to find his way back, if possible, to the other men.

The Franklin party was now reduced to four men besides himself, Adam, Peltier, Benoit, and Samandré. They collected some *tripe de roche*, and partook of their only meal in four days. They saw a herd of reindeer, but their only hunter, Adam, was too feeble to pursue them.

At length the starving company reached Fort Enterprise. What was their horror to find no deposit of provisions, as Akaitcho, the chief, had promised, and no trace of Indians. The whole party gave way to a flood of tears. They found a note from Mr. Back, who had reached the place two days before with St. Germain, Solomon Belanger, and Beauparlant, that he had gone in search of Indians.

They learned afterward the reason why Akaitcho had failed to keep his word in leaving provisions. Though disbelieving that the white men would come back alive, he entrusted the matter to his brother Humpy, who with his men failed to get a supply of ammunition from Fort Providence, and were obliged to turn old axes into balls. Several of the leading hunters were drowned, and some actually starved. Some writing was left on a plank for Franklin showing these reasons; but as the house had become opened and a home for wild beasts, the writing had become destroyed.

Franklin and his party then looked round at Fort Enterprise for something to eat, and to their great joy found some deer-skins which had been thrown away during their former residence. Some bones were also gathered from the ash heap. They pulled up the floors of the little house for a fire.

Scarcely were they seated at the fire, when Belanger came, almost speechless and covered with ice, with a note from Back that he could find no trace of Indians.

Franklin determined at once to search himself for Indians, as this was their only hope for life, and took with him Benoit, and Augustus who had strayed away from the party and was now returned. They parted sadly from their companions, but Franklin says "There

was far more calmness and resignation to the Divine will evinced by every one than could have been expected." Franklin broke his snow-shoes, and was obliged to return to the Fort while the men went on.

Adam was ill, and Samandré too despairing and weak to help, both weeping all day long. Peltier gathered the wood, and Franklin cooked whatever skins he could find under the snow. Their strength declined, and when once seated they had to help each other to arise. But all the time Franklin conversed cheerfully, and bade them hope for relief.

A herd of reindeer passed, but nobody could fire a gun without resting it upon some support. They could no longer cut wood, being unable to lift the hatchet. At this juncture Dr. Richardson and Hepburn entered.

They had a sad story to relate. Mr. Hood, the artist, had been shot by Michel, the Iroquois, in the back of the head. Bickersteth's "Scripture Help" was lying open beside the body, and it is probable that the brilliant and warm-hearted young officer was reading it at the time he was shot. It now became probable to Richardson that the Indian, Michel, had killed and eaten Jean Baptist Belanger and Perrault, and that the supposed deer-meat which he brought to the tent was portions of their bodies. Michel became surly, threatened Hepburn, and would not obey orders. He said, "It is no use hunting, there are no animals; you had better kill and eat me." Fearing for their own lives, Dr. Richardson shot him through the head. Crédit, Fontano, and Vaillant, three other helpers, were also dead on the way.

Richardson became so exhausted on the journey to the fort that he fell frequently, and was saved only by the faithful Hepburn. As soon as they arrived, the latter

killed a partridge, and after holding it before the fire for a few minutes, it was divided equally to each man. "It was the first flesh any of us had tasted," says Franklin, "for thirty-one days." . . . The doctor having brought his prayer-book and Testament, some prayers and portions of Scripture, appropriate to our situation, were read, and we retired to bed."

Peltier and Samandré soon died from exhaustion, and the rest were unable to bury them. Adam was so low that Franklin remained constantly by his side, and slept by him at night to keep some warmth in his emaciated body.

Nov. 4 Franklin found but three bones, and returned fatigued to the house. The doctor and Hepburn were now unable to rise without each helping the other. They all uttered fretful expressions, which were no sooner spoken than atoned for. They still read the New Testament, and prayed morning and evening, — a pitiful circle of worshippers in that cheerless hut, — but it "always afforded us the greatest consolation," says Franklin, "serving to reanimate our hopes in the mercy of the Omnipotent, who alone could save and deliver us."

Nov. 7 they heard the report of a gun, and then saw three Indians close to the house. Dr. Richardson and Franklin "immediately addressed thanksgiving to the throne of mercy for this deliverance." Adam could not comprehend it; he was so weak; he tried to rise, but sank down again.

The Indians had been sent by Mr. Back from Akaitcho's encampment, which he had finally reached, and brought dried deer-meat, some fat, and a few tongues. Deliverance had come at last, and they were saved from

starvation. One Indian returned to Akaitcho to tell about their condition, while two, Crooked-Foot and the Rat, stayed to give the most watchful care to the white men, feeding them as if they were children.

Meantime the journey of Back and his men had been replete with hardships. They lived on bones and skins abandoned by the wolves on account of the severity of the weather. Poor Beauparlant fell and froze to death on the journey. Their feet were cracked, their faces and fingers frozen, and they barely escaped death.

When Franklin and his men were somewhat recovered, they moved on towards Fort Providence. "The Indians," he says, "treated us with the utmost tenderness, gave us their snow-shoes, and walked without themselves, keeping by our sides, that they might lift us when we fell."

Finally they reached the encampment of the chief, Akaitcho, where they were warmly welcomed, the chief cooking for them with his own hands. They reached Fort Providence Dec. 11. Letters awaited them from England. Franklin, Back, and Hood had been promoted, the former to be commander, the two latter to be lieutenants. Alas, that Hood's had come too late!

Adam, the interpreter, joined himself to the Copper Indians, and the rest of the party, with dogs and sledges, reached York Factory on the Hudson Bay, July 14, 1822, having made by land and water one of the most perilous journeys on record, of five thousand five hundred and fifty miles. Franklin reached England after an absence of about three years. He was immediately made a Fellow of the Royal Society for his valuable contributions to science in the way of exploration and discovery, and was honored throughout England for his bravery, his

self-sacrifice, and heroic character. His book, published the following year, modest, clear, and most interesting, was widely read.

He was at this time, says one of his relatives, in expression, "grave and mild, and very benignant; his build, thoroughly that of a sailor; his stature, rather below the middle height; his look, very kind, and his manner very quiet, though not without a certain dignity, as of one accustomed to command others." He had also great cheerfulness, and a self-reliance which marked him as a natural leader of men.

Commander Parry voiced the general feeling when he wrote him: "Of the splendid achievements of yourself and your brave companions in enterprise, I can hardly trust myself to speak, for I am apprehensive of not conveying what, indeed, can never be conveyed adequately in words — my unbounded admiration of what you have, under the blessing of God, been enabled to perform, and the manner in which you have performed it. . . . In you and your party, my dear friend, we see so sublime an instance of Christian confidence in the Almighty, of the superiority of moral and religious energy over mere brute strength of body, that it is impossible to contemplate your sufferings and preservation without a sense of reverential awe! . . . Your letter was put into my hand at Shetland, and I need not be ashamed to say that I cried over it like a child."

Franklin had another reason for happiness and gratitude. He had won the heart and promise of marriage of the young poet, Eleanor Anne Porden. She had published an epic poem in two volumes called "Cœur de Lion," and a scientific poem called "The Veils," for which she was made a member of the Institute of Paris.

She was highly esteemed, and drew about her a charming circle of intellectual men and women. Once when at the Royal Institute in London she heard some one remark, "that those ladies better be at home making puddings." With a smile, she answered, turning towards him, "We made those before we came out!"

They were married Aug. 19, 1823. At this time she was twenty-six years of age, and he eleven years her senior, being thirty-seven. Before marriage she promised him never to deter him from accepting any position of hardship, and she kept her word.

The next year their only child was born, June 3, 1824, to whom was given the name of her mother, Eleanor. Eight months afterwards Franklin was leaving the bedside of a dying wife, to make a second expedition over the same starvation route which he had taken less than three years before. He carried with him a flag, a silk Union Jack, wrought by her fragile hands in her illness, with strict injunctions that it should not be unfolded till he was in the Arctic Sea. She urged his going, but knew that the good-by was final. She died six days after his departure.

Captain Parry was about to make his third voyage in search of the North-west Passage, and Captain Franklin proposed another land expedition to the mouth of the Mackenzie River, when one part of the company should come eastward along the coast to the Coppermine River, and the other part should explore the coast to the westward. A third expedition, under Captain Beechey, was to proceed to Kotzebue Inlet in Bering Strait, with the object of meeting Franklin as he journeyed west from the mouth of the Mackenzie River, while Dr. Richardson, his former companion, came eastward.

Franklin and his party left England Feb. 16, 1825, and after reaching New York, travelled through the States and Canada, arriving at the Saskatchewan River, June 15. He had already heard of the death of his lovely young wife.

The party reached Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake, July 29. Here they met Humpey, the brother of the chief Akaitcho, and some other prominent Indians, who shook hands with Franklin, pressing his hand against their hearts, and exclaiming, "How much we regret that we cannot tell what we feel for you here!" On Aug. 2 they entered Mackenzie River, which was over two miles broad, and in five days reached Fort Norman. Lieutenant Back of the previous expedition, and Mr. Dease of the Hudson Bay Company, were commissioned to proceed to Great Bear Lake, east of the river, and build a house for the winter. Dr. Richardson was to explore the northern shore of the lake. Franklin and Mr. Kendall (who afterwards married Miss Kay, the niece of Mrs. Franklin) with an Eskimo interpreter, Augustus, of the former voyage, a native guide, and a crew of six Englishmen, sailed towards the mouth of the Mackenzie.

The sea was reached in six days. Here Franklin unfurled the silken flag of his beloved Eleanor. He wrote to her sister: "Here was first displayed the flag which my lamented Eleanor made, and you can imagine it was with heartfelt emotion I first saw it unfurled; but in a short time I derived great pleasure in looking at it."

They returned to the winter quarters, which had been named in the absence of the commander Fort Franklin, and passed the season quite comfortably. They examined all the country round, and made scientific observa-

tions. Franklin wrote Sir R. J. Murchison: "We have got Conybeare and Phillips, Phillips and Jameson on Mineralogy, and Humboldt on the superposition of rocks. . . . I have been delighted with Dante, and so have my companions; but I must confess there is frequently a depth of thought and reasoning to which my mind can hardly reach — perhaps these parts will be better comprehended on re-perusal. It seems clear that Milton, as well as other poets, have borrowed ideas from his comprehensive mind."

Franklin established a school for the men and others in camp, which the officers taught. The men built a large boat in their leisure hours, which was called the Reliance.

In early summer the party made ready for travel. Late in May the white anemones blossomed abundantly. Mosquitoes became "vigorous and tormenting." Fourteen men under Franklin and Back, in the boats Lion and Reliance, started westward on the seacoast July 7, 1826. That very day about three hundred Eskimos in their little canoes, or *kayaks*, which hold one person each, gathered about them, and wished to trade. One of the *kayaks* was overturned and its owner plunged headforemost into the mud; but he was kindly cared for by Augustus, the Eskimo interpreter, who wrapped him in his own great-coat. The man and the great-coat disappeared later.

The Eskimos now rushed into the Lion and Reliance, stealing all they could lay their hands upon, and handing the articles to the women, who hid them. Two or three of the larger Eskimos grasped Franklin by the wrists and forced him to sit between them. "The third took his station in front to catch my arm whenever I

attempted to lift my gun," says Franklin, "or the broad dagger which hung by my side. The whole way to the shore they kept repeating the word '*teyma*,' beating gently on my left breast with their hands, and pressing mine against their breasts. As we neared the beach, two *omiaks* [larger boats for women and children] full of women arrived, and the *teymas* and vociferations were redoubled."

The Eskimos now became so importunate that the crews beat them off with the large ends of their muskets, but Franklin had given orders previously that no blood should be shed. Finally they got away from the thieving crowd. "I am still of opinion that, mingled as we were with them," said the commander, "the first blood we had shed would have been instantly revenged by the sacrifice of all our lives." Both the crews, following the example of their leader, had shown the utmost coolness as well as bravery.

Later in the journey they met Eskimos who wore pieces of bone or shells in their noses, and on each side of the under lip circular pieces of ivory with a large blue bead in the centre. When unable to procure ivory, stones were substituted.

"The dress of the women," writes Franklin, "differed from that of the men only in their wearing wide trousers and in the size of their hoods, which do not fit close to the head, but are made large for the purpose of receiving their children. These are ornamented with stripes of different colored skins, and round the top is fastened a band of wolf's hair, made to stand erect. Their own black hair is very tastefully turned up from behind to the top of the head, and tied by strings of white and blue beads, or cords of white deer-skin. It is divided in

front so as to form on each side a thick tail, to which are appended strings of beads that reach to the waist. The women were from four feet and a half to four and three-quarters high, and generally fat." Lieutenant Back sketched one of these women, and she testified her pleasure by smiles and jumps. The men were more sedate about their portraits, "but not less pleased than the women," says the journal of Franklin. The natives call themselves *Inuits* — not Eskimos — from the word *inuk*, meaning a man.

The weather was foggy; they were detained often by ice, and finally, when about half-way to Icy Cape, where Captain Beechey was to meet them on his way up from Bering Strait, Franklin and his party, seeing that they could not possibly reach Beechey before winter, when all would probably perish, turned back, Aug. 18, calling the place Return Reef. He had travelled along the coast three hundred and seventy-four miles. Captain Beechey reached Icy Cape the middle of August, one hundred and sixty miles from the point where Franklin turned back.

They reached Fort Franklin Sept. 21, having travelled 2,048 miles since they started. They found that Dr. Richardson and his party had explored the coast from the Mackenzie to the Coppermine Rivers, 863 miles, — 1,908 miles in all, by land and water, — the doctor naming a bay which they discovered Franklin Bay, saying, as he bestowed the name, "After having served under Captain Franklin for nearly seven years in two successive voyages of discovery, I trust I may be allowed to say that, however high his brother officers may rate his courage and talents, either in the ordinary line of his professional duty, or in the field of discovery, the hold he acquires

upon the affections of those under his command, by a continual series of the most conciliatory attentions to their feelings, and an uniform and unremitting regard to their best interests, is not less conspicuous." Dr. Richardson had gathered valuable geological data and natural history collections with Mr. Drummond. The latter had travelled to the Rocky Mountains, and endured great hardships in the journey. In a solitary hut built by himself on the mountains, he collected two hundred specimens of birds and animals, and more than fifteen hundred plants.

Dr. Richardson made a careful study of the different tribes which he met. "Among the Kutchin tribe the women," he says, "in winter do all the drudgery, such as collecting the firewood, assisting the dogs in hauling the sledge, bringing in the snow to melt for water, and, in fact, perform all the domestic duties except cooking, which is the man's office; and the wives do not eat till the husband is satisfied. In summer the women labor little, except in drying meat or fish for its preservation. The men alone paddle, while the women sit as passengers; and husbands will even carry their wives to the shore in their arms, that they may not wet their feet."

The Tinné tribe do not altogether preclude women from eating with men, "though in times of scarcity the man would expect to be first fed, as it is a maxim with them that the woman who cooks can be well sustained by licking her fingers."

Yet, says Dr. Richardson, these women have influence over the men, "and they seldom permit provisions or other articles to be disposed of without expressing their thoughts on the matter with much earnestness and volubility."

Some tribes have a unique method of courtship. "Early in the morning," says Richardson, "the lover makes his appearance at the abode of the father of the object of his choice, and, without a word of explanation, begins to heat the bath-room, to bring in water, and to prepare food. Then he is asked who he is, and why he performs these offices. In reply he expresses his wish to have the daughter for a wife; . . . he remains as a servant in the house a whole year. At the end of that time he receives a reward for his services from the father, and takes home his bride."

Among some of the Eskimos, as in North Greenland, Kane says, the bride is carried off by force. The girl betrothed to Jens was carried off three times, but she managed to keep her troth. "In the result," says Kane, "Jens, as phlegmatic and stupid a half-breed as I ever met with, got the prettiest woman in all North Greenland."

The whole Franklin party wintered again at Fort Franklin, the thermometer being sometimes at fifty-eight below zero. Feb. 20, 1827, Franklin started homeward, reaching England Sept. 26, 1827, after an absence of more than two years and seven months.

For scientific observations and exploration of over a thousand miles of the unknown coast of North America Franklin was presented with the gold medal of the Paris Geographical Society, valued at twelve hundred francs, for "the most important acquisition to geographical knowledge" during the year. Two years later, April 29, 1829, he was knighted, becoming Sir John Franklin, and in the following July received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the conservative University of Oxford. Later, in 1846, he was elected Correspondent of the Institute of France in the Academy of Sciences.

A little over a year after his return to England, Nov. 5, 1828, Franklin, then forty-two years old, married Jane Griffin, thirty-six years of age, second daughter of John Griffin, Esq., of Bedford Place, London, a lady of fine intellect, and of wealth, and a helper in all possible ways. She became a mother to the only child of Sir John, little Eleanor, four and a half years old.

Meantime Parry, who was to act in concert with Franklin if they came near to each other, had sailed in the Hecla and Fury on his third voyage from England, May 19, 1824, some months before Franklin. They passed through Baffin's Bay, into Lancaster Sound; and the ice preventing his pushing forward, he was obliged to winter at Port Boven, on the east side of Prince Regent Inlet.

This was his third winter in the Arctic regions. "All is dreary monotonous whiteness," he writes, "not merely for days or weeks, but for more than half a year together. Whichever way the eye is turned it meets a picture calculated to impress upon the mind an idea of inanimate stillness, of that motionless torpor with which our feelings have nothing congenial; of anything, in short, but life. In the very silence there is a deadness with which a human spectator appears *out of keeping*. The presence of man seems an intrusion on the dreary solitude of this wintry desert, which even its native animals have for awhile forsaken."

The sun was absent from the view of Parry and his men for one hundred and twenty-one days, and the thermometer was below zero for one hundred and thirty-one days.

They did not break out of the ice till July 20, and very soon after the Fury went to pieces on the shore. The place where she struck was called Fury Beach, on the east side of Prince Regent Inlet; and her provisions

were left there, while her officers and crew went back to England on the Hecla.

Unsuccessful in finding the North-west Passage, Parry sailed two years later, on his fourth voyage, with the hope of reaching the North Pole. He left England April 3, 1827, and reached Spitzbergen in May, when two boats, Enterprise and Endeavor, left the ship Hecla, and under Parry and Lieutenant James C. Ross, went northward. After a toilsome journey of 978 geographical miles — 1,127 statute miles — over ice-floes and through deep snow, travelling at night on account of snow-blindness, they reached latitude 82° 45′, a higher position than any other navigator at that time had attained, and then started homeward, arriving in England at nearly the same time with Franklin from his American coast-line expedition in 1827.

Little more was done by the government for some years in Arctic research. In 1829 the Victory, fitted out by Sir Felix Booth, was commanded by Sir John Ross and his nephew, James Ross, for the discovery of the North-west Passage. Sir Felix gave seventeen thousand pounds towards the enterprise, and Sir John Ross three thousand pounds.

They sailed through Lancaster Sound and into Prince Regent Inlet, where, after examining three hundred miles of undiscovered coast, they went into winter quarters at Felix Harbor on the east coast of Boothia in Boothia Gulf. The next year they made several sledge journeys, one to King William Island, which land has since possessed a melancholy history. They named the northern point Cape Felix, and twenty miles to the south-west Victory Point, from which place they returned to their ship. Six of their eight dogs were dead

from exhaustion, and they themselves were nearly famished.

After a second winter in the ship, James Ross discovered the position of the North Magnetic Pole on the western shore of Boothia, in latitude 70° 5′ 17″ in the spring, and other journeys were made. The ship was still locked in the ice, and they spent a third winter upon her.

They determined at last to abandon her, knowing that they could not survive much longer. Scurvy had broken out, and some had died. They left the ship April 23, 1832, and went northward through Prince Regent Inlet, hoping to be saved by some whaling-vessel, but none appearing they were obliged to return and winter as best they could at Fury Beach, and live on the provisions left by Parry, when the Fury was wrecked in the summer of 1825, seven years before.

After the fourth winter "their situation," writes Ross, "was becoming truly awful, since, if they were not liberated in the ensuing summer, little prospect appeared of their surviving another year. It was necessary to make a reduction in the allowance of preserved meats; bread was somewhat deficient, and the stock of wine and spirits was entirely exhausted." As early in the summer as possible they worked their way to Lancaster Sound, where they were finally picked up by the whaler, Isabella. Ross had some difficulty in making his story believed on board, as he had been reported dead two years before. Their arrival in England in the autumn of 1833 was hailed with great joy.

In the spring of the year in which they were rescued, 1833, Captain George Back, who had served so heroically under Franklin, undertook a search expedition for the

missing navigator, Sir John Ross. The company crossed over from Hudson Bay, arriving at Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake, Aug. 8. They suffered greatly from sand-flies and mosquitoes. "It is in vain," says Back in his account of his journey, "to attempt to defend yourself against these puny bloodsuckers: though you crush thousands of them, tens of thousands arise to avenge the death of their companions, and you very soon discover that the conflict which you are waging is one in which you are sure to be defeated. So great at last are the pains and fatigue in buffeting away this attacking force, that in despair you throw yourself, half-suffocated, in a blanket, with your face upon the ground, and snatch a few minutes of sleepless rest. . . . As we dived into the confined and suffocating chasms, or waded through the close swamps, they rose in clouds, actually darkening the air. To see or to speak was equally difficult, for they rushed at every undefended part, and fixed their poisonous fangs in an instant. Our faces streamed with blood, as if leeches had been applied."

Back and his company determined to reach the sea by one of the unexplored rivers, the existence of which was known, but nothing of its source or character. They passed the winter on Great Slave Lake, at Fort Reliance.

Bands of starving Indians lingered about them, as they could obtain nothing by hunting, and hoped for relief from the white men. They would watch every mouthful taken by the men at their meals, but utter no word of complaint. It was impossible to give relief to all, but even small portions of mouldy pemican, which had been saved for the dogs, were gratefully received.

"Famine with her gaunt and bony arm," says Back, "pursued them at every turn, withered their energies,

and strewed them lifeless on the cold bosom of the snow. . . . Often did I share my own plate with the children whose helpless state and piteous cries were peculiarly distressing. Compassion for the full-grown may, or may not, be felt, but that heart must be cased in steel which is insensible to the cry of a child for food."

The food of the white men finally became so reduced that it is doubtful if they would have survived had it not been for Akaitcho, the chief, who brought them some meat. He said, "The great chief trusts in us, and it is better that ten Indians perish than that one white man should perish through our negligence and breach of faith."

Augustus, the Eskimo interpreter, hearing that Captain Back was again in the country, set out on foot from Hudson Bay to join him; but either exhausted by the journey, or starved, or frozen in the blinding storms, he never reached Back, for his bleached body was found on the way afterwards. He was "a faithful, disinterested, kind-hearted creature," said Back, "who had won the regard, not of myself only, but, I may add, of Sir J. Franklin and Dr. Richardson also."

The winter passed at Fort Reliance was cold in the extreme, the weather seventy degrees below zero, and even lower. "With eight logs of dry wood on the fire," says Back, "I could not get the thermometer higher than twelve degrees below zero. Ink and paint froze. The skin of the hands became dry, cracked, and opened into unsightly and smarting gashes, which we were obliged to anoint with grease. On one occasion, after washing my face within three feet of the fire, my hair was clotted with ice before I had time to dry it."

Towards the end of April, as the company were preparing for the search, the welcome news came that Ross

and his men had been saved by the Isabella. Now that they were in the wilds of North America, they were obliged, however, to push on their explorations.

On July 8, with their boat-load of provisions and ten persons, they proceeded to sail down the Great Fish River, which they found abounding in rapids and bowlders, — five large rapids in a distance of three miles, — a river five hundred and thirty geographical miles in length, broadening out into five large lakes, without a single tree on the whole line of its banks.

On their return up the river they again wintered at Fort Reliance, and returned to England Sept. 8, 1835, after an absence of two years and a half. Back was knighted, becoming Sir George Back, and given the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society for discovering the Great Fish River, which thereafter bore his name, and navigating it to the Arctic Sea. Back's Great Fish River has a mournful history in connection with Sir John Franklin, and will always be pathetically associated with King William Island.

All this time Sir John Franklin was not idle. In 1830, Aug. 23, he was appointed to the command of the twenty-six-gun frigate Rainbow, for service in the Mediterranean. So well beloved was he by his men, that the ship was called the Celestial Rainbow, and the sailors named her Franklin's Paradise.

As by the rules of the navy his wife could not be in the ship with him, she travelled with friends in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, rejoining him when he was stationed at any city. She had already travelled extensively in Europe with her father.

Franklin exerted great influence in the troubled condition of Greece at this time. He was frequently called

upon to help preserve order and to protect the inhabitants. For his services during the War of Liberation he was made a Knight of the Redeemer of Greece, by King Otho, and a Knight Commander of the Guelphic Order of Hanover, by England.

"To your calm and steady conduct may be attributed the preservation of the town and inhabitants of Patras," wrote Admiral Sir H. Hotham to Franklin, "the protection of commerce, and the advancement of the benevolent intentions of the Allied Sovereigns in favor of the Greek nation."

After this he was offered the Lieutenant-Governorship of Van Diemen's Land, now Tasmania, and accepted with permission to resign in case of war. He and Lady Franklin, with Eleanor, now thirteen years old, and a favorite niece of Lady Franklin, Miss Sophia Cracroft, sailed in the ship Fairlee, reaching Hobart Town in January, 1837. No sooner was Franklin established in his home than he began to devise projects for the good of the people under his control. He begged the Home Government for a charter for a large college. On the recommendation of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Rev. J. P. Gell was sent out from England to organize such an institution. The Legislative Council voted £2,500 to begin the matter, and the corner-stone was laid by Sir John at Norfolk House, Nov. 7, 1840.

Quarrels by different religious denominations and local jealousies, some wishing the college to be built at Hobart Town, made the Imperial Government withdraw its support, and the college had to be given up. Mr. Gell, however, established an excellent school at Hobart Town, to which Lady Franklin gave four hundred acres of land and Sir John contributed five hundred pounds.

Mr. Gell afterwards married Eleanor, the only child of Sir John, who died in 1860, when her husband was vicar of St. John's, Notting Hill.

Sir John founded a Scientific Society at Hobart Town, which is now the Royal Society of Tasmania. Its object was to treat of natural history, agriculture, and the like. The papers contributed by the members were published at his expense. He also built the Tasmania Museum, to contain collections made in natural history. He raised a monument in South Australia, in conjunction with the government there, to his old friend Captain Flinders, with whom in his youth he had helped to explore the Australian coast. It is a granite obelisk, placed on a high hill, and is a landmark for sailors. It was characteristic of Franklin that he never forgot a friend. Franklin gave much attention to surveys and explorations, and looked carefully after the welfare of the convicts, there being a very large penal settlement near Hobart Town. Lady Franklin also took the deepest interest in the convicts. She corresponded with Elizabeth Fry, about the women. She bought large tracts of land, on which she established immigrants, paying all their first expenses, providing implements for work, charging a nominal rent for the land, and giving the opportunity of purchase. At the end of three years many had paid all their indebtedness.

When the ships Erebus and Terror, in 1839, — the same ships in which Sir John sailed later in his last expedition to the Arctic Sea, — were sent under Sir James Ross to the Antarctic continent for magnetic observations, Sir John rendered very valuable assistance, superintending the creation of the magnetic observatory in Tasmania, and making many of the observations.

The observatory was later put in charge of Franklin's nephew, Lieutenant Kay.

The Erebus and Terror were absent from England four years in the Antarctic seas, making valuable contributions to our knowledge of that still, for the most part, unknown world. The ship Terror was commanded by the lamented Captain F. R. M. Crozier. Only a little time before she had crossed the ocean under Captain Back, still in search of the North-west Passage, had reached Salisbury Island in Hudson's Strait, been frozen in off Cape Comfort in Fox Channel, and was driven about from September to March, at the mercy of gales and ice floes, and finally went back in a sinking condition to England where she was thoroughly repaired.

After being Governor in Tasmania for over six and a half years, Franklin returned to England on account of jealousies of those under him, and consequent disaffection. Some officers had been removed for "obstinacy of temper," and injustice in police matters, and this also caused ill feeling. The greatest crowd ever seen in the colony, headed by the Bishop of Tasmania, followed him and his family to the ship, and bade him a tearful good-by. He was greatly beloved by the people of Hobart Town, who have erected a statue in his honor, and who gave £1,700 to Lady Franklin to help in the search for him after his last Arctic voyage.

Nearly the whole northern line of seacoast in North America had now been surveyed; and all that was wanting to complete the North-west Passage was a space north and south of about three hundred miles between Barrow Strait, beyond Lancaster Sound, and Simpson's Strait, at the southern extremity of King William Island. It was hoped that it was a channel navigable

for ships, but nobody knew. Franklin used to point on the map to Simpson's Strait and say, "If I can but get down there, my work is done; thence it 's plain sailing to the westward."

When the subject of another Arctic expedition was agitated, Sir John asked to lead it, on the ground that he was the senior Arctic officer alive who was free to take the place, and had explored more in North America than any other one person. Lord Haddington, First Lord of the Admiralty, remarked to Sir Edward Parry, the navigator, "Franklin is sixty years old. Ought we to let him go?"

"My lord," answered Parry, "he is the best man I know for the post; and if you don't let him go, he will, I am certain, die of disappointment."

Afterward Lord Haddington said to Sir John, that as he had already done so nobly for his country, he might be inclined to let a younger man take his place, as he was now sixty years of age.

"No, my lord," was Franklin's ardent response; "you have been misinformed — I am only fifty-nine!"

He said also, "No service is nearer to my heart than the completion of the survey of the north coast of America and the accomplishment of a north-west passage."

The ships Erebus and Terror were made ready for the voyage, Franklin in command of the Erebus, and his second officer, Captain F. R. M. Crozier, in command of the Terror. Commander James Fitzjames was second in the Erebus under Franklin. Dr. H. D. S. Goodsir, assistant surgeon, was an eminent naturalist on the Erebus. He succeeded his brother John (Professor of Anatomy in the Edinburgh University) in the curatorship of the Royal College of Surgeons, and resigned to go in the

Erebus for scientific investigation in the Arctic regions. His younger brother, Robert, twice visited the Polar seas in search of his brother, Dr. Goodsir, who perished with Sir John.

Captain Crozier, Fellow Royal Society, now forty-eight, had been with Parry in three polar voyages, with Sir James Ross, both in the Arctic and the Antarctic Seas, and was especially skilled in the science of terrestrial magnetism. Rear-Admiral McClintock says his "nobleness of character and warmth of heart had ever won for him universal esteem and affection."

Captain Fitzjames, "an able, popular, and accomplished officer," says Captain Markham, had distinguished himself in the Syrian campaign of 1840. In the Chinese hostilities of 1842 he was five times gazetted for brave conduct. He received four bullet wounds at the capture of Ching-Kiang-Foo, one bullet passing through his body. His sketches and his writings both showed him to be a man of marked talent.

Commander Graham Gore, First Lieutenant of the Erebus, was with Admiral Sir George Back in the Arctic voyage of the Terror in 1836, and present at the capture of Aden in 1839. He was even in temper and of great stability of character.

Lieutenant John Irving of the Terror had spent several years in Australia, and had served in the navy for seventeen years. He was a talented draftsman.

Lieutenant H. T. D. Le Vesconte, of the Erebus, served with distinction in the Chinese war, and was made lieutenant for his bravery.

Lieutenant Charles F. des Vœux, mate of the Erebus, had served in the Syrian war of 1840, under Sir Charles Napier. These have been mentioned among other able

officers because their names will appear again in the history of the voyage.

The Erebus and Terror had on board twenty-three officers and one hundred and eleven men — in all one hundred and thirty-four persons. The ships carried provisions for three years.

They left England May 19, 1845, all in good spirits. Fitzjames wrote home to the son of Sir John Barrow: "Sir John Franklin is delightful, active, and energetic, and evidently even now persevering. What he *has been* we all know. I think it will turn out that he is in no way altered. He is full of conversation and interesting anecdotes of his former voyages. I would not lose him for the command of the expedition; for I have a real regard, I might say affection, for him, and believe this is felt by all of us."

Again he wrote: "Of all men he is the most fitted for the command of an enterprise requiring sound sense and great perseverance. I have learnt much from him, and consider myself most fortunate in being with such a man, and he is full of benevolence and kindness withal."

Later he wrote of Sir John's disbelief in an open Polar Sea: "He also said he believed it to be possible to reach the pole over the ice, by wintering at Spitzbergen, and going in the spring before the ice broke up and drifted to the south, as it did with Parry on it."

Captain Crozier wrote home, — one of the last letters ever received from the expedition, — when they had reached the Whale Fish Islands, July 4, near the island of Disco, on the west coast of Queenland: "All is getting on as well as I could wish. Officers full of youth and zeal, and, indeed, everything going on most smoothly. . . . If we can do something worthy of the country which

has so munificently fitted us out, I will only be too happy; it will be an ample reward for all my anxieties, and believe me, Henry, there will be no lack of them."

The ships sailed from the Whale Fish Islands on July 10. On July 26 they were seen by Captain Dannet, of the Prince of Wales, a whaler from Hull, made fast to the ice in Melville Bay, on the west coast of Greenland. This is the last date on which the ships were ever seen, so far as is known.

They sailed on, as later years have shown by the discoveries, through Baffin's Bay into Lancaster Sound. Unable to go westward into Barrow Strait, probably at that time on account of ice, they went northward up Wellington Channel. After going one hundred and fifty miles they were compelled to return through a newly discovered channel to the west, separating Cornwallis and Bathurst Islands, and leading into Barrow Strait. They spent the winter on Beechey Island, a little towards the east, at the entrance of Wellington Channel. They had already explored three hundred miles of new coast-line. Three of their men died that winter; and their graves, found five years afterwards, revealed the fact that they had wintered there. The next summer, 1846, they must have pushed their way down Peel Strait, between North Somerset and Prince of Wales Land, leading towards Simpson's Strait. They passed Boothia Felix, and when within twelve miles of King William Island, Sept. 12, 1846, both ships were held fast in the ice. They spent this winter not so happily as the previous one, and the summer of 1847 came; still the vessels remained hoplessly beset by the ice. This second summer must have been a sad and weary one.

We now know that on Monday, May 24, 1847, two

officers, Gore and Des Vœux, with six men, left the ships to explore the country, and probably went down the west coast of King William Island, towards Cape Herschel, where they would look upon Simpson's Strait, and know that the North-west Passage was found, though their ships could not yet sail through the ninety miles of ice to the strait.

Sir John Franklin, the beloved leader, died this summer, June 11, 1847. Where he was buried we shall never know; probably a hole was cut in the ice not far from the ships, and thither the mourning party bore him.

Sickness and death began now to thin their ranks. They hoped that the sun this summer would certainly free the ships; but though it did not, the ice in which they were packed began to move toward the south. This was indeed comforting, when lo! as autumn came on, it ceased to move, and they were ice-locked as before, perhaps not more than sixty miles from the desired haven of Simpson's Strait and the North-west Passage.

The third long winter dragged by. Commander Gore and eight other officers died, and twelve men, twenty-one in all, so that there were one hundred and five left. When spring came they were sure that their only chance for life was to abandon the ships, and perhaps reach some post of the Hudson Bay Company.

They left the ships April 22, 1848, and journeyed with a couple of boats on sledges, Crozier and Fitzjames at the head, to Point Victory, fifteen miles from the ships. They were three days in taking this short journey, whether from the deep snow or on account of their own weak bodies, will never be known. On April 26 they started across King William Island, for Back's Great

Fish River. Only their bones, scattered all over the western and southern parts of the island and the adjacent mainland, tell the horrors of that dreadful march, one of the saddest stories to be found in history.

After Franklin and his ships had been absent for two years, having left England May 19, 1845, people began to be anxious about their safety. It was remembered that they had provisions for three years only, and it would probably require a year for other ships to reach them.

In the summer of 1847 arrangements were made for the Hudson Bay Company to send to their northernmost stations food for one hundred and twenty men for seventy-five days, so that the crews, if they had abandoned their ships, might receive it. Alas! that it had not been pushed forward to where the men were stationed, too weak to come to the food.

In 1849 the government offered a reward of twenty thousand pounds to any one of any nation who should rescue the lost men; ten thousand pounds to any who should rescue a part of them; or ten thousand pounds to any who should ascertain their fate. Lady Franklin offered three thousand pounds to anybody who should give reliable information concerning them, dead or alive.

Already relief expeditions had been fitted out; June 12, 1848, one under Sir James Clarke Ross, with the ships Enterprise and Investigator, to search the north and west coasts of North Somerset and Boothia, north shore of Barrow Strait, and the shores of Prince Regent Inlet. The first winter, at the juncture of Barrow Strait, Lancaster Sound, Prince Regent Inlet, and Wellington Channel, they caught fifty white foxes in traps made of empty casks, and putting copper

collars around their necks on which collars the position of the relief ship was engraved, freed them, with the hope that some might be caught by the crews of the Erebus and Terror. After excursions made all summer, without avail, — they were at one time but three hundred miles from the point where the Erebus and Terror lay abandoned, — a house was built of the spare spars of both ships, twelve months' provisions with fuel were left behind, and a vessel large enough to convey Franklin's whole party to some whaling-vessel.

The ships were now caught in the ice pack, and from Sept. 1 to 25 were floated through Lancaster Sound to the western shore of Baffin's Bay, when the pack broke up, and the men hastened to England, thankful for their preservation.

Sir John Richardson, who had been with Franklin in both his land expeditions, started in 1848 to search the coasts of North America between the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers, and returned the following year, 1849, after having left provisions at various points though he heard nothing of the lost ships.

On the return of the Enterprise and the Investigator under Sir James Ross, they were at once refitted and sent, under Captain Richard Collinson and Commander Robert M'Clure (who had served with Back in the Terror in 1836), through Bering Strait to investigate Wollaston, Victoria and Banks' Lands, and Melville Island. Collinson passed within twenty miles of the Erebus and Terror in their ice prison. The Investigator, under M'Clure, sailed through Prince of Wales Strait, between Banks' Land and Prince Albert Land (wintering in the Strait in 1850) into Melville Sound, also round the west and north coasts of Banks' Land, through Banks' Strait

into Melville Sound. They passed two winters frozen into the ice in the Bay of God's Mercy on the northern shore of Banks' Land, when they were rescued by a sledge party from the Resolute under Captain Austin. They abandoned the Investigator, and were taken to England, after a fourth winter in the Arctic regions, by the ship Phœnix. They had thus made the north-west passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean (as Melville Sound connects with Barrow Strait). M'Clure and his crew received the ten thousand pounds offered by the government for the discovery. It was afterwards ascertained that Franklin's men actually reached Simpson's Strait; therefore to Franklin has been awarded the honor of *first* discovering the North-west Passage.

The Resolute and Assistance, under Captains Austin and Ommaney, respectively, were sent to the shores of Wellington Channel and the coasts of Melville and Parry Islands. The latter ship was abandoned; and the former was picked up at sea by Captain James Buddington of New London, Conn., brought to the United States, and presented to England by a joint resolution of Congress, Aug. 28, 1856. The gift was tendered to the Queen in person by Captain Hartstene, who afterwards rescued Dr. Kane. The different searching parties, under Captain Austin, examined fifteen hundred miles of coast line, of which eight hundred and fifty had not been known before. One of the parties, under Lieutenant Brown, explored the western shore of Peel Strait, and was within one hundred and fifty miles of the place where the Erebus and Terror were abandoned; but they, of course, did not know that they were on the direct route followed by Franklin. It was most unfortunate that no cairns — heaps of stones with letters under

them — had been placed along their route, else possibly their bodies, at least, might have been recovered.

Several expeditions were fitted out at private expense. Admiral Sir John Ross, then in his seventy-fourth year, went out in the Felix, with his own yacht, the Mary, of twelve tons, as tender, and searched a portion of Cornwallis Island, west of Wellington Channel.

Lady Franklin equipped, largely at her own expense, the ninety-ton schooner Prince Albert, under Commander Forsyth, to explore the shores of Prince Regent Inlet. They found the inlet blocked with ice, and explored the coasts of Prince of Wales Island and North Somerset.

In the autumn of 1850 no less than fifteen vessels, besides land expeditions, were searching for Sir John Franklin. Interest and anxiety grew to fever heat.

Lady Franklin, in the spring of the previous year, April 4, 1849, had written to President Taylor of the United States, asking the American people to join in the search for her husband. "I address myself," she wrote, "to you as the head of a great nation, whose power to help me I cannot doubt, and in whose disposition to do so I have a confidence which I trust you will not deem presumptuous. . . I am not without hope that you will deem it not unworthy of a great and kindred nation to take up the cause of humanity which I plead, in a national spirit, and thus generously make it your own. . .

"The intense anxieties of a wife and a mother may have led me too press too earnestly on your notice the trials under which we are suffering, yet not we only, but hundreds of others."

The President and the American people as well were

deeply interested in the noble Franklin. It took practical shape in the mind of a wealthy merchant in New York, Henry Grinnell, Esq., at whose home Lady Franklin had visited when in America.

He purchased and fitted out two vessels, the Advance of one hundred and forty-four tons, and the Rescue of ninety-one tons; the former commanded by Lieutenant Edward J. De Haven, who had been with Lieutenant Wilkes in the United States exploring expedition of 1838 in the Antarctic Ocean, and the second under Master Samuel P. Griffin, both of the United States Navy.

The vessels for the "United States Grinnell expedition" sailed from New York May 22, 1850. Before sailing, officers and men signed a bond not to claim, under any circumstances, the twenty thousand pounds offered by the British Government for the finding of the Franklin expedition.

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, an accomplished naval officer and scholar of Philadelphia, at this time thirty years of age, was appointed surgeon of the Advance, and on his return wrote a most interesting book concerning the journey. He had travelled extensively in China, Egypt, and various parts of Europe, had rendered valuable scientific aid in the United States Coast Survey, and was admirably fitted to observe, and to describe what he saw.

After an imprisonment for twenty-one days in the ice in Melville Bay, off the west coast of Greenland, where, says Kane, "Since the year 1819, from which we may date the opening of Melville Bay, no less than two hundred and ten vessels have been destroyed in attempting its passage," they crossed Baffin's Bay. Here Kane counted two hundred and eight icebergs within the

E. K. Kane

horizon — Sir John Ross had measured one in this bay three hundred and twenty-five feet high by twelve hundred feet long. Kane pushed on into Lancaster Sound as far as Wellington Channel, and found on Cape Riley, Aug. 25, 1850, two cairns. In one of these cairns was a letter, deposited the previous day, stating that Captain Ommaney of the Assistance (in company with Captain Griffin of their own consort, the Rescue, according to the official report of De Haven) had discovered traces of an encampment on Cape Riley, and at Beechey Island, ten miles from Cape Riley. This was the first knowledge obtained concerning the Franklin party, after a constant search for three years.

Dr. Kane carefully examined the indications of an encampment at Cape Riley. He found, he says, "Four circular mounds, or heapings-up, of the crumbled limestone, aided by larger stones placed at the outer edge, as if to protect the leash of a tent. . . . In a line with the four mounds was a larger enclosure, triangular in shape. Some bird bones and one rib of a seal were found exactly in the centre of this triangle, as if a party had sat around it eating; and the top of a preserved-meat case, much rusted, was found in the same place."

Some twenty or thirty yards from this place "were several pieces of pine wood about four inches long, painted green and white, and in one instance puttied; evidently parts of a boat, and apparently collected as kindling wood."

Captain Penny of the ship Lady Franklin, who was also searching in Wellington Channel, and Dr. Goodsir, the brother of the Erebus surgeon, discovered scraps of newspaper, bearing date 1844; and two other fragments, each with the name of one of Franklin's officers in pencil;

one name was "McDonald," assistant surgeon of the Terror. Captain Penny's men also found a dredge, "as if to fish up missing articles," some footless stockings, tied at the lower end to serve for socks, an officer's pocket, velvet-lined, torn from the garment, etc.

Sir John Ross in the Felix now joined his party, and they proposed to search the neighboring country. While they were planning, one of Penny's men ran towards them exclaiming, "Graves, Captain Penny! graves! Franklin's winter quarters!"

All hurried over the ice, and on Beechey Island found three graves. The mounds were coped with limestone slabs, and there were headstones. They faced towards Cape Riley, distinctly visible across the cove. Inscriptions had been cut with a chisel: the first read: —

Sacred
to the
Memory
of
W. BRAINE, R. M.,
H. M. S. Erebus.
Died April 3d, 1846,
Aged 32 years.
"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."
JOSHUA, ch. xxiv. 15.

The second was: —

Sacred
to
the memory
of
JOHN HARTWELL, A. B. of H. M. S.
Erebus,
Aged 23 years.
"Thus saith the Lord, consider your ways."
HAGGAI, i. 7.

The third was inscribed : —

Sacred
to
the memory
of
JOHN TORRINGTON,
who departed this life
January 1st A. D. 1846,
on board of
H. M. ship Terror,
Aged 20 years.

Near the graves was a piece of wood, more than a foot in diameter, and two feet eight inches high, which had evidently been used for an anvil-block. Near it was a large blackened space, covered with coal cinders, iron nails, spikes, and the like, "clearly the remains of the armorer's forge."

About four hundred yards from the graves, were evidences of an observatory, with large stones fixed as if to support instruments; and a few hundred yards lower down the remnant of a garden, "still showing the mosses and anemones that were transplanted by its framers." A quarter of a mile from this point were more than six hundred preserved-meat cans, arranged in order and filled with limestone pebbles, perhaps to serve as ballast on boating expeditions.

These tins were labelled "Goldner's patent." As an enormous quantity of such cans supplied to the navy were afterwards found to contain putrid meat, it is probable that many of these were useless, and thus the supply of food for the three years had been greatly reduced.

Besides all these, fragments of canoes, rope, tarpaulins, casks, iron-work, "a blanket lined by long stitches with common cotton stuff, and made into a sort of rude

coat," a pair of Cashmere gloves, "laid out to dry, with two small stones upon the palms to keep them from blowing away," and other things were found. The tracks of a sledge were also clearly defined, pointing towards the eastern shores of Wellington Sound, also towards Cape Riley, as though several journeys had been taken.

It is probable that records telling of their journey were deposited in the cairns, but none have ever been found.

The ships of De Haven were caught fast in the ice off Wellington Channel, and drifted out into Baffin's Bay during the winter. They had already sighted and named Grinnell Land, to the west of Greenland, which was afterwards explored by Captain Nares of England in 1876, and Greely in 1881-84. The Advance and Rescue returned to New York in the fall of 1851.

The whole world was now more than ever interested to learn the fate of Franklin and his men. Dr. Kane commanded a second Grinnell expedition in search of Franklin, the money being provided from his own means and the proceeds of his lectures, assisted with ship and money by Mr. Grinnell, and ten thousand dollars from Mr. George Peabody of London. The Advance left New York May 30, 1853, with seventeen persons on board. Aug. 7 Kane reached the headland of Smith's Sound, believing that an open polar sea was beyond, and that the Franklin party had gone to the far north up the Wellington Channel.

Kane and his ship were frozen into the ice in Rensselaer Harbor, off the north-west coast of Greenland, where they remained for the winter. The thermometer was as low as sixty-eight degrees below zero, and the

whole ship's company suffered from scurvy. More than fifty of Kane's valuable dogs died from brain disease. He says in his account of the second expedition, Feb. 21, "My dogs, that I had counted on so largely, the nine splendid Newfoundlanders and thirty-five Eskimos of six months before, had perished; there were only six survivors of the whole pack, and one of these was unfit for draught."

Kane wrote a month before in his journal: "The influence of this long, intense darkness was most depressing. Even our dogs, although the greater part of them were natives of the Arctic circle, were unable to withstand it."

Going on deck in the early morning, and feeling his way, he said, "Two of my Newfoundland dogs put their cold noses against my hand, and instantly commenced the most exuberant antics of satisfaction. It then occurred to me how very dreary and forlorn must these poor animals be, living in darkness, howling at an accidental light, as if it reminded them of the moon, and with nothing, either of instinct or sensation, to tell them of the passing hours, or to explain the long-lost daylight. They shall see the lanterns more frequently."

Five days later he wrote: "The mouse-colored dogs, the leaders of my Newfoundland team, have for the past fortnight been nursed like babies. No one can tell how anxiously I watch them. They are kept below, tended, fed, cleansed, caressed, and *doctored;* to the infinite discomfort of all hands. To-day I give up the last hope of saving them. Their disease is as clearly mental as in the case of any human being."

Exploring expeditions were sent out from the ship.

One of these parties nearly died from cold and exhaustion, and indeed two of the men, Peter Schubert and Jefferson Temple Baker died, after being rescued by Kane, and all except one suffered for a time from unbalanced minds.

Kane came near losing his own life as well as his dogs in one of these various expeditions. The animals fell through the ice sixteen feet below him. "The roaring of the tide," he says, "and the subdued wail of the dogs, made me fear for the worst. I had to walk through the broken ice, which rose in toppling spires over my head, for nearly fifty yards before I found an opening to the ice-face, by which I was able to climb down to them. A few cuts of a sheath knife released them, although the caresses of the dear brutes had like to have been fatal to me, for I had to straddle with one foot on the fast ice and the other on loose piled rubbish."

Three expeditions were made during early spring and summer towards the north, reaching Cape Constitution in Kennedy Channel.

The killing of a bear by Hans, although necessary for food for the men, afforded a touching illustration of the fondness of a mother for her cub. "The bear fled," says Dr. Kane, "but the little one being unable either to keep ahead of the dogs or to keep pace with her, she turned back, and, putting her head under its haunches, threw it some distance ahead. The cub safe for the moment, she would wheel round and face the dogs, so as to give it a chance to run away; but it always stopped just as it alighted, till she came up and threw it ahead again; it seemed to expect her aid, and would not go on without it."

After a mile and a half the little one was so tired that

the mother halted till the men came up to her. "When the dogs came near her, she would sit upon her haunches and take the little one between her hind legs, fighting the dogs with her paws, and roaring so that she could have been heard a mile off. She would stretch her neck and snap at the nearest dog with her shining teeth, whirling her paws like the arms of a windmill." . . .

Hans shot her, when "the cub jumped upon her body and reared up, for the first time growling hoarsely. The dogs seemed quite afraid of the little creature, she fought so actively and made so much noise." The men were obliged to shoot the cub at last, as she would not quit the body even when she was dying.

Gilder, in "Schwatka's Search," tells of a bear carrying its cub on her back till, being shot, the cub "clung to her poor wounded body with touching tenacity. It was heart-rending to see him try to cover her body with his own little form, and lick her face and wounds, occasionally rising upon his hind legs and growling a fierce warning to his enemies."

Charles F. Hall, the explorer, tells in his "Second Arctic Expedition" a bear story universally believed by the Eskimos about Hudson Bay: "Many moons ago an Innuit woman obtained a polar bear cub but two or three days old. Having long desired just such a pet, she gave it her closest attention, as though it were a son, nursing it, making for it a soft, warm bed alongside her own, and talking to it as a mother does to her child. She had no living relative, and she and the bear occupied the *igloo* alone.

"Koon-ik-jooa, as he grew up, proved that the woman had not taught him in vain; for he early began to hunt seals and salmon, bringing them to his mother before

eating any himself, and receiving his share from her hands. She always watched from the hill-top for his return; and if she saw that he had been unsuccessful, she begged from her neighbors blubber for his food. She learned how this was from her lookout; for if successful, he came back in the tracks made on going out, but if unsuccessful, always by a different route.

"Learning to excel the Innuits in hunting, he excited their envy; and, after long years of faithful service, his death was resolved upon. On hearing this, the old woman, overwhelmed with grief, offered to give up her own life if they would but spare him who had so long supported her. Her offer was sternly refused."

She told the bear what the wicked men were to do, and begged him to go away, but not so far that she could not come to him for a seal or other meat which she would need.

"Not long after this," says the story, "being in need of food, she walked out on the snow-ice to see if she could not meet her son, and soon recognized him as one of two bears who were lying down together. He ran to her, and she patted him on the head in her old familiar way, told him her wants, and begged him to hurry away and get something for her. Away ran the bear, and in a few moments the woman looked upon a terrible fight going on between him and his late companion, which, however, to her great relief, was soon ended by her son's dragging a lifeless body to her feet. With her *pauna* (long knife) she quickly skinned the dead bear, giving her son large slices of the blubber, and telling him that she would soon return for the meat which she could not at first carry to her *igloo*, and when her supply should again fail she would come back for his help. This she

continued to do for a long, long time, the faithful bear always serving her, and receiving the same unbroken love of his youth."

It soon became evident that Kane must pass another weary winter frozen in Smith's Sound, in Rensselaer Harbor. "It is *horrible*," wrote Kane, — "yes, that is the word — to look forward to another year of disease and darkness to be met without fresh food and without fuel. I should meet it with a more tempered sadness if I had no comrades to think for and protect."

Besides the disease and darkness they had another foe. "If I was asked," says Kane, "what, after darkness and cold and scurvy, are the three besetting curses of our Arctic sojourn, I should say, RATS, RATS, RATS. A mother-rat bit my finger to the bone last Friday, as I was intruding my hand into a bear-skin mitten which she had chosen as a homestead for her little family. I withdrew it, of course, with instinctive courtesy; but among them they carried off the mitten before I could suck the finger.

"Last week I sent down Rhina, the most intelligent dog of our whole pack, to bivouac in their citadel forward; I thought she might at least be able to defend herself against them, for she had distinguished herself in the bear-hunt. She slept very well for a couple of hours on a bed she had chosen for herself on the top of some iron spikes. But the rats could not or would not forego the horny skin about her paws; and they gnawed her feet and nails so ferociously that we drew her up yelping and vanquished." Kane himself used the rats for food, and thus prevented frequent attacks of scurvy.

As winter approached Kane erected a signal beacon, or cairn, on Observatory Island, near by, painting in big

letters, on a cliff, the ship's name, Advance. In a hole in a rock was placed a record of their journey up to this time, enclosed in glass and sealed with melted lead, and close by the graves of the two dead seamen.

The record written Aug. 14, 1854, showed that nine hundred and sixty miles of coast-line had been delineated, with over two thousand miles of travel, "all of which was upon foot or by the aid of dogs. . . . Greenland has been traced to its northern face, whence it is connected with the farther north of the opposite coast of a great glacier."

Seven of the party now left the ship, including Dr. Hayes, the leader, with the hope of reaching Upernavik, on the west coast of Greenland, directly in the line of the Baffin's Bay whalers. After three months they returned, having journeyed three hundred and fifty miles with the thermometer at fifty degrees below zero, living for some weeks in an Eskimo hut in the crevice of a rock, almost without fire or light, often for weeks together with nothing to eat but moss gathered from the snow-covered rocks, and finally reached the Advance more dead than alive.

The second winter on the Advance was a sad one for all. The dogs died. Jan. 3 Kane wrote:

"I am feeding up my few remaining dogs very carefully; but I have no meat for them except the carcasses of their dead companions. . . . One of these poor creatures has been a child's pet among the Eskimos. Last night I found her in nearly a dying state at the mouth of our *tossuk*, wistfully eying the crevices of the door as they emitted their forbidden treasure of light and heat. She could not move, but, completely subdued, licked my hand. . . . I carried her in among the glories of the moderate paradise she aspired to."

The supply of food was nearly exhausted. Twice with the greatest suffering and with five half-starved dogs "hardly able to drag themselves," they attempted to reach the nearest Eskimo settlement at Etah, ninety miles away, to obtain meat, but failed. All the party were ill save five men. "Our sick are worse," Kane writes in his journal. "Hemorrhages are becoming common. My crew, — I have no crew any longer, — the tenants of my bunks, cannot bear me to leave them for a single watch."

Two rabbits were killed by Kane and the Eskimo Hans Christian (a youth of nineteen who had embarked with Kane from Greenland). These rabbits were the first meat they had had in ten days, and were eaten raw. In February a deer was caught, and thankfully devoured. March 6 Hans started for the Eskimo settlement, but found them in a starving condition, having killed and eaten all of their thirty dogs except four.

This condition of things is not very infrequent, as the Eskimos are improvident. Kane tells of an Eskimo camp found in 1830 by some boat-crews from a whaler. Everything seemed deserted. Looking into the huts, they found "grouped around an oilless lamp, in the attitudes of life, four or five human corpses with darkened lips and sunken eyeballs, but all preserved in perennial ice. The frozen dog lay beside his frozen master, and the child, stark and stiff, in the reindeer hood which enveloped the frozen mother."

Hans with one of the Etah hunters killed a large walrus, thus providing meat for them as well as for the starving crew at Rensselaer Harbor. With the close of April, Kane made his last effort to explore Kennedy Channel, and pushed up far enough to see the great glacier, stretching towards the north and east.

Towards the close of May, 1855, Kane and his men said good-by to the ship fast in ice, nine feet thick and with two whale boats, Hope and Faith, each twenty-four feet long, drawn on sledges eighteen feet long, and one smaller boat, they commenced their journey down the frozen coast of Greenland. Four men were unable to move. Dr. Kane drove the dog team, and twelve men drove the sledges.

Their condition was pitiable. Once they were on the point of killing two of their valuable dogs, to preserve their lives. Christian Ohlsen, aged thirty-six, died on the journey. One boat was necessarily used for fuel.

After eighty-three days of a most perilous journey, they arrived at Upernavik, Greenland, and were taken on board the Danish ship Mariane, which touched at Godhavn, prior to landing them at the Shetland Islands.

On the evening of July 11, the day on which they were starting for Europe, a steamer drew near, and they recognized the beloved stars and stripes. The boat Faith was lowered from the Mariane, — Kane was carrying her home to America as a precious token of their preservation, — and in her they went out to meet Captain Hartstene of the ships Release and Arctic, sent out by the United States from New York, May 31, 1855, to rescue Kane if yet alive. Hartstene had volunteered for the service, and nobly wrote to the Secretary of our Navy: "To avoid further risk of human life in a search so extremely hazardous, I would suggest the impropriety of making any efforts to relieve us if we should not return."

Hartstene had searched all summer for the missing party, going within thirty miles of Rensselaer Harbor, and on their journey southward learned from the Eskimos at Etah that Kane was still alive.

Dr. Kane reached New York Oct. 11, 1855. He prepared his narrative of the journey for the press, the sales of the book the first year reaching sixty-five thousand copies. He wrote to his friend and publisher, George W. Childs: "The book, poor as it is, has been my coffin."

He was urged to undertake another journey, but his broken health was against it. His mother also opposed it. He said, "Other persuasion I can resist, but this settles the question."

He received many rewards from both Great Britain and America. The queen's medal was struck for both the officers and men of the Advance, and the British government presented Mr. Grinnell with a large and costly silver vase. Kane received the medal of the London Society from Admiral Beechey, R. N.; but that of the Paris Society came too late, for he died at Havana, Cuba, Feb. 10, 1857, at the age of thirty-seven. His mother was at his bedside and read to him the Bible, according to his often-made request, or repeated to him such verses as "The Lord is my Shepherd," or "Let not your heart be troubled."

He died as he had lived, in faith and hope, the words he had characteristically given to his boats. He said in his Narrative: "I never lost my hope. . . . I never doubted for an instant that the same Providence which had guarded us through the long darkness of winter was still watching over us for good, and that it was yet in reserve for us — for some: I dared not hope for all — to bear back the tidings of our rescue to a Christian land."

Kane's body lay in state at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and was buried with distinguished honors.

Now that it was known that Franklin had spent first winter on Beechey Island, and that three graves of his men had been found there, Lady Franklin could not rest until a further search was undertaken.

As soon as the Prince Albert returned with the information, she was re-equipped by Lady Franklin and sent out in 1851, under command of Captain Kennedy, to explore Prince Regent Inlet, as this inlet had been blocked with ice when the Prince Albert attempted previously to explore it. Under Kennedy was Lieutenant Bellot of France, who volunteered for the service; but he was drowned while leading a sledge party in Wellington Channel, Aug. 17, 1853. Kennedy made the complete circuit of North Somerset.

Lady Franklin fitted out the steamer Isabel, under Commander Inglefield, in the autumn of 1852, which returned after having sailed to the head of Baffin's Bay. Several other ships of search were sent out in the years 1853–54.

Dr. John Rae, under the Hudson Bay Company, had in 1846–47 explored from Fort Churchill on the west coast of Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Boothia, and later, the coasts of Wollaston and Victoria Lands. In 1853 he was sent around Committee Bay, at the lower part of Boothia Gulf and to the coasts of Boothia Isthmus.

He wintered in Repulse Bay, south of Melville Peninsula and of Committee Bay, and in the spring of 1854 commenced his explorations. On April 20, 1854, he met some Eskimos in Pelly Bay, in the western part of Boothia Gulf, from whom he obtained some articles which belonged to Franklin and his men. From them he obtained the following information, as given in his official report to the admiralty: "In the spring four

winters past (spring, 1850) [probably 1848] a party of 'white men,' amounting to about forty, were seen travelling southward over the ice and dragging a boat with them, by some Eskimos who were killing seals near the north shore of King William Land, which is a large island. None of the party could speak the Eskimo language intelligibly, but by signs the natives were made to understand that their ship, or ships, had been crushed by the ice, and that they were now going to where they expected to find deer to shoot. From the appearance of the men, all of whom except one officer looked thin, they were then supposed to be getting short of provisions, and purchased a small seal from the natives.

"At a later date the same season, but previous to the breaking-up of the ice, the bodies of some thirty persons were discovered on the continent, and five on an island near it, about a long day's journey to the north-west of a large stream, which can be no other than Back's Great Fish River. . . . Some of the bodies had been buried (probably those of the first victims of the famine), some were in a tent or tents, others under the boat, which had been turned over to form a shelter, and several lay scattered about in different directions. Of those found on the island one was supposed to have been an officer, as he had a telescope strapped over his shoulders, and his double-barrelled gun lay underneath him.

"From the mutilated state of many of the corpses and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our wretched countrymen had been driven to the last resource — cannibalism — as a means of prolonging existence.

"There appeared to have been an abundant stock of ammunition, as the powder was emptied in a heap on the ground by the natives out of the kegs or cases containing it, and a quantity of ball and shot was found below high-water mark, having probably been left on the ice close to the beach. There must have been a number of watches, compasses, telescopes, guns (several double-barrelled), etc., all of which appear to have been broken up, as I saw pieces of those different articles with the Eskimos, together with some silver spoons and forks. I purchased as many as I could get. . . .

"None of the Eskimos with whom I conversed had seen the 'whites,' nor had they ever been at the place where the bodies were found, but had their information from those who had been there, and who had seen part of the party when travelling."

The government award of £10,000 was given to Dr. Rae for his discovery, though Lady Franklin was not satisfied, as nothing very definite was yet known concerning Franklin and the ships. The government now ceased its efforts, as by this time, says Mr. A. H. Beesly, in his life of Franklin, about £800,000 had been expended in ships, etc., for the Franklin search. About 4,300 miles had been sledged. Lieutenant M'Clintock estimates the amount expended by England in the Franklin search as £982,000, while the United States spent a quarter of a million dollars.

Lady Franklin had already sent out four ships largely at her own expense; and now she sent out another almost entirely at her own cost, the steam yacht Fox, of 177 tons, — paying £2,000 for her, — Captain M'Clintock commanding. Associated with him were Lieutenant Hobson, R. N., and Captain Allen Young, who not only

offered his services gratuitously, but contributed largely from his own private fortune towards the expenses of the expedition. Provisions were taken for two years and four months. Captain M'Clintock went without instructions other than as Lady Franklin said, to recover, if possible, "some of the unspeakably precious documents of the expedition, public and private, and the personal relics of my dear husband and his companions."

Lady Franklin wrote M'Clintock:

"It will be yours [the honor] as much if you fail (since you *may* fail in spite of every effort) as if you succeed; and be assured that, under *any and all circumstances whatever*, such is my unbounded confidence in you, you will possess and be entitled to the enduring gratitude of your sincere and attached friend,

JANE FRANKLIN.

Carl Petersen, the Eskimo interpreter for Captain Penny and Dr. Kane, went with them.

The Fox left Aberdeen July 1, 1857, and was frozen in the pack in Melville Bay off the coast of Greenland by the middle of August. She was beset for 242 days, drifting southward, and carried 1,194 geographical miles, or 1,381 statute miles, before she was released from the ice, April 25, 1858.

In the beginning of winter, Dec. 4, occurred the first burial from the ship. A hole had been cut in the ice, and the body was drawn on a sledge by the men. "What a scene it was! I shall never forget it," writes Sir F. Leopold M'Clintock in his "Voyage of the Fox:" "The lonely 'Fox' almost buried in snow, completely isolated from the habitable world, her colors half-mast high, and bell mournfully tolling; our little procession slowly

marching over the rough surface of the frozen deep guided by lanterns and direction-posts, amid the dreary darkness of an Arctic winter; the death-like stillness around, the intense cold, and the threatening aspect of a murky, overcast sky; and all this heightened by one of those strange lunar phenomena which are but seldom seen even here, a complete halo encircling the moon, through which passed a horizontal band of pale light that encompassed the heavens; above the moon appeared the segments of two other halos, and there were also mock moons, or paraselenæ, to the number of six. . . .

"Scarcely had the Burial Service been completed when our poor dogs, discovering that the ship was deserted, set up a most dismal, unearthly moaning, and continued it till we returned on board."

After her release from the ice the Fox sailed northward again through Melville Bay, and into Lancaster sound to Beechey Island. Here M'Clure erected a marble monument which had been sent to the Polar regions by Lady Franklin. Lieutenent Hartstene, when in his search for Kane, carried the monument, but he was prevented by the ice from reaching Beechey Island. On the stone are the words: —

To the memory of
FRANKLIN,
CROZIER, FITZJAMES,
and all their
gallant brother officers and faithful
companions who have suffered and perished
in the cause of science
and the service of their country.
THIS TABLET
is erected near the spot where
they passed their first Arctic

winter, and whence they issued
forth to conquer difficulties or
To Die.
It commemorates the grief of the
admiring countrymen and friends,
and the anguish, subdued by faith,
of her who has lost, in the heroic
leader of the expedition, the most
devoted and affectionate of
husbands.

"And so He bringeth them into the
haven where they would be."
1855.

Aug. 16, 1858, the Fox sailed from Beechey Island up Prince Regent Inlet towards Bellot Strait named after the dead French officer, which separates north Somerset and Boothia. After being nearly shipwrecked the party wintered in Port Kennedy, at the eastern end of the strait. During the winter they made ready for the sledge journeys in various directions in the spring.

On Feb. 17 M'Clintock set off toward the west of Boothia with two men and two sledges drawn by fifteen dogs.

M'Clintock says of his dog-team: "They bit through their traces, and hid away under the sledge, or leaped over one another's backs, so as to get into the middle of the team out of the way of my whip, while the traces became plaited up, and the dogs were almost knotted together; the consequence was, I had to halt every few minutes, pull off my mits, and, at the risk of frozen hands, disentangle the lines. . . . Their strength and endurance are astonishing. When an Eskimo dog feels the whip, he usually bites his neighbor; the bite is passed along to the next, and a general fight and howling match ensues."

When a dog-sledge is stopped by the rough ice or deep snow, "the dogs," said McClintock, "instead of exciting themselves, lie down, looking perfectly delighted at the circumstance."

The cold was intense, 42½° below zero. On March 1 they reached the supposed position of the magnetic pole, and soon met four Eskimos returning home from a seal-hunt.

One of the Eskimos wore a naval button, and when asked where he obtained it, he said, "from some white people who were starved upon an island where there are salmon (that is, in a river); and that the iron of which their knives were made came from the same place. One of these men said he had been to the island to obtain wood and iron, but none of them had seen the white men."

The entire Eskimos village, about forty-five persons, near Cape Victoria, came out to see M'Clintock in the morning. The Englishmen purchased all the relics of Franklin which they could find: six silver spoons and forks, the property of Sir John Franklin, Lieutenant H. T. D. Le Vesconte, J. W. Fairholme, and Lieutenant Edward Couch — supposed from the initial C. and crest, a lion's head; also a silver medal belonging to A. McDonald, assistant surgeon of the Terror, obtained as a prize at a medical examination in Edinburgh, April, 1838, part of a gold watch-chain, seven knives, and bows and arrows made by the natives out of materials obtained from the ships, and several other things. A spear-staff measuring six feet and three inches, with head of steel, the natives said they got from a boat in the Great Fish River.

One of the Eskimos told Petersen, the interpreter,

that "a ship having three masts had been crushed by the ice out in the sea to the west of King William Island, but that all the people landed safely; he was not one of those who were eye-witnesses of it; the ship sank, so nothing was obtained by the natives from her."

The Eskimos were eager to barter with M'Clintock, for knives, needles, scissors, and beads. One woman took a naked infant by the arm from the fur hood where she carried it on her back, and holding it toward M'Clintock, with the thermometer at sixty degrees below freezing point, begged for a needle for her baby. M'Clintock says he gave her a needle "as expeditiously as possible." One of the natives offered Lieutenant Peary, when in Greenland, his wife and two children for a knife, which generous proposition the officer was obliged to decline. M'Clintock returned to his ship, after twenty-five days, having made a sledge journey of four hundred and twenty English miles.

Encouraged now with the hope of finding more relics of Franklin, two sledge parties started out, one under Captain M'Clintock, and the other under Lieutenant Hobson. The load for each man to drag was about two hundred pounds, and for each dog one hundred pounds.

After several days journeying they met the same Eskimo whom they had seen before at Cape Victoria. They now heard from the natives that "*two ships* had been seen off King William Island; *one of them* was seen to sink in deep water, . . . but *the other* was forced on shore by the ice, where they suppose she still remains, but is much broken. Oot-loo-lik is the name of the place where she grounded . . . [thirty or forty miles south-west from Cape Herschel]. . . . The body of a man was found on board the ship; a very large man, and

had long teeth. In the fall of the year the boats were destroyed — that is August or September — all the white people went away to the 'large river,' taking a boat, or boats, with them, and in the following winter their bones were found there."

At Cape Victoria the two leaders separated, M'Clintock taking the east coast of King William Island for search, and Hobson the west. On the east shore of the island, near Cape Norton, M'Clintock met thirty or forty natives from whom he purchased two tablespoons, with W. W. on one and W. G. on the other, with Franklin's crest upon them, and four other pieces of silver plate bearing the initials or crests of Franklin, Crozier, Fairholme, and McDonald; also bows and arrows of English woods, and uniform and other buttons. . . . The silver spoons and forks were readily sold for four needles each." The Eskimos offered them a heavy sledge, probably made from the ships, but this the white men could not carry.

The Eskimos said "There had been *many books*, but all have long ago been destroyed by the weather." One woman and boy had visited the wreck during the preceding winter, that is 1857–58. She said, "Many of the white men dropped by the way as they went to the Great River."

May 12 M'Clintock and his party encamped upon the ice in the mouth of Back's Great Fish River, and a little later on Montreal Island, farther up the river. Here they found "a piece of a preserved-meat tin, two pieces of iron hoop, some scraps of copper, and an iron hook-bolt," which had probably been brought there from the ship. The thermometer was now at zero, and the land was covered with snow. Here they shot a hare and a brace of

willow-grouse, showing that at this season of the year there was very little fresh meat to be obtained for food.

They crossed over to the mainland, Adelaide Peninsula, and then back to King William Island, along the southern shore. They found a cairn nearly five feet high, appearing to be of recent construction, but nothing within it. If there had been papers, they were destroyed.

Shortly after midnight of May 25, nine miles east of Cape Herschel, near the beach, which the winds kept partially bare from snow, they found a human skeleton, the bare skull showing above the snow, with here and there some fragments of clothing appearing through the snow, the tie of a black silk neckerchief, pieces of a blue waistcoat, silk-covered buttons of a blue cloth great-coat, clothes-brush, comb, and pocket-book. In the comb were some light brown hairs.

The bleached skeleton was lying upon its face towards the Great Fish River, "the limbs and smaller bones either dissevered or gnawed away by small animals." The man was slightly built. The pocket-book was opened, when it could be thawed, and found to contain eight letters or papers with Henry Peglar's name on several.

One thing was now proved; viz., that some of the Franklin party had reached the lower part of King William Island, and had seen for themselves the North-west Passage, through Simpson's Strait.

At Cape Herschel was a large cairn erected in 1839, but which, by the appearance of the stones, had recently been partially torn down as if somebody had been seeking for things deposited therein. M'Clintock felt sure that some most valuable documents must have been left here by the retreating party.

About twelve miles beyond Cape Herschel M'Clintock found a small cairn built by Hobson, and a note within it, stating that he had found the record, so long eagerly sought, at Point Victory, on the north-west coast of King William Land. The cairn, which had been five or six feet high, had partially fallen down, and the record in a tin cylinder was found on the ground among some loose stones.

This was the sad record : —

"28th of May, 1847. H. M. ships Erebus and Terror wintered in the ice in lat. 70° 05′ N., long. 98° 23′ W. Having wintered in 1846–47 [they meant 1845–46] at Beechey Island, in lat. 74° 43′ 28″ N. Long. 91° 39′ 15″ W., after having ascended Wellington channel to lat. 77°, and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island.

Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition.

All well.

Party consisting of 2 officers and 6 men left the ship on Monday, 24th May, 1847.

GRA. GORE, *Lieut.*
CHAS. F. DES VŒUX, *Mate.*"

It is probable that they went to Cape Herschel to see for themselves the North-west Passage.

Nearly a year after this, around the margin of the record, these words were faintly traced : —

"April 25, 1848 : H. M. ships Terror and Erebus were deserted on the 22d April, five leagues N. N. W. of this, having been beset since 12th September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here in lat. 69° 37′ 42″ N., long, 98° 41′ W. Sir John Franklin died

on the 11th of June, 1847; and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date 9 officers and 15 men.

F. R. M. CROZIER,
Captain and Senior officer,
and start on to-morrow 26th
for Back's Fish River.

JAMES FITZJAMES,
Captain H. M. S. Erebus.

The paper was written by Fitzjames, save the signatures, and the line stating where they were going. So sad and so concise a record is seldom found: their leader Sir John dead; the last hopeless winter taking away twenty-one of their number, Graham Gore among them; and the remaining one hundred and five starting away so early in the season on a journey which promised little else save death by starvation.

M'Clintock journeyed on up the west coast of King William Land, naming the extreme point Cape Crozier, and soon after saw a large boat, which had been seen also by Hobson. It measured 28 feet long, and 7 feet 3 inches wide, evidently intended for the Great Fish River. It was mounted upon a sledge, the whole weighing about 1,400 pounds.

Within the boat were portions of two skeletons, one of a slight young person in the bow of the boat much devoured by wolves, perhaps, and the other of a large, strongly made, middle-aged man, lying across the boat in the stern, enveloped with clothes and furs. Close beside the latter were found five watches — one watch bore the crest of Lieutenant Couch — and two double-barrelled guns, one barrel in each loaded and cocked, the other having for some reason been discharged — standing muzzle upwards against the boat's side as if ready to shoot game.

Quantities of clothing were found in the boat, besides seven or eight pairs of boots of various kinds, several silk handkerchiefs, towels, brushes, needle and thread cases, several small books, all Scriptural, except the "Vicar of Wakefield," a Bible much interlined, a prayer-book, forty pounds of chocolate, an empty pemican can, which would hold twenty-two pounds (it was marked E., and probably belonged to the Erebus), eleven large silver spoons, the same number of forks, and four teaspoons, all marked with the initials or crests of nine different officers.

The boat was pointed towards the north-east, that is, towards the abandoned ships; so it seems probable that, unable to proceed towards the Fish River, some of the men, hoping against hope, determined to go back and try to subsist till deliverance might come from some source. These two were probably left till the rest could go back to the ship and then rescue them.

The boat was about sixty-four miles from the ships, and seventy miles from the place where M'Clintock had found the first skeleton.

When M'Clintock reached Point Victory, he found a great quantity of things which the crews had evidently been unable to carry after the journey of fifteen miles: four sets of boats, cooking-stoves, shovels, a small case of medicines, brass plate of a wooden gun-case, engraved C. H. Osmer, R. N. (the purser of the Erebus), bar magnets, a small sextant marked Frederic Hornby, a mate of the Terror (presented in later years by his brother, Admiral Hornby, to Lieutenant Wyatt Rawson, who fell at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir), and a huge pile of clothing and blankets four feet high. From this point M'Clintock returned to his ship. Allen Young also made a perilous

and most interesting sledge journey around Prince of Wales Land.

Hobson spent thirty-one days on the desolate west shore of King William Island. Besides the record and clothing at Point Victory and the boat with skeletons, Hobson found clothes, three small tents, and other things at Cape Felix, the northern extremity of the island. During the whole month he shot but one bear and four willow-grouse. One wolf and a few foxes were seen. "One fox," says M'Clintock, "was either so desperately hungry, or so charmed with the rare sight of animated beings, that he played about the party until the dogs snatched him up, although in harness and dragging the sledge at the time."

M'Clintock says nothing can exceed the gloom and desolation of the west coast of the island. Hobson was so afflicted with scurvy that he was unable to stand when he reached the ship. The scarcity of fresh food attainable, and the fact that no preserved meat or vegetable tins were found about the cairns or along the march of the Franklin crew, "makes the inference," as M'Clintock says, "as plain as it is painful!" Scurvy and want probably did their fatal work quickly.

The Fox and her brave and successful men reached Godhavn, Greenland, Aug. 26, 1859. They parted with regret from the Eskimo guides, who said they had been treated "all the same as brothers." The dogs they gave to those whom they felt would treat them kindly, but the poor creatures acted as though the ship was their home. "They ran round the harbor to the point nearest the ship," says M'Clintock, "and there, upon the rocks, spent the whole period of our stay. As we sailed slowly out of the harbor they ran along the rocks abreast of the

ship to the outermost extreme, howling most piteously; even when far out at sea we could still hear their plaintive chorus."

The ship reached England, Sept. 23, 1859. Government voted M'Clintock and his men five thousand pounds, and also voted two thousand pounds for a monument in Waterloo Place with the following inscription: —

FRANKLIN.

To the great navigator
and his brave companions
who sacrificed their lives in
completing the discovery of
the North-west Passage
A. D. 1847-48.

Erected by the unanimous vote of Parliament.

M'Clintock received the freedom of the city of London for his discoveries, the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society, honorary degrees from different universities, and knighthood from Queen Victoria.

There were some persons who believed that a portion of the Franklin party might yet be alive, or, as King William Island had been searched when covered with snow, more traces of the dead might be discovered when the land was bare.

One person, toiling at his trade, that of engraver, in the city of Cincinnati, O., for nine long years, from the day Lieutenant De Haven went out in the Advance, in 1850, to the return of Captain M'Clintock in the Fox, 1859, was using every spare moment in the study of Arctic research, and thinking what could be done for the rescue of Franklin.

Charles Francis Hall was without means; but he had untiring perseverance and energy, faith in his mission, for he believed that he was *called* to the work, and an unfailing trust in Providence. Through obstacles almost insurmountable, visiting and talking with prominent men, explaining his plans to this and that learned society, neglecting his business for the one purpose of his life, he finally obtained money to build a boat, one sledge, to procure twelve hundred pounds of pemican, a few instruments, and other stores.

The firm of Williams & Haven of New London, Conn., offered to take him and his outfit, free of charge, in one of their vessels, the George Henry, to the vicinity of Frobisher Bay, north of Hudson's Strait, and from there with his boat and the native helpers he intended to make his way to King William Land and the adjoining country. He took with him from the United States, May 29, 1860, an Eskimo interpreter, Kudlago, whom Captain Budington of the George Henry had brought back on a previous voyage.

In crossing the Banks of Newfoundland Kudlago took a severe cold, and failed rapidly. An eider-duck was shot for him, but he could eat only a small portion, the heart and liver, both raw. He longed to get home, and asked frequently, "Teek-ko se-ko? teek-ko se-ko?" — Do you see ice? do you see ice? He died Sunday morning, near the coast of Greenland, about three hundred miles from his home, asking pitifully at the last, "Do you see ice?" He was buried at sea.

When the ship reached her anchorage, and Kudlago's family came to meet him, there was deep sorrow. As the wife "looked at us," says Hall, "and then at the chest where Kudlago had kept his things, and which

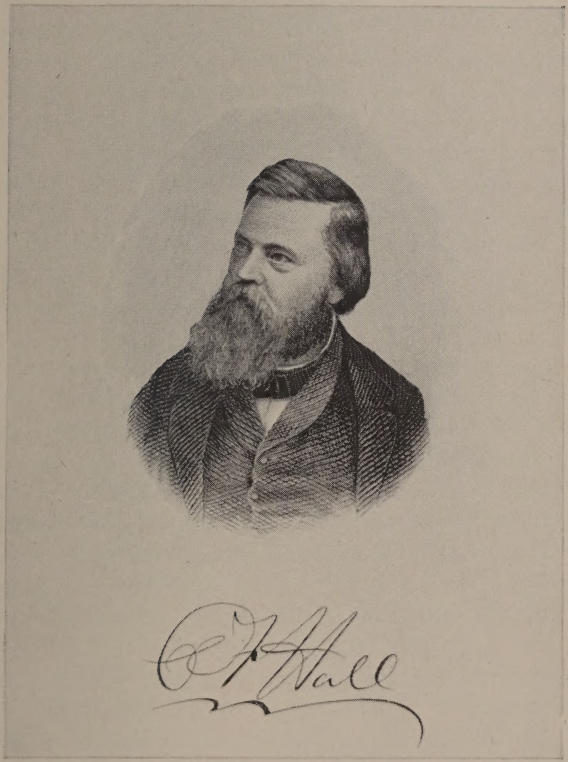
Captain Budington now opened, the tears flowed faster and faster, showing that nature is as much susceptible of all the softer feelings among these children of the North as with us in the warmer South. But her grief could hardly be controlled when the treasures Kudlago had gathered in the States for her and his little girl were exhibited. She sat herself down upon the chest, and pensively bent her head in deep, unfeigned sorrow."

Hall lost his expedition boat on Frobisher Bay, which loss was a severe blow. His original plans of going to King William Island were therefore given up; but he lived among the Eskimos for more than two years, studying their customs and language, making sledge journeys, discovering relics of the expedition of Sir Martin Frobisher, three hundred years before, ever having in mind the one purpose in the future to search for the lost men of the Erebus and Terror.

Hall ascertained that "Frobisher's Strait" was not a strait, but a bay. On his return to America, Sept. 13, 1862, he brought with him two valuable Eskimo helpers Ebierbing (Joe) and Too-koo-litoo, his wife (Hannah), who had lived twenty months in England, and spoke English well.

He at once began preparations for a second expedition, lecturing to earn money, putting forth almost superhuman energy to interest the country in the enterprise. In his private note-books were found underscored such sentences as these: "Our greatest glory consists not in falling, but in rising every time we fall." "The question is not the number of facts a man knows, but how much of a fact he is himself."

Mr. Henry Grinnell had already given a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for Arctic research, and had met



with losses. The nation was engaged in the Civil War, and money was not at hand for the enterprise. Hall therefore again accepted the courtesy of Mr. R. H. Chapell of the firm of Williams & Haven, New London, and took free passage for himself, his native helpers, and his boat, twenty-eight feet long, in the whaler Monticello, July 1, 1864.

The ship landed at Depot Island in the southern part of Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, north of Hudson's Bay, and here Hall began his five years of life among the Eskimos, living with them in their *Igloos*, or snow huts, eating their raw food, becoming their friend and confidant, and learning all he could of the Franklin party.

Now they shot a walrus weighing two thousand two hundred pounds, and now a seal, after watching whole nights near the seal-hole in the ice to spear it when it came up to breathe. He heard from the Eskimos near Depot Island that two ships were lost some years before, and the *Kob-lu-nas* (white men) were starved or frozen, all but four, Captain Crozier and three others, who passed a winter with the tribe with whom Hall was staying. "Crozier and the three men with him were very hungry," the Eskimos told Hall, as Professor Nourse relates in Hall's "Second Arctic Expedition," published by the Senate of the United States in 1879. "Crozier, though nearly starved and very thin, would not eat a bit of the *Kob-lu-nas* (the bodies of white men); he waited till an Innuit who was with him and the three men caught a seal, and then Crozier only ate one mouthful, one little bit first time. Next time Crozier ate of the seal, he took a little larger piece, though that was a little bit too. One man of the whole

number four died because he was sick. The others all lived and grew fat, and finally Crozier got one Innuit with his *kayak* to accompany him and the two men in trying to get to the *Kob-lu-nas* country by travelling to the southward."

The Eskimos said that Crozier and one of the men reached Chesterfield Inlet, on the west of Hudson's Bay, and visited the natives there, and were trying to reach Fort Churchill or York Factory lower down on the bay. Before they reached the Great Fish River Franklin's men had a fight with the Indians, — not the Eskimos, — and several Indians were killed, but no whites.

The Eskimos became good friends to Hall, loaned him their dogs, and in every way tried to help the search. In the spring of 1866, after wintering at Fort Hope, where Dr. Rae's headquarters were, at the north-east corner of Repulse Bay, Hall started toward King William Island. About six miles above Cape Weynton, on Committee Bay, at the lower part of Boothia Gulf, he met some Eskimos whose chief gave Hall two spoons, which he said were given him by Aglooka (Crozier); on one were the letters, F. R. M. C. The wife of the chief had a silver watch case. The natives told Hannah, the Eskimos, that they had been alongside the ships; had seen the great Eshemutta (Franklin). "This Eshemutta was an old man with broad shoulders, gray hair, full face, and bald head. He was always wearing something over his eyes" (spectacles, Hannah said). "He was quite lame and sick when they last saw him. He was always very kind, wanted them to eat constantly, very cheerful and laughing; everybody liked him. . . . The ship was crushed by the ice. While it was sinking the men worked for their lives, but before they could get much

out from the vessel she sank. For this reason Aglooka (Crozier) died of starvation, for he could not get provisions to carry with him on his land journey."

The Eskimos further said that for a long time they feared to go on the other ship. But on seeing one man alive on her, they went and took what they wanted; afterwards they found two boats with dead men in them. They saw a cairn and many papers, which had been given to the children or thrown away. One Eskimo had slept near the cairn, wrapping himself in blankets taken from some banked-up clothing. A skeleton was near the pile. (We know there was such a pile near the Point Victory cairn.)

After further exploration Hall was obliged to winter at Repulse Bay, as the Eskimos were afraid of hostile tribes. He was cheered this winter by a letter from Lady Franklin, expressing the deepest sympathy in his work.

Hearing that some of Franklin's men were, or had been, on the shores of Fury and Hecla Straits, having probably crossed Boothia Gulf, Hall went thither and passed a season in exploring. The natives described men who wore caps on their heads and overcoats with hoods; footprints long and narrow, with deep places in the heel, and the tread always outward. These had been seen as late as 1864. Probably some white men had been there, but it is not known who.

Professor Nourse, in his "American Explorations in the Ice Zones," repeats a story told by Captain William Adams, of the Dundee Whaler Arctic (who took the Polaris party from the "Raven's Craig" to Dundee in his ship from whence they went to New York) on his return from a cruise as late as 1881. While his ship

was within fifteen miles of Fury and Hecla Straits an intelligent Eskimo told him that when he was a young man in his father's hut, — probably about thirty-five years before, — in 1848, three men came over the land toward Repulse Bay. The great "Amigak," or captain, died and the other two, who cried very much, lived some time in the hut and finally died. The Eskimos showed Captain Adams on the chart where they were buried. The Eskimos said years before two vessels had been lost far to the westward, and that seventeen men came over the country, but only three survived to reach his father's hut.

In the spring of 1869 Hall started for King William Island with a party of natives, five men, three women, and two children and a baby in the hood of its mother. The load of one sled was twenty-eight hundred pounds; the other twenty-five hundred.

At Sheppard's Bay, a little to the east of King William Island, they met Eskimos who said they had seen Crozier, a telescope about his neck and a gun in his hand, and about forty-five men, in July, 1848, a few miles above Cape Herschel, dragging two sleds. Crozier was putting up a tent for the night. They gave him some meat, as he and his party seemed very hungry. During the night the Eskimos stole away from them, fearful probably that they might be asked to share their food with the white men, and they had none to spare. The next spring they found the bodies of the white men, but did not see Crozier's, so they believed he had been saved and gone back to his country. It will be remembered that they told Dr. Rae one of the bodies on the island, perhaps Todd Island, had a telescope over its shoulder and a double-barrelled gun lay under it.

Farther on Hall heard that one of the ships had drifted to the shores of O'Reilly's Island, off the southwest coast of King William Island, and that some white men had passed the winter on her — possibly those who went back with the boat — and then abandoned her. Later the natives broke into the cabin and found one very large man there — dead. The ship subsequently was so broken by the ice that she sank, but not till they had obtained a great deal of wood from the wreck.

The natives told him he would find five graves or bodies on Todd Island, on the southern shore of King William Island. He went and found human bones in several places. On the mainland, Adelaide Peninsula, he found an entire skeleton which was afterwards sent to England. It was identified as the body of Lieutenant Le Vesconte, by the filling in the teeth.

The Eskimos further said that east of Pfeffer River, on the seashore, near Todd Island, two had died and been buried; five miles eastward another; on the west of Point Richardson, near by, had been found an awning-covered boat, with the remains of more than thirty; and on the western part of King William Island, a little way inland from Terror Bay above Cape Herschel, a large tent was found whose floor was completely covered with bodies.

Hall brought away about one hundred and twenty-five pounds' weight of relics, — a boat, a mahogany writing-desk, many pieces of silver plate, — about one hundred and fifty things in all, and only regretted he could not bring more, as he said the relics are possessed, "by natives all over the Arctic regions from Pond's Bay to Mackenzie River."

Hall returned to America in the fall of 1869, and imme-

diately began to prepare for another Arctic expedition, this time in search of the North Pole, having become satisfied that all of the Franklin party were dead.

Hall sailed from New London July 3, 1871, in the steamer Polaris, and stopped in Greenland for Eskimos and dogs (Hans Hendrick, the dog-driver, brought aboard his wife, three children, boxes, bundles, and several puppies whose eyes could scarcely bear the light), and carried his ship up Smith's Sound to a higher northern latitude than had been reached by any other vessel, 82° 16′, two hundred miles north of Kane's highest point. Here she was beset by ice, but eventually went into winter quarters on the eastern side of the sound at a place which Hall named Thank God Harbor. A great iceberg protected them, four hundred and fifty feet long, and three hundred feet broad, and probably one hundred and eighty feet deep. Hall called this Providence Berg.

Near the middle of October, Hall started on a sledge journey to prospect his route towards the Pole. He saw and named Robeson's Strait, after the Secretary of the Navy; Newman Bay, after Rev. Dr. Newman; also Sumner Cape and Brevoort Cape. Immediately on his return, Oct. 24, expecting to start again in two days, he had an apoplectic attack, and expired at 3.25, A.M., Nov. 8, 1871. The crew were two days in digging a grave twenty-six inches deep for the devoted and self-sacrificing explorer. The work was done by the light of lanterns, as the daytime was all darkness there. At 11. A.M. the ship's bell tolled, the coffin was placed on a sled, and two by two the officers and crew bore their precious burden. The sobs of Hannah mingled with the sound of the frozen earth falling upon the coffin.

"Joe and his wife," says Rear Admiral C. H. Davis in

his "Polaris Expedition," "were almost heart-broken. They had looked upon Hall as a father for nearly ten years; they never could hope to find any one who would take his place. They had been with him in many trials and dangers; they had often saved his life; they felt alone in the world."

Five years afterwards, May 13, 1876, Captain Stephenson, of the Sir George Nares English expedition, in the presence of twenty-four officers hoisted the American flag over the grave of Captain Hall, and erected a brass tablet which had been prepared in England. On it were these words: —

"Sacred to the memory of
Captain C. F. Hall,
of the U. S. S. Polaris,
who sacrificed his life in the advancement of Science, Nov. 8, 1871. This tablet has been erected by the British Polar expedition of 1875, who, following in his footsteps, have profited by his experience."

Such international courtesy was warmly appreciated by the American people.

The loss to the expedition through Hall's death was irreparable. As the ship was much damaged by ice, and the coal supply was inadequate, it was decided to return home in the following August without further attempts to go North. After leaving Thank God Harbor the Polaris entered a pack, and was tied to a floe, drifting down the channel into Baffin's Bay. She leaked badly. Oct. 15 the floe to which she was attached broke up in a storm; and it was decided to abandon her and try to save the provisions, clothing, and boats by hastily throwing them out on the ice. Suddenly, in the gloom of the night, the Polaris with fourteen men on board parted from the floe, and left the bewildered company alone. The

steward called out in the darkness, "Good-by Polaris!"

On the floe, a hundred yards long and seventy-five broad, were Captain Tyson, the assistant navigator, nine men belonging to the Polaris, besides nine Eskimos, including three women and a baby eight weeks old christened Charles Polaris. Several men were brought in by boat from the small pieces of ice broken from the floe. All huddled together in a blinding snowstorm under some musk-ox skins. They built a house from materials thrown out from the ship, and they made some snow huts, and lived on food procured for them by Joe and Hans, the Eskimos; they had some food also which had been thrown out from the ship.

In this perilous condition they drifted down Baffin's Bay and Davis Strait, the floe crumbling, the sea sometimes washing over it, and finally were obliged to take to their one boat, the other having been used for fuel. After drifting fifteen hundred miles in one hundred and ninety-six days, the men were picked up off the coast of Labrador by the English ship Tigress. The journey was one of the most remarkable and thrilling on record. All were saved, even the baby. The Polaris was driven helplessly on shore in Lifeboat Cove, Littleton Island, on the east side of Smith Sound, where the Etah Eskimos provided much food for the sufferers. During the winter they built a house from the wreck of the ship; and the Eskimos improved the opportunity to become permanent visitors to the number of one hundred men, women, and children, and one hundred and fifty dogs. The men built two boats and embarked in them June 3, and were picked up by the Dundee whaler, Ravenscraig, in Melville Bay.

The devoted Eskimos, Joe and Hannah, who saved the lives of the Tyson party by their hunting and care, would not escape to their Greenland home when they had the opportunity, and when, as Professor J. E. Nourse says, "there were just grounds of fear within their breasts that, in the almost famishing condition of the white men, some of them might make the Eskimos the first victims, if the direst necessity should come." They settled at their home in Groton Conn., purchased for them by "Father Hall," as they called the explorer. Joe became a carpenter; and Hannah, with the aid of her sewing-machine, made furs and other articles for the people of New London and Groton.

Their first child died in New York in 1863; the second, on King William Island in 1866; a third, adopted by them, called Sylvia (Punna), who went to school in Groton, died in 1875, at the age of nine years. Whenever a child dies, the mother collects all its playthings and puts them upon its grave. Hannah died of consumption Dec. 31, 1876, at the age of thirty-eight. Her last words were, "Come, Lord Jesus, and take thy poor creature home!"

In 1878, when Professor Nourse visited Hannah's grave, Joe knelt beside it and carefully weeded out the long grass. "Hannah gone! Punna gone!" he said; "me go now again to King William Land; if have to fight, me no care."

Joe went with Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka in the Franklin search party, June 19, 1878, and did not return to the United States.

One more and perhaps final effort was made to discover for a certainty the fate of the Franklin expedition. In the summer of 1878 Schwatka, of the Third

United States Cavalry, American by birth and Polish by descent, with William H. Gilder second in command, were taken out from New York in the whaler Eothen, and landed near Chesterfield Inlet, on the west of Hudson's Bay. Captain Barry of the Eothen had been told by the Eskimos at Repulse Bay, as had Captain Adams, of the coming among them of a "stranger in uniform, accompanied by other white men." The chief had collected a great quantity of papers, and left them in a cairn, where silver spoons and other things had been found. The Eskimo at Marble Island below Chesterfield Inlet also said, looking at Barry's log-book, that the white chief used a similar book, and the Eskimos gave Barry a spoon engraved with the word "Franklin." The spoon bore Franklin's crest, and undoubtedly belonged to him. It was sent to Miss Sophia Cracroft, London, niece of Sir John Franklin.

Schwatka wintered on the mainland, near Dépôt Island, at the top of Hudson Bay, and April 1, 1879, began his unequalled sledge journey of three thousand two hundred and fifty miles, accompanied by thirteen Eskimos, men, women, and children. Forty-two dogs drew the sleds with six months' food for seventeen people, about five thousand pounds. They depended for meat largely upon animals to be killed during the journey.

Crossing a branch of the Great Fish River, they named it Hayes, after President Rutherford B. Hayes. On this river they met a party of Ook-joo-liks, whose chief told them of Franklin's men. His family comprised nearly all the tribe which was left of that once occupying the western coast of Adelaide Peninsula and King William Land. He told about the same story which Captain Hall

had heard. He had seen "a white man dead in a bunk of a big ship," when his son, about thirty-five, was a child. He saw tracks of white men on the mainland, at first the footprints of four, afterwards only of three. His people did not know how to get inside of the stranded ship at first; but they finally cut a hole level with the ice, and later the ship filled and sank. They saw sweepings outside the ship, which seemed to have been brushed off by the people living on board. They found some red cans of fresh meat, with tallow mixed. Many had been opened, and four were unopened. They saw books on board, and left them there; they took away many knives, forks, spoons, and pans.

The son-in-law of the chief, when about fourteen years old, saw "two boats come down Back's River; one had eight men in it, and he did not count those in the other boat. He had seen a cairn on Montreal Island, and found therein a pocket-knife, a pair of scissors, and some fish-hooks."

The Schwatka party pushed on to the west of Richardson Point, on Adelaide Peninsula, and there met the Neitchilles, a tribe of Eskimos usually hostile. An old man told the party that he had seen a number of skeletons three or four miles west of there; had seen books and papers scattered along the shore and back from the beach; knives and forks, a boat broken up by the natives to make wooden implements, and some gold and silver watches given to the children.

Another man said he had picked up tin cans, pieces of bottles, iron, etc., only the last summer on an island off Grant Point, near O'Reilly's Island, where the natives said a ship was sunk off the south-east coast of King William Island. A map being shown him, he pointed to

a place eight miles west of Grant Point. All this tended to prove the story that several men sailed on the ship down to Simpson's Strait, thus making the north-west passage before they abandoned her. It seems possible that this was the Terror, from a block found at Wilmot Bay with O R or 10 on it, with part of the R obliterated. Schwatka and his men visited the cove west of Richardson Point, where Hall had been told of the awning-covered boat and skeletons, since called Starvation Cove. The natives said the boat was turned upside down, and the skeletons were beneath it. One skeleton was found five miles farther inland. Later they learned from an Eskimo that in this cove was "a tin case about two feet long and a foot square, which was fastened, and they broke it open. It was full of books written and printed, the last precious records of the despairing company. Among the books the Eskimos saw probably the needle of a compass, as the needle stuck fast to any iron which it touched. The boat was then right side up, and the tin case in it. The books were taken home for the children to play with, and finally torn and lost, or lay among the rocks till carried away by the wind, or destroyed by the storms. There were also several pairs of gold spectacles and gold watches, doubtless belonging to officers. The Eskimos believed that the white men were driven to cannibalism to preserve life. One woman, about fifty-five, Ahlangyah, told them that on the eastern coast of Washington Bay, on the south shore of King William Island, years ago she saw ten men dragging a sledge with a boat on it. Five of the men put up a tent on the shore, and five remained in the boat on the ice. The Eskimos erected a tent also, and they stayed together five days. They killed a number

of seals and gave them to the white men, who were very thin, and their mouths dry, hard, and black. They had no fur clothing on. One man's name was Aglooka (this was the name they always applied to Crozier); another, "Toolooah," — it probably sounded like that to the Eskimos, — was bigger than any of the others and older. Doktook (Doctor) was a short man with a red beard. All three wore spectacles, not ice-goggles. All started for Adelaide Peninsula at night, because the ice would be thicker at that time.

She also saw a tent on the shore at the head of Terror Bay the next spring, probably 1849. (This was the same tent described to Hall.) There were dead bodies inside, and outside some were covered with sand. There was no flesh on the bodies; the cords and sinews only were left. There were knives, forks, watches, clothing, and many books. There were one or two graves also. They were not the same party she saw going to Adelaide Peninsula. Tears filled her eyes as she recited the story.

The Eskimos went faster than the whites, and never saw them again.

The Schwatka party proceeded up the west coast of King William Island till they reached Cape Jane Franklin, near Victory Point, where they found the camping-place of the men after they abandoned the ships. There were cooking-stoves, kettles, and an open grave, with a quantity of blue cloth, which seemed to have been a heavy overcoat, wrapped about the body. A silver medal was found, a mathematical prize from the Royal Naval College to John Irving, midsummer, 1830. Under the head was a figured silk handkerchief neatly folded. The grave was identified as that of Lieutenant John Irving,

third officer of the Terror. The bones were gathered up and brought home by Schwatka, and returned to his grateful relatives in Edinburgh, Scotland, where they were buried with due honor.

At several places on the western shore of King William Island they found human bones, that were buried by them. At Terror Bay the sea evidently had washed away all traces of the tent and its "floor covered with remains." Some graves were also found which had been opened by the Eskimos.

The Schwatka party reached Dépôt Island, March 4, 1880, after their sledge journey of more than eleven months. They suffered much from lack of food during the latter part of the journey, twenty-seven of their dogs, or half the original number, dying from exhaustion or scarcity of provisions. From Dépôt Island they returned to the fort, bringing many relics of the Franklin expedition, among them two sledges seen by M'Clintock, which had at that time the boat upon them, with the two skeletons.

Schwatka received the Gold Medal of the Geographical Society of Paris. After the Franklin Search Expedition he explored the Yukon River in Alaska for the government, floating down the river on a raft for 1,305 miles. It was found to be navigable for 1,866 miles. In 1889 he explored Old Mexico. He died in Portland, Oregon, Nov. 2, 1892, at the age of forty-three years. He was buried at Salem, Oregon.

Whether all the Franklin party died during the summer of 1848, or a few of them lingered for some years among the Eskimos, is only conjecture. That the Eskimos saw more than one party is probable; but all at last met the same lonely death, in want of aid which came too late.

Lady Franklin, the devoted wife, lived until 1875, twenty-eight years after her husband's death. One of her last acts was the erection of a marble monument to Sir John in Westminster Abbey, for which Tennyson, who married Franklin's niece, wrote the epitaph.

> "Not here! The white North hath thy bones, and thou,
> Heroic Sailor Soul!
> Art passing on thy happier voyage now
> Towards no earthly pole."

It was unveiled two weeks after her death. The late Dean Stanley added to the words on the monument, that it was "erected by his widow, who, after long waiting and sending many in search of him, herself departed to seek him in the realms of light, 18th July, 1875, aged eighty-three years."

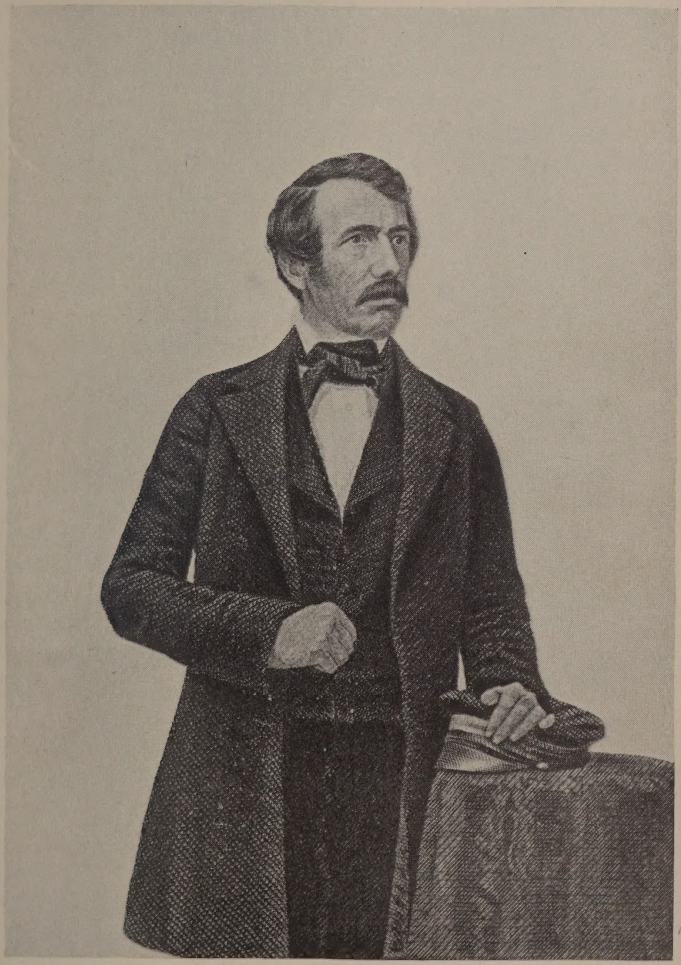
DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

"A MORE perfect example of a downright simply honest life, whether in contact with queens or slave-boys, one may safely say is not on record on our planet." Such is the testimony of Thomas Hughes, the well-known author of "School Days at Rugby," concerning the distinguished explorer, David Livingstone.

Similar testimony is given by Henry M. Stanley, the heroic African traveller: "Four months and four days I lived with him in the same house, or in the same boat, or in the same tent, and I never found a fault in him. I am a man of a quick temper, and often without sufficient cause, I dare say, have broken the ties of friendship; but with Livingstone I never had cause for resentment, but each day's life with him added to my admiration for him."

Again Stanley writes: "His religion is a constant, earnest, sincere practice. It is neither demonstrative nor loud, but manifests itself in a quiet, practical way, and is always at work. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features; it governs his conduct not only towards his servants, but towards the natives, the bigoted Mahommedans, and all who come in contact with him."

Florence Nightingale thought him "the greatest man



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

of his generation; for Dr. Livingstone" said she, "stood alone. There are few enough, but a few statesmen. There are few enough, but a few great in medicine, or in art, or in poetry. There are a few great travellers. But Dr. Livingstone stood alone as the great Missionary Traveller, the bringer-in of civilization; or rather the pioneer of civilization — he that cometh before — to races lying in darkness."

Sir Bartle Frere, president of the Royal Geographical Society, said, "I never met his equal for energy and sagacity." Sir William Fergusson, eminent in medicine, wrote to the *Lancet* concerning this medical missionary, "There has been among us, in modern times, one of the greatest men of the human race, — David Livingstone."

Poor, a worker in a factory, and self-educated, he sleeps now among kings and the noted of the earth in Westminster Abbey.

On March 19, 1813, in a humble home in Blantyre, Scotland, on the banks of the Clyde, was born David Livingstone. He was the second son in a family of five sons and two daughters.

The father, Neil Livingstone, apprenticed to a tailor in his boyhood, disliked his trade, and became a retail tea-dealer. With this business, which seems never to have been very profitable, he combined that of tract-distributing and the encouraging of reading books. He was ardently fond of good literature, especially along the theological line, and gathered into his home whatever his scanty money would permit him to buy. He was an earnest worker in the Sunday-school, and in missionary societies, and a total abstainer from all which intoxicates. He learned Gaelic that he might read the Bible to his mother, who knew that language best.

David's mother, Agnes Hunter, was a gentle, affectionate woman, the idol of her household, one who wore herself out to make a little go a great way in the poor man's home. David, when a lad, always swept and cleaned for her, "even under the door-mat," a thing which greatly pleased the neat, thrifty mother. He would say to her, remembering the eyes of the boys outside, "Mother, if you'll bar the door, I'll scrub the floor for you," — "a concession," says Thomas Hughes, "to the male prejudices of Blantyre which he would not have made in later life."

Two sons died early, but the tea-trade would not support even those which were left; so at ten years of age little David had to go into the cotton factory near by as a piecer. From this time on he supported himself and helped his mother. The first half-crown he ever earned he laid in her lap.

His father's industry and his mother's cheer made the home a place of happiness. After the hard work of the day was over, which lasted from six in the morning till eight at night, the evenings were spent in reading. It was the habit in this good Scotch family to lock the door at dusk; "by which time," says Dr. W. G. Blaikie in his life of Livingstone, "all the children were expected to be in the house. One evening David infringed this rule, and when he reached the door it was barred. He made no cry nor disturbance, but, having procured a piece of bread, sat down contentedly to pass the night on the doorstep. There, on looking out, his mother found him. It was an early application of the rule which did him such service in later days, — to make the best of the least pleasant situations."

With a part of his first week's wages at the mill he

purchased Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin." This and other books he studied in the evening school, which lasted from eight to ten o'clock. "The dictionary part of my labors," he wrote later in his first book, "Missionary Travels and Researches," "was followed up till twelve o'clock, or later, if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the book out of my hands. . . . I read in this way many of the classical authors, and knew Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than I do now."

David read everything which came within his reach, especially books of science and travels, though his father much preferred that he would confine himself to religious books, such as the "Cloud of Witnesses," and Boston's "Fourfold State." His last whipping at the hands of his father came from a refusal to read Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity." The tract-distributer could not realize that the rod was not a promoter of piety. For years after this David disliked religious reading of every kind.

In every spare hour he scoured the country, searching for flowers, specimens of rocks or of animal life, his eager mind always asking the reason of things. With great delight he was gathering shells in the carboniferous limestone around Blantyre, when he asked a quarry-man ("who looked," says Livingstone, "with that pitying eye which the benevolent assume when viewing the insane"), "However did these shells come into these rocks?"

"When God made the rocks, he made the shells in them," was the sedate, but unconvincing reply.

"These excursions," says Livingstone, "often in company with brothers, one now in Canada, and the other a

clergyman in the United States, gratified my intense love of nature; and though we generally returned so unmercifully hungry and fatigued that the embryo parson shed tears, yet we discovered, to us, so many new and interesting things, that he was always as eager to join us next time as he was the last."

On one of these excursions they caught a salmon, — it was against the law to catch salmon, — and the fish was carried home secreted in the trousers leg of the brother Charlie. Though the boys were reproved by the good colporteur, the fish was eaten for supper.

After more than eight years of daily labor — there could be little childhood about such a life — the lad was promoted to a "spinner's" position. Day after day he placed his book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, "so that I could," he says, "catch sentence after sentence as I passed at my work; I thus kept up a pretty constant study, undisturbed by the roar of the machinery. To this part of my education I owe my present power of completely abstracting the mind from surrounding noises, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amid the play of children, or near the dancing and songs of savages. The toil of cotton-spinning . . . was excessively severe on a slim, loose-jointed lad, but it was well paid for. . . .

"Looking back now on that life of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education; and, were it possible, I should like to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training."

Livingstone always retained his love for the poor, and a pride in his honest ancestry. When asked to change "and" to "but" in the last line of an epitaph which he

put over the graves of his parents in Hamilton Cemetery, he refused.

> "To show the resting-place of
> Neil Livingstone
> and Agnes Hunter, his wife,
> and to express the thankfulness to God
> of their children
> John, David, Janet, Charles, and Agnes,
> for poor and pious parents."

Some time during these toiling years the son of Christian parents turned towards Christian thought and reading. He found from Dr. Thomas Dick's works, "The Philosophy of Religion" and "The Philosophy of a Future State," "that religion and science were friendly to one another."

He became so interested in missions, that he resolved to give all he could earn beyond his barest needs for the spread of the gospel. Finally a book, as a book has done before, changed the course of a life.

Charles Gützlaff, a German medical missionary to China, wrote an appeal to the churches of Great Britain and America for helpers. David, probably in his twenty-first year, after reading this booklet, resolved to become a medical missionary.

With what money he could earn, and a little given by his parents and his elder brother, he went to Glasgow in the winter of 1836–37, when he was twenty-three, walking the eight miles in the snow from Blantyre, accompanied by his father.

The lodgings were all too expensive for the slender purse of the young man. Finally, after searching all day, they found a room in Rotten Row at two shillings a week.

He engaged it, and the next day, after a tender farewell from his father, paid his fees of twelve pounds to the various classes in Greek, chemistry, medicine, and later in theology.

He soon found that his tea and sugar disappeared, so he obtained new lodgings in High Street, at half a crown a week.

Young Livingstone became a warm friend of Mr. James Young, the assistant of Dr. Graham, Professor of Chemistry; and in Young's room, where there was a bench turning-lathe, and other mechanical implements, learned the use of tools. This proved most valuable to him afterwards, when he built houses in Africa, and was, as he said, a "Jack-of-all-trades."

Dr. Young, F.R.S., became renowned later for his purification of petroleum, and was called by Livingstone, "Sir Paraffin."

At the close of his term in April, Livingstone returned to the mill and worked as hard as ever, saving money for the second session. In 1838, having offered himself to the London Missionary Society, he and a friend, Rev. Joseph Moore, afterwards missionary at Tahiti, were sent to spend some months with the Rev. Richard Cecil, who resided at Chipping Ongar, in Essex. They studied the classics and theology under him, and prepared sermons, which were to be committed to memory, and then delivered to the village congregations.

Mr. Moore relates the following incident: "Livingstone prepared one; and one Sunday the minister of Stanford Rivers, where the celebrated Isaac Taylor resided, having fallen sick after the morning service, Livingstone was sent for to preach in the evening. He took his text, read it out very deliberately, and then —

then — his sermon had fled! Midnight darkness came upon him, and he abruptly said: 'Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say,' and, hurrying out of the pulpit, he left the chapel."

One morning at three o'clock, while at Ongar, Livingstone started to walk twenty-seven miles to London, — there was no money to pay for rides, — to do some business for his elder brother. After some hours in London, starting homeward, he found a lady by the roadside, stunned by falling from a gig. He took her into a house near by, ascertained that no bones were broken, and recommended that a doctor should be called. He soon lost his way; but, after regaining it, reached Ongar at midnight, completely exhausted, and, says Moore, "white as a sheet, and so tired he could hardly utter a word."

The Missionary Society hesitated for some time as to accepting Livingstone for their work. He did not seem successful as a preacher; he was not fluent in extemporaneous prayer; but they finally decided to give him another trial, and later accepted him.

He hastened to London, and for nearly two years worked earnestly and with enthusiasm in the hospitals. Deeply interested in natural history, he gave as much time as he could spare to the study of comparative anatomy in the Hunterian Museum, under Professor Owen.

Everywhere the young Scotchman won friends by reason of his gentleness and sympathy. "He was so kind and gentle in word and deed to all about him, that all loved him," said one who was with him at Ongar. "He had always words of sympathy at command, and was ready to perform acts of sympathy for those who were suffering." This gentleness he seems to have inherited from his mother, to whom he was tenderly devoted through life.

At the close of his medical studies he had a dangerous sickness from lung trouble, but recovered. He returned to Glasgow to take his medical diploma, and spent a night with his family. David proposed to sit up all night and talk, but his mother wisely objected. "I remember," says Livingstone's sister, "my father and him talking over the prospects of Christian Missions. They agreed that the time would come when rich men and great men would think it an honor to support whole stations of missionaries, instead of spending their money on hounds and horses. On the morning of 17 November we got up at five o'clock. My mother made coffee. David read the One Hundred and Twenty-first and One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Psalms, and prayed. My father and he walked to Glasgow to catch the Liverpool steamer."

They never met again. The father walked slowly and sadly back to Blantyre. His son went out to win world-wide renown.

Sixteen years later Neil Livingstone, the father, lay on his death-bed. His famous son was on his way back to England. "You wished so much to see David," said his daughter. "Ay, very much, very much; but the will of the Lord be done." Then he added, "But I think I'll know whatever is worth knowing about him. When you see him, tell him I think so."

When David was told these words, he wept, and gave thanks that night at family prayers "for the dead who has died in the Lord."

The opium war having closed China to David Livingstone, where he had first hoped to go, his mind was turned toward Africa by Dr. Robert Moffat, the noted missionary, then in London. Livingstone was ordained

Nov. 20, 1840, in Albion-street Chapel, London, and sailed December 8, in the ship George, to Cape Town, reaching it after three months.

During the journey he learned to take astronomical observations under the captain's instructions. He wrote to a friend: "The captain of our vessel was very obliging to me, and gave me all the information respecting the use of the quadrant in his power, frequently sitting up till twelve at night for the purpose of taking lunar observations with me."

This knowledge proved invaluable in after years. "I never knew a man," said Sir Thomas Maclear, the Astronomer Royal, "who, scarcely knowing anything of the method of making geographical observations, or laying down positions, become so soon an adept, that he could take the complete lunar observation, and altitudes for time, within fifteen minutes. . . . To give an idea of the laboriousness of this branch of his work, on an average each lunar distance consists of five partial observations, and there are 148 sets of distances, being 740 contacts; and there are two altitudes of each object before, and two after, which, together with altitudes for time, amount to 21,812 partial observations. . . . What that man has done is unprecedented. . . . You could go to any point across the entire continent, along Livingstone's track, and feel certain of your position." Maclear said Livingstone's observations of the course of the Zambezi River were "the finest specimens of sound geographical observations he ever met with."

From Algoa Bay, Livingstone started for Kuruman, Dr. Moffat's usual residence, seven hundred miles by ox-wagon, arriving there July 31, 1841. Around the place it was desert for the most part, but at the station

the missionaries by irrigation and tree-planting had made it very attractive.

Livingstone and one of their own missionaries who had come up from the Cape were warmly welcomed by the firing of guns and the rush of men, women, and children to clasp them by the hand.

After a short stay at Kuruman he started north to find a suitable place for a new station, as Dr. Moffat had suggested. From the first the natives were won by the kind manner and voice of Livingstone. He writes to his sister Janet: "When about one hundred and fifty miles from home we came to a large village. The chief had sore eyes: I doctored them, and he fed us pretty well, and sent a fine buck after me as a present. When we got ten or twelve miles on the way, a little girl eleven or twelve years old came up, and sat down under my wagon, having run away with the purpose of coming with us to Kuruman, where she had friends. She had lived with a sister, lately dead. Another family took possession of her, for the purpose of selling her as soon as she was old enough for a wife; but not liking this, she determined to run away. With this intention she came, and thought of walking all the way behind my wagon. I was pleased with the determination of the little creature, and gave her food; but before long heard her sobbing violently, as if her heart would break.

"On looking round I observed the cause. A man with a gun had been sent after her, and had just arrived. I did not know well what to do, but was not in perplexity long; for Pomare, a native convert who accompanied us, started up and defended her. He, being the son of a chief, and possessed of some little authority, managed the matter nicely. She had been loaded with beads, to

render her more attractive, and fetch a higher price. These she stripped off and gave to the man. I afterwards took measures for hiding her, and if fifty men had come they would not have got her."

For six months Livingstone remained at a place called Kolobeñ, where, away from all Europeans, he studied the habits and language of the Bakwains (Crocodile People).

One of the neighboring chiefs, Sekomi, came and sat with Livingstone in his hut, and, after being apparently in deep thought, said, "I wish you would change my heart. Give me medicine to change it, for it is proud, proud and angry, angry always."

Livingstone lifted up the New Testament, and was about to tell him how his heart might be changed through that book, when Sekomi interrupted him by saying, "Nay, I wish to have it changed by medicine, to drink and have it changed at once, for it is always very proud and very uneasy, and continually angry with some one." He then rose and went away.

On Livingstone's return to Kuruman he had an immense medical practice. In a letter to his old tutor, Dr. Risdon Bennett, he says, "I have patients now under treatment who have walked one hundred and thirty miles for my advice; and when these go home, others will come for the same purpose. This is the country for a medical man if he wants a large practice; but he must leave fees out of the question! The Bechuanas have a great deal more disease than I expected to find amongst a savage nation; but little else can be expected, for they are nearly naked, and endure the scorching heat of the day and the chills of the night in that condition. Indigestion, rheumatism, and ophthalmia are the prevailing

diseases. Sometimes, when travelling, my wagon was quite besieged by their blind, halt, and lame. . . . They are excellent patients, too, besides. There is no wincing. In any operation, even the women sit unmoved."

The only child of Sechéle, chief of the Bakwains, having been cured of an illness by Livingstone, he became thereafter one of the missionary's greatest friends.

When talked with about Christianity, Sechéle said, "Since it is true that all who die unforgiven are lost forever, why did your nation not come to tell us of it before now? My ancestors are all gone, and none of them heard anything of what you tell me. How is this?"

"I thought immediately of the guilt of the church," says Livingstone, "but did not confess."

Some time later Sechéle was converted, read his Bible, and sent home to their parents all his wives save one, giving each her clothes and all the goods which she had in her hut belonging either to herself or her husband. This alienated all their relatives, and made many bitter enemies for Sechéle. The putting away of his wives cost Sechéle a severe struggle. He often said to Livingstone, "Oh, I wish you had come to this country before I became entangled in the meshes of our customs!"

At first he proposed to increase converts in a peculiar manner. He said to Livingstone, "Do you think you can make my people believe by talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them; and if you like I shall call my head-man, and with our whips of rhinoceros hide we will soon make them all believe together."

He soon became more gentle, and began family wor-

ship; but to his great regret no one attended save his own family. "In former times," he said, "if a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs and became fond of hunting too. If he loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But now it is different. I love the word of God, but not one of my brethren will join me."

In one of these journeys, when the oxen became ill, and Livingstone was obliged to walk, he overheard some of his men saying, "He is not strong; he is quite slim, and only seems stout because he puts himself into those bags (trousers); he will soon knock up."

"This made my Highland blood rise," he says, "and I kept them all at the top of their speed for days together, until I heard them express a favorable opinion of my pedestrian powers."

The journeys on the back of an ox were anything but easy. He wrote Dr. Bennett: "It is rough travelling, as you can conceive. The skin is so loose there is no getting one's great-coat, which has to serve both as saddle and blanket, to stick on; and then the long horns in front, with which he can give one a punch in the abdomen if he likes, makes us sit as bolt upright as dragoons. In this manner I travelled more than four hundred miles."

It having been decided to form a mission station at Mabotsa, about two hundred miles north-east of Kuruman, Livingstone went thither in 1843. Here he came near being killed by a lion. These animals abounded in the neighborhood, and ate the cows and sometimes the people. If one of a troop of lions is shot, the others will usually leave the country.

When a herd of cows was attacked, Livingstone went out with the men to try to kill the intruder. He

shot at one lion about thirty yards off, and wounded him. Loading his gun again, he heard a shout from the other men. "Starting," he says, "and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of a cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. . . .

"Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder; but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysms of dying rage. . . . Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm."

This encounter left Livingstone lame for life in that arm. A false joint formed in the arm, and by this mark his body was identified years after, when it was brought back to England.

During the year 1844 Dr. Moffat returned to Kuruman

from England with his family. The eldest daughter Mary seems to have changed Livingstone's mind on the subject of marriage. He had told the London Missionary Society when he came to Africa that he had never made proposal of marriage, nor indeed been in love. He would prefer to go out unmarried, that he might, like the great apostle, be without family cares, and give himself entirely to the work.

In 1844 he writes: "After nearly four years of African life as a bachelor, I screwed up courage to put a question beneath one of the fruit-trees, the result of which was that I became united in marriage to Mr. Moffat's eldest daughter, Mary. Having been born in the country, and being expert in household matters, she was always the best spoke in the wheel at home; and, when I took her on two occasions to Lake Ngami, and far beyond, she endured more than some who have written large books of travel."

While engaged to her in the early part of 1844, he writes to her about the house he is building for their future home at Mabotsa: "The walls are nearly finished, although the dimensions are fifty-two feet by twenty outside, or almost the same size as the house in which you now reside. I began with stone; but when it was breast-high I was obliged to desist from my purpose to build it entirely of that material by an accident which, slight as it was, put a stop to my operations in that line. A stone, falling, was stupidly, or rather instinctively, caught by me in its fall by the left hand, and it nearly broke my arm over again. . . .

"The walls will be finished long before you receive this, and I suppose the roof too, but I have still the wood of the roof to seek. . . . It is pretty hard work,

and almost enough to drive love out of my head, but it is not situated there; it is in my heart, and won't come out unless you behave so as to quench it. . . .

"You must excuse soiled paper; my hands won't wash clean after dabbling mud all day. And although the above does not contain evidence of it, you are as dear to me as ever, and will be as long as our lives are spared."

A few weeks later he writes: "While I give you the good news that our work is making progress, and the time of our separation becoming beautifully less, I am happy in the hope that, by the messenger who now goes, I shall receive the good news that you are well and happy, and remembering me with some of that affection which we bear to each other."

He writes her that he has opened a school, and that though he had previously had a "great objection to school-keeping," and once believed he could never have any pleasure in it, "I find in that, as in almost everything else I set myself to as a matter of duty, I soon become enamoured of it."

After their marriage they resided for a year at Mabotsa. The other missionary at that place becoming disaffected, rather than to live in any unpleasant feeling, Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone left the home which they had built, their school and garden, and moved forty miles north to Chonuane. His colleague regretted the outcome of the matter, and said that had he supposed Livingstone would go away he would never have spoken a word against him.

At Chonuane there was plenty of hard work. He wrote: "Building, gardening, cobbling, doctoring, tinkering, carpentering, gun-mending, farriering, wagon-mending, preaching, schooling, lecturing on physics, according

to my means, besides a chair in divinity to a class of three, fill up my time."

"We made our own butter," he says in his first book, "a jar serving as a churn; and our candles by means of moulds; and soap was procured from the ashes of the plant Iolsola, or wood-ashes, which in Africa contain so little alkaline matter, that the boiling of successive leys has to be continued for a month or six weeks before the fat is saponified. . . . Married life is all the sweeter when so many comforts emanate directly from the thrifty, striving housewife's hands."

At Chonuane their first child, Robert, was born, named after Mrs. Livingstone's father, Robert Moffat. After being brought up in England, having the restless nature of his father, he was sent to Natal, Africa; but unable to reach Livingstone on the Zambesi, he found his way to America, where he enlisted at Boston in a New Hampshire regiment, in the Northern army, under the assumed name of Rupert Vincent, to avoid being found by his tutor. He was wounded in battle, having shown great courage, and taken as a prisoner to a hospital in Salisbury, North Carolina. Dr. Livingstone learned of this through a letter in which the youth expressed an intense desire to travel. The father, at this time in England, begged the intercession of the American Minister for his boy, but immediately after it was learned that he had died in the hospital at the age of nineteen. He was buried in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. President Lincoln opened this cemetery with a speech that made his name forever dear to Livingstone.

Life was no holiday to either David or Mary Livingstone. The continued drought necessitated their mov-

ing farther north to Kolobeng, — Sechéle and his tribe moved with them, — where he describes their daily life: "After family worship and breakfast between six and seven, we went to keep school for all who would attend, — men, women, and children being all invited. School over at eleven o'clock, while the missionary's wife was occupied in domestic matters, the missionary himself had some manual labor as a smith, carpenter, or gardener, according to whatever was needed for ourselves or for the people. . . . After dinner and an hour's rest the wife attended her infant school, which the young, who were left by their parents to their own caprice, liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied with a sewing-school, having classes of girls to learn the art: this, too, was equally well relished."

After working till sunset, on three nights of the week religious services were held, varied by classes in secular instruction, by pictures, specimens, etc. The rest of the time was spent in caring for the wants of the poor and the sick.

Though busy years, these spent at Kolobeng were happy ones. More than twenty years later Livingstone wrote: "Not a single pang of regret arises in the view of my conduct, except that I did not feel it to be my duty, while spending all my energy in teaching the heathen, to devote a special portion of my time to play with my children. But generally I was so much exhausted with the mental and manual labor of the day, that in the evening there was no fun left in me. I did not play with my little ones while I had them; and they soon sprung up in my absences, and left me conscious that I had none to play with."

Having had much annoyance from the Boers, descendants of the Dutch, who lived to the east of Kolobeng, and who constantly threatened to enslave Sechéle and his people, and having heard of a lake to the northward, where a country better watered might be found, Livingstone started June 1, 1849, to cross the Kalahari Desert to the north, taking with him twenty men, twenty horses, and eighty oxen. They suffered greatly for lack of water during the journey, the oxen sometimes going four full days, ninety-six hours, without drinking.

The inhabitants of the desert were Bushmen and Bakalahari. The latter were a timid people, living far from water, with the hope that they would not be molested or enslaved. "When they wish to draw water for use," says Livingstone, "the women come with twenty or thirty of their water-vessels in a bag or net on their backs. These water-vessels consist of ostrich egg-shells, with a hole in the end of each, such as would admit one's finger. The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed about two feet long, and insert it in a hole dug as deep as the arm will reach; then ram down the wet sand firmly round it.

"Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises into the mouth. An egg-shell is placed on the ground alongside the reed, some inches below the mouth of the sucker. A straw guides the water into the hole of the vessel, as she draws mouthful after mouthful from below. The water is made to pass along the outside, not through the straw. . . . The whole stock of water is thus passed through the woman's mouth as a pump, and, when taken home, is carefully buried."

On Aug. 1, 1849, Livingstone and his two English friends, Oswell and Murray, looked upon Lake Ngami. They were doubtless the first Europeans who had ever beheld it. Livingstone guessed it to be about seventy miles in circumference. The word means "giraffe," perhaps from the shape of the lake. Many travellers had tried to reach it, and had been unable to cross the desert.

Livingstone also discovered the Zouga River, concerning which he wrote to his friend Watt: "It is a glorious river; you never saw anything so grand. The banks are extremely beautiful, lined with gigantic trees, many quite new." There were two baobab-trees, one seventy-six feet in girth. These trees are sometimes one hundred feet in circumference. One tree bore "a fruit a foot in length and three inches in diameter."

The Royal Geographical Society voted Livingstone twenty-five guineas for the discovery of a "large inland lake and a fine river." No doubt the money was very acceptable to a man who was supporting a wife and three children on one hundred pounds a year (five hundred dollars), and helping now and then, in a very limited way, his relatives at home.

His heart and hands were ever open. Some years before he had given his brother Charles five pounds to help him to go to America, where he might, perhaps, obtain admission to a college where he could support himself by manual labor and prepare for the ministry. On landing at New York, after selling his box and bed, Charles found himself possessed of two pounds, thirteen shillings, sixpence.

Purchasing some bread and cheese, he started for Oberlin College, Ohio, over five hundred miles away; Dr. Charles Finney was at that time the president. He

obtained his education, and was settled over a New England Church till he joined his brother in Africa in 1857. This is not the first nor the last time that Oberlin College has proved a blessing.

Livingstone hoped to push on beyond Lake Ngami to the Chief Sebituane, but was prevented by another chief, through jealousy. He therefore returned; and the following year, in April, 1850, he left Kolobeng a second time for Ngami, accompanied by his wife and children, When near the lake, they found a party of Englishmen, one of whom, an artist, had died, and the others were nursed to health by Mrs. Livingstone.

Fever attacked two of the children, and others of the party, and they were obliged to return to Kolobeng. Here a little daughter, Elizabeth, was born, who died in six weeks. It was a great blow to the parents, the first death in their family.

Livingstone wrote home to his father and mother: — "Our last child, a sweet little girl with blue eyes, was taken from us to join the company of the redeemed, through the merits of Him of whom she never heard. It is wonderful how soon the affections twine round a little stranger. We felt her loss keenly. . . . She uttered a piercing shriek previous to expiring, and then went away to see the King in his beauty, and the land — the glorious land, and its inhabitants."

Years afterward the father longed to visit the grave of his child, but did not deem it wise to enter the country, as the Boers then governed it.

A third and at last successful attempt was made to reach Sebituane in April, 1851. The guide lost his way in the desert, and for four days they were without water. Livingstone says in his "Missionary Travels:" "The

supply of water in the wagons had been wasted by one of our servants, and by the afternoon only a small portion remained for the children. This was a bitterly anxious night; and next morning the less there was of water, the more thirsty the little rogues became. The idea of their perishing before our eyes was terrible: it would almost have been a relief to me to have been reproached with being the entire cause of the catastrophe; but not one syllable of upbraiding was uttered by their mother, though the tearful eye told the agony within. In the afternoon of the fifth day, to our inexpressible relief, some of the men returned with a supply of that fluid of which we had never before felt the true value."

Livingstone said later: "My opinion is that the most severe labors and privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulus, because those who have endured the most had nothing else but water, and not always enough of that."

Sebituane received Livingstone most cordially; for it had been the dream of his life to know white men, as he was the "greatest man in all that country," the chief of the Makololo. He died two weeks later from inflammation of the lungs. "After sitting with him some time," says Livingstone, "and commending him to the mercy of God, I rose to depart, when the dying chieftain, raising himself up a little from his prone position, called a servant and said, 'Take Robert to Maunko (one of his wives), and tell her to give him some milk.' These were the last words of Sebituane."

The next day he was buried in his cattle-pen, and all the cattle driven for an hour or two around and over the grave, so that it should be quite obliterated. His daughter, Ma-mochisane, reigned after him. When her brother

Sekeletu was eighteen years of age, she resigned in his favor. Three days were spent in public discussion over the subject, when Ma-mochisane burst into tears, exclaiming, "I have been a chief only because my father wished it! I always would have preferred to be married and have a family like other women. You, Sekeletu, must be chief, and build up your father's house."

Another member of the family, Mpépe, tried to assassinate Sekeletu, who was saved by Livingstone. Mpépe was afterwards speared by order of the chief, Sekeletu.

The latter, according to the custom of the Bechuanas, became the possessor of his father's wives, and adopted two of them. The children by these wives are termed brothers and sisters. There is always a head wife, or queen. If she dies, a new wife is selected for the same position.

Livingstone and Oswell, who was a sportsman and traveller, continued in their explorations to the north, to find a suitable and healthful place for the mission. Toward the end of June, 1851, they discovered the Zambesi River, in the centre of the continent. The Portuguese had always represented the river on their maps as rising far to the eastward. There was at this point a breadth of from three hundred to six hundred yards. The tribes were living among the swamps for the protection afforded them by the deep, reedy rivers, and Livingstone felt that he could not settle his family there. He decided, therefore, to send them to England until he should have explored the country farther, as they could not be left at Kolobeng, at the mercy of the Boers.

Livingstone took his family to the Cape; and Mrs. Livingstone, with her four children, Robert, Thomas,

Agnes, and Oswell, an infant six months old, sailed for England, April 23, 1852. Mr. Oswell, who was a friend indeed, provided two hundred pounds for their outfit.

It was a sad parting for all. It seemed best for the children to be reared in England, and for their mother to be with them. Livingstone felt that he was called to open up the vast country about him. The chiefs were friendly to him. He could help to arrest the terrible slave-trade going on before him. "Nothing," he wrote to the London Missionary Society, "but a strong conviction that the step will lead to the glory of Christ would make me orphanize my children. Even now my bowels yearn over them. They will forget me; but I hope when the day of trial comes I shall not be found a more sorry soldier than those who serve an earthly sovereign."

After his family had gone, he wrote by every mail. Two weeks after their departure he writes: "My dearest Mary, — How I miss you now and the dear children! My heart yearns incessantly over you. How many thoughts of the past crowd into my mind! I feel as if I would treat you all more tenderly and lovingly than ever. You have been a great blessing to me. You attended to my comfort in many, many ways. May God bless you for all your kindnesses! I see no face now to be compared with that sunburnt one which has so often greeted me with its kind looks. . . . I never show all my feelings; but I can say truly, my dearest, that I loved you when I married you, and the longer I lived with you, I loved you the better. . . . Take them all (the children) round you, and kiss them for me. Tell them I have left them for the love of Jesus, and they must love Him, too."

Two weeks later he writes to Agnes, his eldest daughter, then in her fifth year: "This is your own little letter. . . . I shall not see you again for a long time, and I am very sorry. I have no Nannie now. I have given you back to Jesus, your Friend — your Papa who is in heaven. He is above you, but He is always near you."

While at Cape Town, Livingstone put himself under the instructions of the astronomer-Royal, Sir Thomas Maclear. They became firm friends. The most striking promontory on Lake Nyassa, Dr. Livingstone named Cape Maclear, in honor of his distinguished friend. "Livingstone acquired in astronomical observations," says H. H. Johnston, F.R.G.S., in his valuable life of the explorer, "a skill and accuracy which few subsequent travellers have possessed to a like degree."

Two months after his wife's departure for England, he left the Cape with ten poor oxen dragging his heavy wagon. He was so delayed that he did not reach Kuruman till September. Here a wheel broke, and he stopped to repair it. This accident saved his life.

While mending it a letter was brought to him by Masabele from her husband. It read as follows: "Friend of my heart's love, and all of the confidence of my heart, I am Sechéle. I am undone by the Boers, who attacked me, though I have no guilt with them. They demanded that I should be in their kingdom, and I refused. They demanded that I should prevent the English and Griquas from passing. I replied, 'These are my friends, and I can prevent no one!' They came on Saturday, and I besought them not to fight on Sunday and they assented.

"They began on Monday morning at twilight, and fired with all their might, and burned the town with fire,

and scattered us. They killed sixty of my people, and captured women and children and men. They took all the cattle and all the goods of the Bakwains; and the house of Livingstone they plundered, taking away all his goods."

Sechéle's wife had been saved by hiding herself in the cleft of a rock, over which the Boers were firing. When her infant cried, terrified lest the noise betray them, she took off her armlets and gave to it for playthings.

Livingstone writes to his wife of the dreadful outrage committed by the Boers: "They gutted our house at Kolobeng; they brought four wagons down and took away sofa, table, bed, all the crockery, your desk (I hope it had nothing in it. Have you the letters?), smashed the wooden chairs, took away the iron ones, tore out the leaves of all the books, and scattered them in front of the house, smashed the bottles containing medicines, windows, oven-door, took away the smith-bellows, anvil, all the tools, — in fact, everything worth taking: three corn-mills, a bag of coffee for which I paid six pounds, and lots of coffee, tea, and sugar, which the gentlemen who went to the North left."

All the corn belonging to three tribes was burned, and all the cattle taken. The Boers expressed regret that they could not get hold of Livingstone himself. What a mercy that Mrs. Livingstone was out of the country!

Sechéle wanted to go to England and tell his wrongs to the Queen. He went as far as the Cape, but not having the money to go farther, was obliged to return, a thousand miles, to his own devastated country.

Livingstone pushed on toward the interior of Africa, reaching Linyanti in the following year, in June, 1853. It was a toilsome journey. Sometimes they waded all

day long through floods, bramble-bushes, and serrated grass which cut the hands like a razor. Feb. 4 he writes in his journal: "I am spared in health, while all the company have been attacked by fever. If God has accepted my service, my life is charmed till my work is done."

To Dr. Moffat, his father-in-law, he writes: "I shall open up a path to the interior or perish. I never have had the shadow of a shade of doubt as to the propriety of my course."

As ever, Livingstone was the closest observer in natural history and geology. He notes the habits of the great land tortoise which is used by the natives for food. "When about to deposit her eggs, she lets herself into the ground by throwing the earth up round her shell, until only the top is visible; then covering up he eggs, she leaves them until the rains begin to fall and the fresh herbage appears; the young ones then come out, their shell still quite soft, and, unattended by their dam, begin the world for themselves."

They saw several lions on the journey. "He seldom attacks full-grown animals," says Livingstone; "but frequently, when a buffalo calf is caught by him, the cow rushes to the rescue, and a toss from her often kills him. . . . Lions never go near any elephants except the calves, which, when quite young, are sometimes torn by them; every living thing retires before the lordly elephant."

Serpents also abound. One python which they shot was eleven feet and ten inches long, and as thick as a man's leg. The natives do not like to destroy these huge snakes.

Concerning the ostrich this close observer says: "The

ostrich begins to lay her eggs before she has fixed on a spot for her nest, which is only a hollow a few inches deep in the sand, and about a yard in diameter. Solitary eggs are thus found lying forsaken all over the country, and become a prey to the jackal. She seems averse to risking a spot for a nest, and often lays her eggs in that of another ostrich, so that as many as forty-five have been found in one nest. . . .

"Both male and female assist in the incubations; but the number of females being alway greatest, it is probable that cases occur in which the females have the entire charge. Several eggs lie out of the nest, and are thought to be intended as food for the first of the newly hatched brood till the rest come out and enable the whole to start in quest of food. . . .

"The organs of vision in this bird are placed so high that he can detect an enemy at a great distance, but the lion sometimes kills him. . . . It seeks safety in flight; but when pursued by dogs, it may be seen to turn upon them and inflict a kick, which is vigorously applied, and sometimes breaks the dog's back."

Mr. H. H. Johnston, Commissioner for Nyasaland, and Consul-General for Portuguese East Africa, says: "The Bushmen, as is well known, stalk the ostrich, and approach near enough to kill it, by disguising the upper part of their bodies with the cleverly stuffed skin of a cock-ostrich. This disguise attracts both the males and the females among the inquisitive birds to a close inspection of the hunter, who, however, occasionally finds himself thwarted by his own cleverness, for he imitates so closely the appearance, gait, and voice of a cock-ostrich, that before he has time to shoot his poisoned arrow, some furiously jealous male among the real os-

triches rushes up and strikes his supposed rival to the earth with a stunning blow from his powerful two-toed foot."

Dr. Livingstone had no sympathy with those persons who hunt for mere sport, if there can be sport in killing living things! "If, as has been practised by some," says the explorer, "great numbers of animals are wounded and allowed to perish miserably, or are killed on the spot and left to be preyed on by vultures and hyenas, and all for the sole purpose of making a 'bag,' then I take it to be evident that such sportsmen are pretty far gone in the hunting form of insanity."

Mr. Johnston says that unless measures are taken for the protection of the zebras and buffaloes, they will soon disappear from Africa. "The main object," he says, "of all the lusty young Englishmen to whom Africa is now becoming fashionable, and who pour into the country to join pioneer forces or expeditions, is to slaughter the game recklessly, right and left, uselessly, heedlessly."

After spending a month at Linyanti, Livingstone started on his journey towards the west coast of Africa. The chief Sekeletu and about one hundred and sixty persons accompanied him for a time. The journey to Loanda on the coast took them from Nov. 11, 1853, to May 31, 1854, a little over six months. At first the country was flat, though there were many gigantic ant-hills. These mounds are the work of termites, or white ants, which seem to make the earth fertile in the same manner that worms do, as has been shown by Darwin.

"These heaps and mounds are so conspicuous that they may be seen for miles," says Professor Henry Drummond in his "Tropical Africa," "and so numerous are they and so useful as cover to the sportsman, that with-

out them, in certain districts, hunting would be impossible." They are seen "now dotting the plain in groups like a small cemetery, now rising into mounds, singly or in clusters, each thirty or forty feet in diameter and ten or fifteen feet in height."

The termite, which is a small insect, "with a bloated, yellowish-white body," lives almost entirely upon wood. "Furniture, tables, chairs, chests of drawers," says Professor Drummond, "everything made of wood, is inevitably attacked, and in a single night a strong trunk is often riddled through and through. . . . On the Tanganyika plateau I have camped on ground which was as hard as adamant, and as innocent of white ants apparently as the pavement of St. Paul's, and wakened next morning to find a stout wooden box almost gnawed to pieces. Leather portmanteaus share the same fate, and the only substances which seem to defy the marauders are iron and tin."

The houses of the ants are divided into numerous apartments, the best reserved for the queen, a large creature, two or three inches long, whom the tireless workers feed from their own mouths. She lays thousands of eggs in a single day, which are all carried by the workers into nurseries to be hatched. There is seldom more than one queen in a colony.

The country would be overrun by white ants were it not that they are killed and used for food, or as slaves by the black ants. The latter are about half an inch long, with a slight tinge of gray. They follow a few leaders, who never do any work. They seem to be guided on their marauding expeditions by a scent left on the path by their leaders.

The journey to Loanda, never undertaken before by

a European, had its perils as well as intense interest. Livingstone had thirty-one attacks of fever during the journey. Sometimes chiefs opposed his progress, though in the main they were friendly; but with great tact and wisdom, he always opened a way for himself and his men. They sailed up the Zambesi in canoes. They carried their burdens around falls — Livingstone made their loads very light, so as not to discourage them — he rode on ox-back when they went across the country, and whenever it was possible he preached and reasoned with the different tribes, hundreds often gathering to hear him.

Where the slave-trade did not exist, Livingstone found very little war. "Three brothers, Barolongs," he says, "fought for the possession of a woman who was considered worth a battle, and the tribe has remained permanently divided ever since."

Among the Balondas he found several chiefs who were women. One named Nyamoána was the sister of Shinté, the greatest Balonda chief in that part of the country. The chief and her husband, the latter dressed in a kilt of green and red baize, and armed with a spear and broadsword, sat on a raised circular platform with one hundred armed persons surrounding them, when they received the first white man in their country.

"We put down our arms," says Livingstone, "about forty yards off, and I walked up to the centre of the circular bench, and saluted him in the usual way by clapping the hands together in their fashion. He pointed to his wife, as much as to say the honor belongs to her. I saluted her in the same way, and a mat having been brought, I squatted down in front of her."

Livingstone explained his mission among the people,

which words his interpreter gave to another, he repeating it to the husband, and he as the fourth speaker made it known to the queen. The response came back in the same manner. He showed the people his watch and compass. His magic lantern was also a never-failing source of pleasure to the people.

The chief wished to send an escort to her brother Shinté, but insisted that they must go by land instead of by water, as the cataract was difficult to pass, and the Balobále tribe might kill them.

Livingstone protested that he did not fear the tribe, having been so often threatened with death, and preferred the water route. He ordered his men to take the baggage to the canoes; but Manenko, the daughter of Nyamoana, a girl about twenty and a chief herself, gave other orders to the men and seized the burdens herself. Laying her hand on Livingstone's shoulder, she said with a motherly look, "Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done." "My feelings of annoyance of course vanished," says Livingstone.

Manenko, accompanied by her husband and her drummer, lead the company in a pouring rain. "Being on ox-back," says the traveller, "I kept pretty close to our leader, and asked her why she did not clothe herself during the rain, and learned that it is not considered proper for a chief to appear effeminate. . . . My men, in admiration of her pedestrian powers, every now and then remarked, 'Manenko is a soldier;' and thoroughly wet and cold, we were all glad when she proposed a halt to prepare our night's lodging on the banks of a stream."

The company suffered from want of food, and would have had nothing save that Manenko begged maize for

them, and ground it for the white man with her own hands.

When they stopped at a village over night, the people took off the tops of their huts and brought them to Livingstone, who, propping them up with stakes, thus had a comfortable shelter. Every one who came to salute Manenko or himself rubbed the upper parts of the arms and chest with ashes; those who wished to show profounder reverence put ashes on their faces.

Shinté gave the explorer a grand reception. In the *Kotla*, or place of audience, on a throne covered with a leopard's skin, dressed in a checked jacket with kilt of scarlet baize edged with green, his neck hung with beads, his limbs covered with iron and copper armlets and bracelets, a helmet crowned with goose feathers on his head, surrounded by over a thousand of his people, Shinté made an imposing appearance. Behind him sat a hundred women, the chief wife, Odena, in front with a curious red cap on her head. Nine speakers made orations, musical instruments were played, and guns discharged. Livingstone and his men sat under a tree about forty yards from the chief. Shinté had never seen a white man before, and thought the traveller "had come from the gods."

Livingstone made Shinté a present of an ox; but when Manenko, his niece, heard of it, she said, "This white man belonged to her; she had brought him here, and therefore the ox was hers, not Shinté's." . . . She therefore had the ox slaughtered, and gave Shinté a leg only. He made no complaint, her word seeming law here as elsewhere.

Shinté offered Livingstone a slave girl ten years old, saying that he always presented his visitors with a

child. Livingstone thanked him, but told him that he thought it wrong to take a child away from her parents; that he had four children, and should be very sad if a chief took one and gave it away.

On leaving the friendly chief, he hung a conical shell round the neck of Livingstone, saying, "There, now you *have* a proof of my friendship."

Other chiefs were likewise courteous, giving him guides and food. Sometimes they shot one of their white cows for him, which run wild like buffaloes. Livingstone gave them presents, as many as his limited means allowed — cloth, beads, razors, and the like. One leading man, Mozinkwa, gave him many things from his garden, and the missionary promised the wife some cloth when he returned. When he came back on his homeward journey, the wife was dead, and according to their custom, Mozinkwa had moved away, leaving garden, trees, and huts to ruin. If a man ever visits the place where his favorite wife dies, it is to pray to her, or to make an offering.

As ever, Livingstone took careful scientific observations as to the country, its formation, the rivers, fruits, flowers, and animals. "If we step on shore," he says, "a species of plover . . . follows you, flying overhead, and is most persevering in its attempts to give fair warning to all the animals within hearing to flee from the approaching danger."

Another bird, by the name *siksak*, has a sharp spur on its shoulder, much like that on the heel of a cock, but scarcely half an inch in length. It is famed for its friendship with the crocodile of the Nile.

In some of the almost impenetrable forests richly colored and peculiar birds abound. "The pretty white

ardetta is seen in flocks settling on the backs of large herds of buffaloes, and following them on the wing as they run."

Mr. Johnston says, "When the buffalo is quietly grazing, the red-billed weaver-bird may be seen hopping on the ground, snapping up insects and other food, or sitting on the buffalo's back, picking off the ticks with which its skin is infested. The sight of this bird being more acute than that of the buffalo, it is soon alarmed by the approach of danger, and, by flying up, apprises the buffalo of its suspicions. When the big beast gallops away from the approach of the slinking lion or the human hunter, the little weaver-bird sits calmly on its back and is borne off to fresh fields and pastures new."

Another African bird is the companion of the rhinoceros. It is called "Kala" by the Bechuanos. When they wish to speak of their dependence on each other, they say "my rhinoceros." The satellites of a chief are thus called. The rhinoceros feeds by night, and the bird will utter its well-known call for its big companion in the morning. The rhinoceros has not keen sight but an acute ear, and is therefore warned of danger by its bird-friend.

Large herds of hippopotami are seen in the still, deep water. They ascend the banks to graze at night. "They are guided back to the water by the scent; but a long-continued pouring rain makes it impossible for them to perceive, by that means, in which direction the river lies, and they are found bewildered on the land. The hunters take advantage of their helplessness on these occasions to kill them."

They lie hidden beneath the water, coming up every few minutes to breathe. The young lie on the necks of

their mothers, who come frequently to the surface, knowing the needs of their little ones. "In the rivers of Loanda," says Livingstone, "where they are much in danger of being shot, even the hippopotamus gains wit by experience; for, while those in the Zambesi put up their heads openly to blow, those referred to keep their noses among water-plants, and breathe so quietly that one would not dream of their existence in the river except by footprints on the banks."

Large, yellow-spotted spiders abound. One kind is often found inside the huts of the Makololo. It is spotted, brown in color, and half an inch in diameter. "It is harmless, though an ugly neighbor," says Livingstone.

There were many rivers to be forded, and swamps to be waded through. In crossing one stream the men held on to the tails of the oxen. Livingstone intended to do this; but in the deep part, before he could dismount, his ox dashed off with his companions. About twenty of the men rushed to the aid of Livingstone, whom they supposed would drown. Great was their joy when they found that he could swim like themselves.

They laughed after this at the idea of being frightened by rivers. "We can all swim. Who carried the white man across the river but himself?" "I felt proud of their praise," said Livingstone.

"Sinbad," Livingstone's ox, was not a very agreeable animal. "He had a softer back," says Livingstone, "but a much more intractable temper. His horns were bent downward and hung loosely, so he could do no harm with them; but as we wended our way slowly along the narrow path, he would suddenly dart aside. . . .

"When Sinbad ran in below a climber stretched over the path so low that I could not stoop under it, I was dragged off, and came down on the crown of my head; and he never allowed an opportunity of the kind to pass without trying to inflict a kick, as if I neither had nor deserved his love."

The animal would never allow Livingstone to hold an umbrella, so that he was very often drenched. He frequently put his watch under his arm-pit to keep it dry.

The tribe of Chiboque gave him some trouble, insisting that he should give a man to be a slave, as pay for a passage through their country. One Chiboque made a charge at his head from behind; but Livingstone, who was as brave as he was kind, brought the muzzle of his gun to the mouth of the young man, when he quickly retreated. The tribe had been accustomed to receive a slave from every slave-trader who passed by, but Livingstone informed them that his men were all free.

Finally the chief said, "If you give us an ox, we will give you whatever you wish, and then we shall be friends." . . . To this Livingstone consented; and when the ox was slaughtered, the chief sent a bag of meal and two or three pounds of Livingstone's own ox!

The slave-trade, here as elsewhere, was always cruel and despicable. It was the custom of one of the chiefs in this part of the country to take all the goods of a slave-trader, and then send out a party to some neighboring village, seize all the people, and sell them as slaves to pay for the goods. When Livingstone reasoned with one of his head men as to the sin of such a course, he replied, "We do not go up to God, as you do; we are put into the ground."

The obstacles became so great from swamps and

exorbitant chiefs who demanded "a man or an ox or a tusk," that some of his own men determined to turn back. Worn to a skeleton from fever, and his clothing ragged, he informed them that he should go to the coast if he went alone, and sadly went into his tent to pray.

His head man presently came in, and said, "Do not be disheartened; we will never leave you. Wherever you lead, we will follow." They "knew no one but Sekelétu and Livingstone, and would die for him."

When they reached the river Quango, one hundred and fifty yards broad, they were aided by a young Portuguese sergeant of militia; and Livingstone finally reached Loanda in safety, May 31, with his twenty-seven followers. Here he was received most cordially by Mr. Edmund Gabriel, the British commissioner for the suppression of the slave-trade.

His Makololo were astonished when they saw the ocean. "We were marching along with our father," they said, "believing what the ancients had told us was true, that the world had no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me.'"

He was so prostrated that he was urged to go to England and see his family; but he steadfastly refused, for he had promised his Makololo that he would bring them back to their own land. He sent his journals, maps, and observations by the mail-packet Forerunner, which was lost off Madeira with all her passengers but one. Had not Livingstone kept his promise to his colored men, he, too, doubtless would have perished.

It was a tiresome work to rewrite, as far as possible, his journals and maps: "A feat," says Thomas Hughes, "equal to that of Carlyle in rewriting the volume of his

French Revolution, after its destruction by John Stuart Mill's housemaid."

This long journey, never before made by a white man, produced great interest in England. The London Geographical Society, on motion of Sir Roderick Murchison, awarded Livingstone their gold medal — their highest honor.

On Sept. 20, 1854, he began his homeward journey. Among many presents for the chiefs he took a horse for Sekelétu, which soon sickened and died. The Chiboque head men were not much pleasanter than in the outward journey; but when Livingstone held a six-barrelled revolver before the face of the chief, the latter said, "Oh, I have only come to speak to you, and wish peace only." The chief feared to turn lest Livingstone should shoot him in the back.

"If I wanted to kill you I could shoot you in the face as well," was the reply. And mounting his ox, to show that he was not afraid of the chief's shooting him in the back, he rode away.

Manenko sent her husband fifteen miles to meet and welcome them, and cement their friendship by becoming "blood-relations." The hands of the parties are joined; then a slight cut is made on the hands, on the stomach of each, and on the right cheeks and foreheads. A small quantity of blood is taken from the wounds by a stalk of grass, and put into pots of beer, when each drinks the blood of the other. After this rite they are perpetual friends. Presents are then exchanged.

All along on the homeward route they were warmly welcomed. Every village gave them an ox and sometimes two. At the Makololo villages they were received as people who had risen from the dead, as it was believed

they would never return. They were kissed on the cheeks and hands by their friends, while the women danced and sang "lulliloos."

Whenever it was possible to send a letter to the loved ones in England, Livingstone did so. He wrote to his wife: "It occurs to me, my dearest Mary, that if I send you a note from different parts on the way through this colony, some of them will surely reach you; and if they carry any of the affection I bear to you in their composition, they will not fail to comfort you." Speaking of Loanda, he says, after he had recovered from the fever, "I remained a short time longer than that actually required to set me on my legs, in longing expectation of a letter from you. None came. . . . I hope a letter from you may be waiting for me at Zambesi. Love to all the children. Accept the assurance of unabated love."

Poor Sinbad, the ox, died on the way home, from the bite of the *tsetse*. This poisonous insect is no larger than the common house-fly, and is brown like the honey-bee, with three or four yellow bars on the hind part of its body. Its peculiar buzz is well known by travellers, as it is certain death to the ox, horse, and dog. There are whole sections of African country where cattle have perished by the thousands. Sebituane once lost nearly all the cattle of his tribe. There is no cure yet known for the disease. Its bite is not poisonous to man nor to most wild animals.

Arriving at Linyanti, Livingstone spent eight weeks with Sekelétu, who showed him every kindness. He preached often, he studied the languages, and he won the hearts of the people by his noble life. "No one ever gains much influence in this country," he said, "without purity and uprightness. The acts of a stranger are

keenly scrutinized by both young and old; and seldom is the judgment pronounced, even by the heathen, unfair or uncharitable. I have heard women speaking in admiration of a white man because he was pure, and never was guilty of any secret immorality."

Sekelétu provided Livingstone with cows to furnish him milk, slaughtered oxen for him, and when he departed, Nov. 3, 1855, for the eastern coast of Africa, to study the people and find suitable mission-fields, the chief and two hundred of his followers accompanied him for a long distance, leaving at their departure one hundred and fourteen men, Sekwebu being the principal guide, twelve oxen, — three for riding upon, — and an abundance of fresh butter and honey.

Livingstone was deeply affected by this kind treatment. In a severe thunder-storm at night Sekelétu covered the traveller with his own blanket, and lay on the ground uncovered for the night. "If such men must perish by the advance of civilization," says Livingstone, "as certain races of animals do before others, it is a pity. God grant that ere this time comes they may receive that gospel which is a solace for the soul in death!"

Mamire, the mother of Sekelétu, said to Livingstone on his departure, "You are now going among people who cannot be trusted, because we have used them badly; but you go with a different message from any they ever heard before, and Jesus will be with you and help you, though among enemies."

He had not gone very far along the Zambesi before he discovered the celebrated falls, which he named after his sovereign, Victoria Falls. Mr. Johnston calls this "One of the wonders of the world. . . . The broad

Zambesi, flowing nearly due south, and nineteen hundred yards wide, is cleft by a chasm — a crack in its bed — running athwart its course. The whole river plunges precipitously down this chasm to a depth of about three hundred and sixty feet, or, counting the depth of the water, say four hundred feet. The entire volume of water rolls clear over quite unbroken; but after a descent of four hundred feet the glassy cascade becomes a seething, bubbling, boiling froth, from which spring upwards high into the air, immense columns of steam-like spray."

This mass of vapor, forming from three to six columns, becomes condensed, and descends in a perpetual shower of rain. The natives call this mighty cataract Mosio-atunya, "smoke sounds there." The verdure in this locality is of great variety and beauty.

Some of the chiefs whom he met were hostile. They had never seen a white man before, and knew only that some other nations, as the Arabs, were slave-traders.

Livingstone showed them his skin. They said, "We never saw skin so white as that. You must be one of the tribe that loves the black man," and they allowed him to go onward.

One chief, Moyara, had fifty-four human skulls hung on the points of stakes around his hamlet. When asked why his father, the chief before him, had killed these people, some of whom were mere boys, he replied, "To show his fierceness."

If a man wished to curry favor with a Batoka chief, whenever he met a stranger he cut off his head and brought it back to adorn the fence of the ruler.

The Batoka smoke the "mutokwane," a weed whose narcotic effects they like; and it produces a sort of frenzy

in which they can make a more effective onslaught on their enemies. The *hashish* in use among the Turks is an extract of the same plant, the common hemp of the variety Indica.

Much of the country through which they passed was beautiful in its flora. Of the many lilies Mr. Johnston says: "*Crinum* is the commonest lily genus, and has species that are white, pink and white, and even scarlet in their blooms. To see, as one may do towards the close of the rainy season, fields near the river's bank or glades in the forest an almost uninterrupted sheet of lily blooms for several acres in extent, is a sight so lovely that you pardon Africa all its sins on the spot."

There are also great fields of a flower like the crocus, purple, yellow, white, and mauve colors. After the flowers come bright red seed-pods, which contain the "grains of Paradise." Livingstone studied carefully the geology of the country and the beasts and birds.

The elephants were a source of great interest, as well as of use for food for his men. "The male and female elephants," he says, "are never seen in one herd. The young males remain with their dams only until they are full grown." Their food consists of bulbs, roots, and branches. They will break off trees as large as a man's body, that they may feed on the tender shoots at the top.

When attacked by the spears of the natives, the mother elephant will place herself on the danger side of her calf, and pass her proboscis over it again and again, as if to assure it of safety.

A bird called the red-beaked hornbill abounds. The mother-bird enters the nest made of her own feathers. The male then plasters up the hole in the tree in which

the nest is built, leaving only a narrow slit through which he feeds her. She lays her eggs and hatches them, remaining two or three months till the birds are ready to fly. The male meantime becomes so thin that he not infrequently dies from his over-work to feed them all.

The birds called honey-guides, by their chirping, direct men to the places where wild bees store their honey. It is not known whether this is done out of friendliness for man, or for a share of the honey, which is always given them.

The men of some of the tribes were quite nude. The women pierced the upper lip, gradually enlarging the orifice till they could insert a shell. "The deformed lips of the women make them look very ugly," says Livingstone; "I never saw one smile." When asked why they did this, they replied simply, "It is the fashion." When a chief died, often his servants were killed, that he might have them in the next world.

Some tribes built their huts on high stages to protect them from spotted hyenas, lions, and elephants. The wives are usually purchased of the parents for so many cattle or goats. "If nothing is given, the family from which she has come can claim the children as a part of itself. The payment is made to sever this bond."

"When a young man takes a liking for a girl of another village," says Livingstone, "and the parents have no objection to the match, he is obliged to come and live at their village. He has to perform certain services for the mother-in-law, such as keeping her well supplied with firewood. . . . If he becomes tired of living in this state of vassalage, and wishes to return to his own family, he is obliged to leave all his children behind — they belong to the wife."

On May 20, 1856, Livingstone reached Quilimane, on the eastern coast of Africa. He met a cordial welcome from the Portuguese, who had felt sure that no European could pass through the dangerous tribes. Two Scripture texts were of especial comfort to him in all his journeys: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy steps." "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass."

After six weeks at Quilimane, Livingstone started for England to see his family, from whom he had not even heard for three years, leaving his men with the promise "that nothing but death should prevent his return." He sailed on the steamer Frolic, taking his guide, Sekwebu, with him at the earnest request of the latter.

"You will die if you go to a country so cold as mine," Livingstone had said to him.

"That is nothing," he answered; "let me die at your feet."

The passage was rough, and the poor man became deranged. He leaped overboard; and though he could swim well, he pulled himself down, hand under hand, by the chain cable. They could not recover his body.

The shaft of the engine broke on the passage homeward, but Livingstone finally reached England, Dec. 12, 1856. Nearly five years had passed since he had seen his wife and children. To her with her four children, away from husband and parents, Dr. and Mrs. Moffat, in a strange country, the separation was almost unbearable. Her health had broken under the strain.

She had penned this simple but touching poem to give him when he came, with the hope that they should never be parted again. The final parting was not long in coming.

"A hundred thousand welcomes, and it's time for you to come
From the far land of the foreigner, to your country and your home.
Oh, long as we were parted, ever since you went away,
I never passed a dreamless night, or knew an easy day.
. . . . . .
A hundred thousand welcomes ! how my heart is gushing o'er
With the love and joy and wonder thus to see your face once more.
How did I live without you these long, long years of woe ?
It seems as if 'twould kill me to be parted from you now.

You'll never part me, darling, there's a promise in your eye ;
I may tend you while I'm living, you will watch me when I die ;
And if death but kindly lead me to the blessed home on high,
What a hundred thousand welcomes will await you in the sky!
MARY."

Livingstone had been away from England sixteen years. He was everywhere welcomed with ovations. The Royal Geographical Society held a special meeting to receive him. The London Missionary Society, with Lord Shaftesbury in the chair, gave him cordial greeting. A great gathering assembled at the Mansion House to do honor to the man who had travelled at that time over not less than eleven thousand miles of Africa. He was given the freedom of the city of London in a box valued at fifty guineas, and of Hamilton, where his mother and the rest of his family resided. Glasgow presented him a gold box with the freedom of the city, and a gift of two thousand pounds from the citizens.

To the cotton-spinners of that city he said that toil belonged to most of the human race, and to be poor was no reproach. The Saviour occupied a humble position. "My great object," he said, "was to be like Him — to

imitate him as far as He could be imitated. We have not the power of working miracles, but we can do a little in the way of healing the sick, and I sought a medical education in order that I might be like Him."

Edinburgh and Dublin and Manchester followed the example of Glasgow. Little Blantyre, where he had worked in the mills, gave him a public reception. Oxford made him D.C.L., Glasgow an LL.D., and the Royal Society made him a Fellow. At Cambridge, where he enjoyed the friendship of such men as Sedgwick, Whewell, and Selwyn, he practically formed the Universities Mission, which has wrought such a noble work in Central Africa. He said to the students and the professors, "I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country, which is now open. Do not let it be shut again. I go back to Africa to make an open path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry out the work which I have begun. *I leave it with you!*"

Concerning the work of the Universities Mission, Mr. Thomas Hughes says: "From the island centre at Zanzibar the mission has now spread over one thousand miles of the neighboring mainland. Its staff, including the bishop and three archdeacons, numbers ninety-seven, of whom two deacons and thirty-two teachers and readers are natives, and nineteen English ladies. Its income for 1887 exceeded fifteen thousand five hundred pounds. It has three stations on the island and ten on the mainland." One station has a fine stone church, and a home for one hundred and fifteen boys. A sisterhood trains large classes of women.

Livingstone took lodgings in Chelsea, just out of London, and, surrounded by his family, wrote his first book, "Missionary Journeys and Researches in South

Africa." The work was irksome to the active man. When it was finished, he said, "I think I would rather cross the African continent again than undertake to write another book. It is far easier to travel than to write about it." The book had a large sale, the London trade alone requiring ten thousand copies. Livingstone having been appointed Her Majesty's Consul at Quilimane for the east coast of Africa as well as commander of an expedition to explore Eastern and Central Africa, — the Queen had granted him a most interesting private interview, — he sailed from England with his wife and youngest child, Oswell, March 10, 1858. It was a sad parting from the three children, Robert, Thomas, and Agnes, but he rejoiced that his wife was at last with him. "Glad indeed am I that I am to be accompanied by my guardian angel," he said.

On their arrival at Cape Town, in May, Mrs. Livingstone's health was so poor that although she had hoped to make the second Zambesi expedition with her husband, she, with Oswell, was obliged to remain with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Moffat.

Livingstone had brought out a steam-launch from England named the Ma-Robert (the mother of Robert), the name by which his wife was called by the natives. In this he sailed up one branch of the Zambesi Delta. On reaching his Makololo, whom he had left behind when he went to England, he found that thirty had died of small-pox, while six had been murdered by the black Portuguese. They welcomed him with the greatest enthusiasm. The people had told them, "Your Englishman will never return;" but "We trusted you," said they, "and now we shall sleep."

The Ma-Robert did not prove a good launch; and

the government sent out another called the Pioneer, for the navigation of the Zambesi and lower Shiré River.

He sailed up the Shiré for two hundred miles to some cataracts, — these extend seventy miles, — which he named Murchison in honor of Sir Roderick Murchison; he discovered Lake Shirwa, a salt lake, more than sixty miles long, in the midst of a fine country surrounded by mountains eight thousand feet high.

Professor Henry Drummond visited Lake Shirwa thirty years afterwards, when a very aged female chief came to see him, and spoke kindly of a white man who came to her village long, long ago, and gave her a present of cloth. This must have been David Livingstone. Though Shirwa is one of the smaller African lakes, Professor Drummond says it is probably larger than all the lakes of Great Britain put together.

On Sept. 16, 1859, Livingstone discovered Lake Nyassa. "Instead of being one hundred and fifty miles long," says Professor Drummond, "as first supposed, Lake Nyassa is now known to have a length of three hundred and fifty miles, and a breadth varying from sixteen to sixty miles. It occupies a gigantic trough of granite and gneiss, the profoundly deep water standing at a level of sixteen hundred feet above the sea, with the mountains rising all around it, and sometimes sheer above it, to a height of one, two, three, and four thousand feet."

On this lake now plies the little steamer Ilala, so named from the place where Livingstone died. She was carried thither from England in seven hundred pieces, and bolted together on the shore. "The bright spot now on the lake is the Scotch Livingstonia Mission

at Bandawé," says Professor Drummond. "I cherish no more sacred memory of my life than that of a communion service in the little Bandawé chapel, when the sacramental cup was handed to me by the bare black arm of a native communicant," whose life, he says, tested afterwards on the Tanganyika plateau, "gave him perhaps a better right to be there than any of us."

In this lake region Livingstone beheld, though not for the first time, the horrors of the slave-trade. At the village of the chief Mbame they met a slave party on its way to Tete, on the Zambesi. The men, women, and children were all manacled. "The black drivers," says Livingstone, "armed with muskets, and bedecked with various articles of finery, marched jauntily in the front, middle, and rear of the line, some of them blowing exultant notes out of long tin horns."

As soon as they saw the white men, they fled into the forest, knowing that the English Government was trying to put down slavery. The poor slaves, especially the women and children, were soon freed. "It was more difficult to cut the men adrift, as each had his neck in the fork of a stout stick, six or seven feet long, and kept in by an iron rod which was riveted at both ends across the throat. With a saw, one by one, the men were sawed out into freedom."

Many were children not more than five years of age. One little boy said, "The others tied and starved us; you cut the ropes and tell us to eat. What sort of people are you? Where did you come from?"

"Two of the women had been shot the day before for attempting to untie the thongs. This, the rest were told, was to prevent them from attempting to escape. One woman had her infant's brains knocked out because

she could not carry her load and it; and a man was despatched with an axe because he had broken down with fatigue."

The next day a gang of fifty slaves was freed. The leader was the negro agent of one of the principal merchants of Tete. Sometimes these slaves are taken in war; but generally their village is wantonly attacked, and those who cannot be enslaved are cruelly killed. At this time it was estimated by the British Consul at Zanzibar that nineteen thousand slaves annually come from the Nyassa country through the custom-house at Zanzibar, exclusive of those sent to Portuguese slave-ports.

At one of the hamlets where Mariano, the great Portuguese slave-agent, had been, "Dead bodies," says Livingstone, "floated past us daily, and in the mornings the paddles had to be cleared of corpses caught by the floats during the night. . . . The corpses we saw floating down the river were only a remnant of those that had perished, whom their friends, from weakness, could not bury, nor the overgorged crocodiles devour."

Village after village had been burned. "Tingane had been defeated; his people had been killed, kidnapped, and forced to flee from their villages. There were a few wretched survivors in a village above the Ruo, but the majority of the population was dead. The sight and smell of dead bodies was everywhere. Many skeletons lay beside the path, where in their weakness they had fallen and expired. Ghastly living forms of boys and girls, with dull dead eyes, were crouching beside some of the huts. . . .

"Many had ended their misery under shady trees, others under projecting crags in the hills, while others

lay in their huts with closed doors, which, when opened, disclosed the mouldering corpse with the poor rags round the loins, the skull fallen off the pillow, the little skeleton of the child that had perished first rolled up in a mat between two large skeletons."

Sometimes these slave-traders, both Arab and half-caste Portuguese, told the Africans, to win their confidence at first before seizing them, that they were "the children" of Livingstone, and sometimes the missionary came near losing his life on account of the hostility thus engendered.

On May 15, 1860, Livingstone started westward with his Makololo, to take them back to their own country. When they reached it, he found their chief, Sekelétu, slowly failing from leprosy. He did all for him that was possible; but his health could not be restored, and he died in 1864. A civil war resulted, and the Makololo were driven from their homes. Livingstone returned to Tete Nov. 21, having been absent six months.

After farther explorations, on Jan. 30, 1862, her Majesty's ship Gorgon arrived from Europe, bringing the steamer Lady Nyassa, for which Livingstone had asked so earnestly and waited so long. He wanted her on Lake Nyassa, as a preventive of the slave-trade, to aid in mission work, and to help open up trade.

He wrote to Sir Roderick Murchison: "If government furnishes the means, all right; if not, I shall spend my book-money on it. I don't need to touch the children's fund, and mine could not be better spent. People who are born rich sometimes become miserable from a fear of becoming poor; but I have the advantage, you see, in not being afraid to die poor. If I live,

I must succeed in what I have undertaken; death alone will put a stop to my efforts."

The government did not pay for the steamer, and she cost Livingstone about six thousand pounds, the greater part of his book profits.

Mrs. Livingstone was also on the Gorgon. She had gone back to Scotland after the birth of her last child, Anna Mary, Nov. 16, 1858, at her father's home in Kuruman. Evidently she could not breast the fatigues of African exploration, but she would make one more trial.

When the ship neared the coast, and Dr. James Stewart of the Free Church of Scotland saw Livingstone in the distance, he said to Mrs. Livingstone, "There he is at last." "She looked brighter at this announcement," he says, "than I had seen her do any day for seven months before."

The meeting was not for long. "Malarial fever," says Professor Drummond, "is the one sad certainty which every African traveller must face. For months he may escape; but its finger is upon him, and well for him if he has a friend near when it finally overtakes him. . . . He rises, if he does rise, a shadow, and slowly accumulates strength for the next attack, which he knows too well will not disappoint him. . . . The malaria spares no man: the strong fall as the weak. No kind of care can do more than make the attacks less frequent. No prediction can be made beforehand as to which regions are haunted by it and which are safe."

The dread enemy came to Mrs. Livingstone on April 21; on the 25th she became delirious with the fever; at sunset on Sunday, the 27th, she died at Shupanga, on the Zambesi. Dr. Stewart says of that last

sad scene, "Livingstone was sitting by the side of a rude bed formed of boxes, but covered with a soft mattress, on which lay his dying wife. All consciousness had now departed, as she was in a state of deep coma, from which all efforts to rouse her had been unavailing. . . . The man who had faced so many deaths, and braved so many dangers, was now utterly broken down, and weeping like a child."

A coffin was made during the night, and a grave was dug next day under a baobab-tree sixty feet in circumference. "The men asked to be *allowed* to mount guard," says her husband, "till we had got the grave built up, and we had it built with bricks dug from an old house." A temporary paling and wooden cross were placed at the grave; and these were subsequently replaced by a stone cross and slab, with an iron railing.

Livingstone wrote in his journal: "It is the first heavy stroke I have suffered, and quite takes away my strength. I wept over her who well deserved many tears. . . . God pity the poor children, who were all tenderly attached to her, and I am left alone in the world by one whom I felt to be a part of myself. . . . Oh, my Mary, my Mary! how often we have longed for a quiet home, since you and I were cast adrift at Kolobeng! . . . The prayer was found in her papers — 'Accept me, Lord, as I am, and make me such as Thou wouldst have me to be.'"

He wrote later, May 11, Kongone: "My dear, dear Mary has been this evening a fortnight in heaven — absent from the body, present with the Lord. 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' . . . For the first time in my life I feel willing to die."

Mrs. Livingstone had a strong presentiment of death

being near. She felt that she should never have a house in Africa.

May 31, he writes in his journal: "The loss of my ever dear Mary lies like a heavy weight on my heart. In our intercourse in private there was more than what would be thought by some a decorous amount of merriment and play. I said to her a few days before her fatal illness, 'We old bodies ought now to be more sober, and not play so much.' — 'Oh, no,' said she, 'you must always be as playful as you have always been; I would not like you to be as grave as some folks I have seen.'"

To his daughter Agnes he wrote: "I feel alone in the world now, and what will the poor dear baby do without her mamma? She often spoke of her, and sometimes burst into a flood of tears, just as I now do in taking up and arranging the things left by my beloved partner of eighteen years."

To Sir Roderick Murchison he wrote concerning his wife, who, beside the care of her family, had taught so successfully an infant and sewing school: "It was a fine sight to see her day by day walking a quarter of a mile to the town, no matter how broiling hot the sun, to impart instruction to the Bakwains. Ma-Robert's name was known through all the country and eighteen hundred miles beyond. A brave, good woman was she."

Later he wrote to Sir Roderick concerning the Zambesi as the great highway to Lake Nyassa: "It may seem to some persons weak to feel a chord vibrating to the dust of her who rests on the banks of the Zambesi, and to think that the path by that river is consecrated by her remains."

To Sir Thomas Maclear he wrote: "I suppose that

I shall die in these uplands, and somebody will carry out the plan I have longed to put into practice. . . . I work with as much vigor as I can, and mean to do so till the change comes; but the prospect of a home is all dispelled."

April 27, 1863, his journal reads: "On this day twelvemonths my beloved Mary Moffat was removed from me by death."

And then he quotes a verse from Tennyson's "May Queen," beginning, —

"If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place."

Livingstone was a great lover of the poets, and was familiar with those of America as well as Europe. Many poems of Longfellow and Whittier he knew by heart. Several poems were fastened inside the boards of his journals.

The explorations now went on for some months, till the English government, in view of the deaths of many missionaries who had come out, and the expense attending the expedition, recalled it.

This was a sore trial to Livingstone, but he acquiesced, sending the Pioneer and her seamen home. He could have sold the Lady Nyassa to the Portuguese; but to this he would never consent, as he knew she would be used in the slave-trade. He therefore took her to Bombay, India, twenty-five hundred miles away, across the Indian Ocean. He was captain and pilot, the same self-dependent, fearless traveller that he had been in the wilds of Africa. He was forty-five days at sea; during twenty-five of these his ship was becalmed. He could not sell her at once, but did so later, receiving only

twenty-three hundred pounds for that which had cost him six thousand pounds. This money he deposited in an Indian bank which failed, so that he lost the whole of it. He simply remarked, "The whole of the money she cost was dedicated to the great cause for which she was built — we are not responsible for results."

From India he sailed to England, arriving at Charing Cross Station, July 23, 1864. As before, he was cordially welcomed. He attended receptions at Lady Palmerston's and the Duchess of Wellington's, and lunched with Baroness Burdett Coutts and Lady Franklin, though he had little love for general society. He hastened to see his mother and children at Hamilton, planted trees while on a visit to the Duke of Argyle, and then with his daughter Agnes went to Newstead Abbey, Nottinghamshire, where at the residence of his friend, Mr. William F. Webb, formerly the home of Lord Byron, he wrote his second work, "The Zambesi and its Tributaries." Here he remained for eight months, writing his book in the Sussex Tower, working sometimes till two o'clock in the morning.

While at the Abbey, in June, he received the news of his mother's death, and hastened to the funeral. He records in his journal: "Seeing the end was near, sister Agnes said, 'The Saviour has come for you, mother; you can "lippen" yourself to Him!' She replied, 'Oh, yes.' Little Anna Mary was held up to her. She gave her the last look, and said, 'Bonnie wee lassie,' gave a few long inspirations, and all was still. . . . When going away in 1858, she said to me that she would have liked one of her laddies to lay her head in the grave. It so happened that I was there to pay the last tribute to a dear good mother."

His last act in Scotland was to attend an examination of his son Oswell's school, where prizes were given. In making his address, he closed it with these words, — his last public words in Scotland, — "FEAR GOD, AND WORK HARD."

Livingstone started on his third and last journey to Africa, Aug. 19, 1865. The government and Geographical Society each furnished him five hundred pounds, and a friend, Mr. James Young of Glasgow, one thousand pounds. He was continued as consul, but without salary. He reached Zanzibar in January, 1866, and began his journey with thirteen sepoys, ten Johanna men, nine Nassick boys, two Shupanga, — one of these was Susi, — and two Waiyau men, of whom one was Chuma. The latter was originally a slave, whom Livingstone had freed in the Shiré Highlands. They had six camels, three Indian buffaloes and a calf, two mules, four donkeys, and a poodle dog named Chitané.

The sepoys were almost useless, beat the poor camels with sticks, overloaded and neglected to feed them, so that in a month two camels and one buffalo were dead, one camel a skeleton from bad sores made from their sticks, one buffalo exhausted, and one mule very ill. Though repeatedly reproved by Livingstone, they committed their brutalities when he was not in sight. They killed the last young buffalo calf and ate it, telling Livingstone that they *saw* a tiger carry it away and devour it before their eyes. Livingstone asked if they saw the stripes, and they all declared that they did. This of course proved their falsehood, as there are no tigers in Africa. Finally in July he sent them back to the coast.

In September the Johanna men deserted, and returned

to Zanzibar. They reported that Livingstone was dead, which was disproved by a search expedition sent out from England, under Mr. Edward Young, in May, 1867.

The little poodle Chitané was drowned in swimming across the Chimbwe River, a mile wide, between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika. "He had more spunk in him," said Livingstone, "than a hundred country dogs, took charge of the whole line of march, ran to see the first man in the line, and then back to the last, and barked to haul him up; and then, when he knew what hut I occupied, would not let a country cur come in sight of it, and never stole himself."

From "Livingstone's Last Journals," compiled after his death, we learn of those last tiresome but fruitful journeys. They marched along the banks of the Rovuma River to Lake Nyassa, reaching it Aug. 8. He found, of the tribes along their route, that the Makondé know nothing of a Deity, but pray to their mothers when in distress or dying. The head man of the Manganjas confided to Livingstone his afflictions, as did many of the people. A wife had run away. The traveller asked him how many he had. When he said twenty in all, Livingstone told him he thought he had nineteen too many. "But who would cook for strangers, if I had but one?" he naïvely asked.

The chief Mponda wished to go away with Livingstone, and did not care if he were absent for ten years.

Many of the people were tattooed, and had large slits in the lobes of the ear. Their teeth were sharpened to a point, and some of them had the two front teeth knocked out.

The Livingstone party reached the river Loangwa Dec. 16. About this time they suffered much from the

lack of food. He says in his journal: "Simon gave me a little of his meal and went without himself. I took my belt up three holes to relieve hunger."

Often they waded through rivers and marshes up to the thigh. Jan. 12 he writes: "Sitting down this morning near a tree, my head was just one yard off a good-sized cobra, coiled up in the sprouts of its roots; but it was benumbed with cold. A very pretty little puff adder lay in the path also benumbed."

Jan. 20 two Waiyaus deserted, one of them taking off Livingstone's invaluable medicine-chest. A boy, Baroha, had been carrying it most carefully, and he and the Waiyau had exchanged loads for a short time. "I felt as if I had now received the sentence of death," Livingstone wrote in his journal. . . . "It is difficult to say from the heart, 'Thy will be done;' but I shall try." Yet, as ever, he has an excuse for the poor creatures. He adds: "These Waiyau had few advantages. Sold into slavery in early life, they were in the worst possible school for learning to be honest and honorable; they behaved well for a long time; but having had hard and scanty fare in Lobisa, wet and misery in passing through dripping forests, hungry nights, and fatiguing days, their patience must have been worn out. . . . Yet the loss of this medicine-box gnaws at the heart terribly."

Livingstone had the greatest possible tact with all the chiefs, always talking to them against slavery and war, and opening their minds as far as possible to good things. One chief, Moamba, said, "What do you wish to buy, if not slaves or ivory?"

"I replied," says Livingstone, "that the only thing I had seen worth buying was a fine fat chief like him, as a specimen."

He and many of the others drank a kind of beer made from the grain of millet. To some this beer is almost food; but the result is they have poor constitutions, and easily succumb to a slight illness.

On April 1, 1867, Livingstone reached Lake Tanganyika, over thirty miles broad and about four hundred and fifty miles in length. "After being a fortnight at this lake," says Livingstone, "it still appears one of surpassing loveliness. . . . It lies in a deep basin whose sides are nearly perpendicular, but covered well with trees; the rocks which appear are bright red argillaceous schist; the trees at present all green; down some of these rocks come beautiful cascades, and buffaloes, elephants, and antelopes wander and graze on the more level spots, while lions roar by night."

Here Livingstone had several fits of insensibility from fever, and had no medicine with which to cure himself.

He discovered Lake Moero, sixty miles long, on Nov. 8, 1867. He met with a grand reception from Casembe, a chief who cut off his peoples' hands and ears for various offences. His principal wife, with light-brown complexion, was carried about in a sort of palanquin, by a dozen men, while a number of men ran before her, brandishing swords and battle-axes, one man beating a hollow instrument to warn people to clear the way for the queen. A bride or a chief is often carried on a man's shoulders.

In Casembe's country if a child cuts the upper front teeth before the lower, it is killed, as unlucky. If a child is seen to turn from one side to the other in sleep, it is killed. If Casembe dreams of any man twice or three times, he puts him to death, lest the man may practise some secret art against the chief's life.

Many of the tribes asked for "gun medicine," so that they could shoot straight, and desired to "drink medicine," so as to understand how to learn to read.

Jan. 1, 1868, Livingstone writes in his journal: "Almighty Father, help me to be more profitable during this year. If I am to die this year, prepare me for it."

Several more of the explorer's men deserted him, but he, as ever before, excused them. "I did not blame them very severely in my own mind for absconding," he said; "they were tired of tramping, and so, verily, am I."

In early spring he saw marigolds in full bloom all over the forests, and foxgloves also. In June he came to a grave in the forest, a little rounded mound, as if the occupant sat in it in the usual native way. It had flour and large blue beads strewn over it. "This is the sort of grave I should prefer," Livingstone wrote: "to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones. The graves at home always seem to me to be miserable, especially those in the cold, damp clay, and without elbow room; but I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over all decides where to lay me down and die. Poor Mary lies on Shupanga brae, 'and beeks fornent the sun.'"

July 18, 1868, Livingstone discovered Lake Bangweolo, one of the largest lakes of Central Africa. He sailed upon it in a canoe forty-five feet long and four feet broad.

When the New Year came he was so ill that he had to be carried in a litter made of boughs. He reached the great Arab settlement at Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, March 14, 1869, only to find that the stores which he had ordered sent by caravans from Zanzibar had been plundered and scattered far and wide.

Sixty-two out of eighty pieces of cloth, each piece containing twenty-four yards, had been disposed of. The buffaloes had all died on the way. Here he wrote some letters, and sent them by the Arabs to the coast, but they were never delivered.

All through these last journeys he had been saddened by the enormities of the slave-traders. "Slavery is a great evil wherever I have seen it," he writes in his journal. "A poor old woman and child are among the captives. The boy, about three years old, seems a mother's pet; his feet are sore from walking in the sun. He was offered for two fathoms [four yards of unbleached calico], and his mother for one fathom. He understood it all, and cried bitterly, clinging to his mother. She had, of course, no power to help him."

Again he writes: "We passed a woman tied by the neck to a tree, and dead. The people of the country explained that she had been unable to keep up with the other slaves in a gang, and her master had determined that she should not become the property of any one else if she recovered after resting for a time." Others were lying in the path, shot or stabbed.

"One of our men wandered and found a number of slaves with slave-sticks on [these yokes weigh from thirty to forty pounds], abandoned by their master for want of food. They were too weak to be able to speak, or say where they had come from; some were quite young."

The slave-gangs numbered several hundred in each. When far enough from their own country so as not to run away, the slave-sticks were usually removed. Great numbers of the slaves died from sobbing and "heart-breaking." They would talk of their wives and children to the last, and sink down and die from no apparent

disease. The slavers would express surprise that people should die while they had plenty to eat and no work.

"Children for a time would keep up with wonderful endurance; but it happened sometimes that the sound of dancing and the merry tinkle of the small drums would fall on their ears, in passing near to a village; then the memory of home and happy days proved too much for them; they cried and sobbed, the 'broken heart' came on, and they rapidly sank."

Since Livingstone's death the Arab slave-raids have been worse than ever. Professor Henry Drummond, in *Scribner's Magazine* for June, 1889, gives some details of this dreadful traffic. Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers, and Roman Catholic Primate of Africa, estimates that two millions of lives are destroyed yearly in Africa through the horrors of the slave-trade.

"The men who appear the strongest," said Cardinal Lavigerie, in an address delivered in London, "and whose escape is to be feared, have their hands tied, and sometimes their feet, in such fashion that walking becomes a torture to them; and on their necks are placed yokes which attach several of them together. They march all day; at night, when they stop to rest, a few handfuls of raw 'sorgho' are distributed among the captives. This is all their food. Next morning they must start again. . . .

"The women and the aged are the first to halt. Then, in order to strike terror into this miserable mass of human beings, their conductors, armed with a wooden bar to economize powder, approach those who appear to be the most exhausted, and deal them a terrible blow on the nape of the neck. The unfortunate victims utter

a cry, and fall to the ground in the convulsions of death. . . .

"If, goaded by their cruel sufferings, some attempt to rebel or escape, their fierce masters cut them down with their swords, and leave them as they lie along the road, attached to one another by their yokes. Therefore it has been truly said that, if a traveller lost the way leading from Equatorial Africa to the towns where slaves are sold, he could easily find it again by the skeletons of the negroes with which it is strewed."

Professor Drummond quotes from Stanley in his book on the Congo. The latter tells of 118 villages with probably 1,000 persons in each, and 43 tribal districts devastated by fire and sword, that 2,300 women and children might be captured by these Arab slave-dealers.

"If each expedition has been as successful as this, the slave-traders have been enabled to obtain 5,000 women and children safe to Nyangwe, Kirundu, and Vibondo, above the Stanley Falls. This 5,000 out of an annual million will be at the rate of a half per cent, or 5 slaves out of 1,000 people. This is poor profit out of such large waste of life."

This Scribner article by Professor Drummond, and a map of Central Africa showing what is possible for the suppression of the slave-trade, may be obtained free by addressing Mr. C. P. Huntington, 23 Broad Street, New York City, who has taken a deep interest in the subject.

The present condition of the slave-trade and the success attending the efforts of several nations to suppress it, are shown in a valuable article by Stanley in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1893, on "Slavery and the Slave-trade in Africa." The founding of the Congo Free

State, with its military stations and trade, has been a wonderful check to the awful traffic. Missions have been another powerful factor. The Congo Railway, now building, with the steamers now plying on the large lakes, will form a police cordon, through which the Arab slave-traders will find it difficult to pass.

Stanley urges stringent measures, and commends the German government for what it has done on the east coast of Africa. "No caravan is permitted to leave without search; gunpowder and arms are confiscated; slave-traders are tried and hanged after conviction (the chief judge on the German coast lately sentenced seventeen Arabs to be hanged at Linde). The trading-dépôts of the African Lakes' Company are pre-eminently successful in subserving the anti-slavery cause by suppressing the odious trade in slaves."

Still the traffic goes on in all its horrors in many portions of Africa; in the interior, and in some of the northen parts as well. "The importation of negroes from the Nigritien basin and South-western Soudan into the public slave markets of Morocco," says Stanley, "will continue until for very shame it will irritate Europe into taking more decided steps in the name of humanity to force the ever-maundering authorities to decre the abolition of the slave-trade."

Commerce and civilization must go hand in hand. Railways must be built, telegraphic lines established, and the nations of the world must unite to protect the African from the greed and the cruelty of the slave-market.

Livingstone left Ujiji, July 12, improved in health, to start northward into the Manyuema country to ascertain, if possible, whether the Lualaba River is the western

branch of the Nile or the eastern of the Congo. He did not live to ascertain that it is, indeed, the Congo.

He reached the banks of the river at Nyangwe, March 29, 1871, more than a year after he started. He read the Bible through four times while in the Manyuema country, the land of cannibals. On his journey back to Ujiji, begun July 20, 1871, he several times narrowly escaped death, as many Arabs were with him, and they were so hated by the natives. Great trees were chopped down just as he passed, and sometimes the spears just missed him; one grazed his neck, flung by a man ten yards off. During the last of the journey, "I felt as if dying on my feet," he wrote. He reached Ujiji, Oct. 23, 1871, a living skeleton. To his amazement and despair, a leading Arab, professing to believe Livingstone dead, had sold all his remaining goods. He had not a single yard of cloth left out of his three thousand, nor a string of beads out of seven hundred pounds. Sick in body and really sick at heart, he had now to wait to see what the future might have in store.

Five days later, Oct. 28, Susi came running toward his master exclaiming excitedly, "An Englishman! I see him!" Livingstone looked out and beheld a caravan with the American flag at the head.

"Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking-pots, tents, etc., made me think," he says, "this must be a luxurious traveller, and not at his wits' end like me."

The leader of the caravan, who had come just at the opportune moment, was Henry M. Stanley, sent thither at an expense of over four thousand pounds by James Gordon Bennett of the *New York Herald*, "to find Livingstone, dead or alive."

For eleven long months the young journalist had

faced disease and hostile tribes in the heart of an unknown country to find the great teacher, from whom nothing had been heard for three years. Once he was well-nigh discouraged; but he wrote in his journal: "No living man shall stop me — only death can prevent me. But death — not even this ; I shall not die — I will not die — I can not die! Something tells me I shall find him and — write it larger — FIND HIM, FIND HIM. Even the words are inspiring."

At last he had found him, and the two men stood face to face. It was a supreme moment. They clasped hands warmly. "I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you," said Stanley with a full heart.

"I feel grateful that I am here to welcome you," was the response of the weary, white-haired man.

For four happy months they talked and explored together, and each grew fond of the other. Stanley says, "I had gone over battle-fields, witnessed revolutions, civil wars, rebellions, *émeutes*, and massacres, . . . but never had I been called to record anything that moved me so much as this man's woes and sufferings, his privations and disappointments. . . . Livingstone was a character that I venerated, that called forth all my enthusiasm, that evoked nothing but sincerest admiration." . . . Again Stanley says: "Livingstone's gentleness never forsakes him; his hopefulness never deserts him. No harassing anxieties, distraction of mind, long separation from home and kindred, can make him complain. He thinks 'all will come out right at last;' he has such faith in the goodness of Providence. . . .

"From being hated and thwarted in every possible way by the Arabs and half-castes upon his arrival in Ujiji [on account of his opposition to the slave-trade]

he has, through uniform kindness and mild, pleasant temper, won all hearts. I observed that universal respect was paid to him. Even the Mohammedans never passed his house without calling to pay their compliments, and to say 'The blessing of God rest on you.'"

Stanley begged Livingstone to go back with him, and he would "carry him every foot of the way to the coast."

"No," replied the latter; "I should like to see my family very much indeed. My children's letters affect me intensely; but I must not go home, I must finish my task."

They went together on the homeward journey as far as Unyanyembi, — Stanley bearing homeward Livingstone's journals in waterproof canvas, sealed with five seals, — and then the farewells were said.

"Good-by, Doctor, dear friend!"

"Good-by."

"Now, my men, home! Lift the flag. March!"

Through the distance Stanley waved his handkerchief and Livingstone raised his cap. He never looked upon a white man's face again. Six months afterwards Stanley said, "My eyes feel somewhat dimmed at the recollection of the parting."

Livingstone wrote his daughter Agnes concerning Stanley: "He laid all he had at my service, divided his clothes into two heaps, and pressed one heap upon me; then his medicine-chest; then his goods and everything he had, and, to coax my appetite, often cooked dainty dishes with his own hands. . . .

"He came with the true American characteristic — generosity. The tears often started into my eyes on every fresh proof of kindness."

Stanley had brought him letters and gifts from home.

Nothing pleased Livingstone more than four woollen shirts from Agnes — now Mrs. Bruce — and a letter from her which said, "Much as I wish you to come home, I had rather that you finished your work to your own satisfaction than return merely to gratify me."

Livingstone says in his journal: "Rightly and nobly said, my darling Nannie; vanity whispers pretty loudly, 'She is a chip of the old block.' My blessing on her and all the rest."

Livingstone waited at Unyanyembe till Stanley should send back suitable porters from the coast, fifty-seven men and boys, and then the heroic man began again his toilsome explorations through swamps and fever-laden districts. It was gratifying that his government had voted him one thousand pounds, as he had received no salary for the previous six years.

Five days after Stanley's departure, on Livingstone's birthday, March 19, 1872, he writes in his journal: "Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task."

He wished to find the true sources of the Nile, and then he would go home. Death came before he had settled the problem.

On Aug. 25, 1872, Livingstone started on his last journey westward. He had written to his old college friend, James Young: "I rejoice to think it is now your portion, after working nobly, to play. May you have a long spell of it! I am differently situated. I shall never be able to play. . . . During a large part of this journey I had a strong presentiment that I should never live to finish it. . . . This presentiment did not interfere with the performance of any duty; it only made me think a great deal more of the future state of being."

On Oct. 14 they reached Lake Tanganyika, and then struggled on toward the eastern shore of Lake Bangweolo. It was the rainy season, and they forded river after river, nearly to their necks in water.

Jan. 24, 1873, he writes in his journal: "Went one hour and three-quarters' journey to a large stream, through drizzling rain, at least three hundred yards of deep water, among sedges and sponges of one hundred yards. One part was neck-deep for fifty yards, and the water cold. We plunged in elephants' foot-prints one hour and a half, then came on one hour to a small rivulet ten feet broad, but waist-deep; bridge covered and broken down.

"Carrying me across one of the broad, deep, sedgy rivers is really a very difficult task. One we crossed was at least two thousand feet broad, or more than three hundred yards. The first part, the main stream, came up to Susi's mouth, and wetted my seat and legs. One held up my pistol behind, then one after another took a turn; and when he sank into an elephant's deep foot-print, he required two to lift him, so as to gain a footing on a level, which was over waist-deep. Others went on and bent down the grass to insure some footing on the side of the elephant's path."

No wonder he wrote, "This trip has made my hair all gray." It was evident that his health was failing. He writes, March 19: "Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men for sparing me thus far on the journey of life! Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen."

"March 24. The loads are all soaked, and with the cold it is bitterly uncomfortable."

"March 25. Nothing earthly will make me give up

my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward."

"April 10. I am pale, bloodless, and weak. . . . Oh, how I long to be permitted by the Over Power to finish my work!"

"April 19. I am excessively weak, and but for the donkey could not move a hundred yards. It is not all pleasure, this exploration. . . . I can scarcely hold a pencil, and my stick is a burden."

"April 21. Tried to ride, but was forced to lie down, and they carried me back to vil [village] exhausted."

His faithful followers, seeing that he was daily failing, had made a litter, covered it with grass, laid a blanket upon it, and carried Livingstone upon their shoulders.

There were no entries now in his journals except the date. Then the last words were written by the dying man on the eleventh anniversary of his wife's death, April 27, 1873: "Knocked up quite, and remain— recover— Sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo."

As best they could, they bore him forward to the village of the chief Chitambo, where they built him a hut.

On April 30 Livingstone asked Susi to bring him his watch, that he, the servant, might hold it, while the key was slowly turned by the enfeebled hands. At 11 P. M. Susi went to his master's bedside. The latter said, in Suaheli language, "Siku-ngapi kwenda Luapula?" (How many days is it to the Luapula?)

Upon being told that it was about three days, he half sighed, half said, "Oh, dear, dear!"

After midnight Susi boiled some water for him,

and held the candle near him while he selected some calomel. Then Livingstone said in a low voice, "All right; you can go now."

At four o'clock, before light, Susi again entered, being called by the boy who slept just inside the hut. Livingstone was kneeling beside his bed, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. The 29,000 miles of travel in Africa were ended; he was dead, and the body almost cold. Susi and Chuma with Jacob Wainwright, who could write, decided that the body must be carried to Zanzibar, and from thence to England. Then they proceeded to embalm it the best they knew how. Removing the heart, lungs, etc., these were placed in a tin box and reverently buried at Ilala, where he died. Then the body was exposed to the sun for fourteen days, wrapped in calico, and enclosed in the bark of the Myonga tree, with tarred sail-cloth sewed over the cylindrical package.

Then the homeward journey began, the precious burden being carried on their shoulders. Half of the men became ill, and some of the tribes were hostile. When they reached Unyanyembe, Lieutenant Cameron wished to have the body buried there, rather than make the perilous journey to the coast, but the men would not for a moment consent.

At one village opposition was shown to a dead body passing through it, so a bale of sticks was prepared like a body, and the people were given to understand that they would bury the corpse. Some of them went back with the pretended body, while the real one was rewrapped like a bale of goods, and carried forward without suspicion.

Through nine long months they made the journey of

more than a thousand miles to the coast, bearing their beloved dead. "The story stands alone in history," says Thomas Hughes.

Through the generosity of Livingstone's friend, James Young, Susi and Chuma, two out of seven long-tried and faithful servants, with Jacob Wainwright, who had been sent by Stanley from Zanzibar, were brought to England on the steamer, and assisted at the burial of their great leader.

On Saturday, April 18, 1874, Livingstone was buried near the centre of the nave in Westminster Abbey. The grand old abbey was crowded in every part. Among the pall-bearers were Stanley and Jacob Wainwright.

A black slab now marks the resting-place of him whom Mr. Johnston well calls "The greatest and best man who ever explored Africa." On the slab are these words: —

"Brought by faithful hands
over land and sea,
here rests

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

missionary, traveller, philanthropist,
born March 19, 1813,
at Blantyre, Lanarkshire.
Died May 4 [probably May 1], 1873.
At Chitambo's village, Ilala.

For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, and abolish the desolating slave-trade of Central Africa, where, with his last words, he wrote: —

'All I can say in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one — American, English, Turk — who will help to heal this open sore of the world.'"

These words concerning slavery were the last penned in a letter which the missionary explorer wrote to the *New York Herald,* after Stanley left him. The nations are now trying to do that to which Livingstone's life and death were consecrated.

MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY.

IT is not often that five naval officers are found in one family, and two of these so famous as Matthew Calbraith Perry, who opened Japan to the world, and Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, in the war of 1812.

Matthew, the fourth child in the family of a sturdy sea-captain, Christopher Raymond Perry, was born at Newport, R. I., April 10, 1794. He was an active, earnest boy, showing in early life the energy and strength of character which distinguished him in his manhood. Under the training of a self-reliant and noble mother, Matthew learned to be honest, devoted to country, and persevering in every duty. Though gentle in her manners, she had great force of character, teaching her children obedience as one of the first virtues, and exhibiting the same fearlessness and fortitude before them which they themselves showed in after life.

Matthew was eager to enter the navy when a lad of twelve, but his youth prevented. On Jan. 18, 1809, he became a midshipman, and soon went aboard the schooner Revenge, commanded by his brother Oliver. She was attached to the squadron under Commodore John Rodgers, which guarded our coasts from the Chesapeake to Passamaquoddy Bay, to prevent American sailors from being pressed into British service by British ships.

On Oct. 12, 1810, the lad was transferred to the frigate President, the flag-ship of Commodore Rodgers. The Revenge was wrecked off Watch Hill, R.I., three months later.

On the President, June 22, young Perry, then seventeen, received his first wound in the first naval battle of the war of 1812. By the explosion of a gun the leg of Commodore Rodgers was broken, several sailors were killed, and others wounded; among the latter was young Perry.

After capturing seven British merchant vessels, Commodore Rodgers was obliged to return, his crew being unfitted for duty by scurvy. On another trip Rodgers captured twelve British vessels, with two hundred and seventy-one prisoners. Young Perry was promoted to an acting lieutenantcy when he was eighteen, and was soon transferred to the ship United States, under Commodore Decatur.

On Christmas eve, 1814, the youth of twenty was married to Miss Jane Slidell, then only seventeen years of age, the daughter of a rich New York merchant. Matthew probably seemed much older than he really was, from the experience he had already enjoyed in travel and naval warfare. From this happy union came a family of four sons and six daughters.

Mr. Slidell, the father-in-law of Perry, offered the latter the command of his merchant-vessel bound for Holland. Perry obtained a furlough, accepted the position, and remained in the commercial marine for nearly three years, when he re-entered the navy.

In 1819, Perry, in the ship Cyane, visited the Dark Continent to convoy the first company of black colonists to Africa. The ship captured some slavers, and helped

the negroes in settling and house-building. Most of the colonists and crew suffered from the African fever, and the colony proved a failure. Another remedy had to be found for the cure of slavery in America nearly a half-century later.

After another voyage to Africa, during which Perry gave especial study to that dread disease scurvy, finding that it resulted largely from salt diet, lack of vegetables, and want of ventilation and cleanliness, he gave some time in his war-ship, the Shark, in helping to rid the West Indian Archipelago of pirate crafts. He studied Spanish the more effectually to do his work, and became well versed in the standard literature in that language.

After a rest of some months with his family in New York, Perry joined the North Carolina, one of our first line-of-battle ships, and sailed in her to Malaga, May 19, 1825. She with some other ships was commissioned to protect American commerce on the Mediterranean.

Perry's next sea voyage was to Russia, in the Concord. While at Cronstadt the Tsar Nicholas came on board, and inspected her with apparent pleasure. Perry and a few other officers were received at the imperial palace. The Tsar asked many questions of the young American officer, who answered with dignity and courtesy.

Perry visited Copenhagen, Cowes in the Isle of Wight, Malta, and Alexandria. On the trip to Alexandria he had Lady Franklin on board. She "was full of her husband," says the chaplain; "and, of course, at each meal, the whole company had to hear theories and successes and memories repeated on the one theme."

At Alexandria the officers were invited to dine with Mehemet, the Viceroy of Egypt, who presented the party with thirteen swords.

Later Perry was sent to Italy in command of the ship Brandywine, and on his return, at his own request, was given the command of the recruiting station at New York.

Here, for ten years, he enjoyed his family, and devoted himself to the welfare of the navy. He organized the Brooklyn Naval Lyceum, "to promote the diffusion of useful knowledge, to foster a spirit of harmony and a community of interests in the service, and to cement the links which unite us as professional brethren."

A library was begun, pictures were given by wealthy patrons, and a bi-monthly magazine was started. The Lyceum is still doing its valuable work. Perry was always an advocate of reading and general culture for his men. On ship-board he organized classes. He urged the sailors to give up liquor, and was instrumental in obtaining the prohibition of the spirit ration to all under twenty-one, which rule was passed Aug. 29, 1842. He also helped to abolish flogging with "the cat-of-nine tails," on the bare back.

Perry was offered the command of the United States Exploring Expedition to the Antarctic continent; but as he declined, it was given to Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, whose subsequent publications are full of interest.

Perry took the deepest interest in the use of steam for the navy, and applied for the command of the Fulton, a floating battery for the defence of New York harbor, the first American steamer of war. He took her to Washington, and President Jackson and his cabinet enjoyed an inspection of her.

Perry was the first to urge a training-school for naval engineers provided by the government. This was realized later at Annapolis. He made a special study of

naval ordnance, and proposed the ram, "using a steamer as a striking body."

Perry with others made a careful study of the water approaches to New York. He went to Europe to study lighthouses, visited foundéries and ship-yards, and met distinguished scientists and rulers. He was invited by King Louis Philippe to an informal supper, where he met the royal family, the Queen pouring the tea.

On his return to New York, Perry purchased one hundred and twenty acres near Tarrytown, on the Hudson, and built a stone cottage which he called "The Moorings." He rose early to care for his land, studied and wrote evenings, and became the close friend of Washington Irving, his neighbor.

At the request of the government he conducted many experiments with projectiles and great guns.

After another voyage to Africa, to help suppress piracy and the slave-trade, he took an active and successful part in the Mexican War, in the surrender of Vera Cruz, Tabasco, and other cities.

All this varied experience was leading to the one crowning act of his life — the opening of Japan to the world.

For centuries this empire of Japan had been closed to the ships and citizens of every land. The Dutch were allowed a very few limited privileges. For more than three hundred years Portuguese, English, French, Russians, and Americans had tried in vain to hold commercial relations with her, to travel among her people, and to buy the delicate workmanship of her hands. Commodore Perry believed that with kindness and tact, backed by a force sufficient to impress the natives, entrance to Japan might be effected.

He read all the available literature on the subject as soon as he knew that he was to take the lead of the expedition. He notified the authorities at Washington of his intention to take with him, for the Japanese, specimens of our mechanical products, arms, and machinery, and asked manufacturers for samples of every description.

The Norris Brothers of Philadelphia furnished a little locomotive and rails to be laid down in Japan.

A letter to the Emperor of Japan from the President of the United States, Millard Fillmore, written by the Hon. Edward Everett, the Secretary of State, was handsomely engrossed and enclosed in a box which cost a thousand dollars.

After various delays and obstacles, Commodore Perry started in the ship Mississippi from Norfolk, Va., Nov. 24, 1852, several other vessels of the squadron soon following him. "Until the great Civil War, only two fleets — that is, collections of war vessels numbering at least twelve — had assembled under the American flag. These were in the waters of Mexico and Japan. Both were commanded by Matthew C. Perry." Thus writes the Rev. William Elliot Griffis in his life of Perry.

On the passage out they stopped at Madeira, where the Commodore made some official calls in the fashionable conveyance of Funchal, a sledge with a gayly decorated carriage body, drawn by a yoke of oxen. The ladies of the town often rode on horseback, a groom keeping pace with the horse. At the island of St. Helena the officers visited the lonely spot where Napoleon found a home and a grave in 1821.

At Cape Town, in the south of Africa, Perry saw something of the Hottentots, who lived in movable huts

made of boughs, which they conveyed from place to place on the backs of oxen.

At Mauritius the officers visited the supposed tomb of Paul and Virginia, immortalized by the pen of Bernardin St. Pierre, who was then an officer of the garrison of Mauritius. The French ship, St. Gévan, was wrecked on the north-east coast of the island on the night of Aug. 18, 1744. On board the ship were two young ladies Mallet and Caillon, returning as passengers from France, whither they had been sent to be educated. Monsieur Longchamps de Montendre (Paul) and Madamoiselle Caillon (Virginia) were last seen on the top-gallant forecastle of the wrecked vessel. Montendre had lowered himself down from the ship's side to throw himself into the sea, earnestly begging the girl to attempt to save herself with him, but on her refusal, he returned and would not again leave her. Mademoiselle Mallet was on the quarter-deck with Monsieur de Peramont, who never left her for a moment. Nearly all on board perished.

A short stay was made at Ceylon by the squadron. "Of the productions of the island," says the narrative of the Perry expedition, compiled by Dr. Francis L. Hawks, "the cocoanut is probably the most valuable to the natives. Everywhere in Ceylon, as far as the eye can reach, extensive plantations of this tree are to be seen, and the numerous roads throughout the island are bordered with it. The weary and heated traveller finds not only protection from the sun in its shade, but refreshment from the milk of the fruit, which is both agreeable to the taste and wholesome.

"The cocoanut palm has a great variety of uses. The green fruit, with its delicate albuminous meat and

its refreshing milk, is a favorite article of food. When ripe, the kernel of the nut is dried, forming what the natives term copperal, and an oil of great value is expressed from it, while the residuum forms an excellent oil cake for the fattening of animals. Even the husk of the nut is useful; its fibres are wrought into the coir rope, of which large quantities are annually exported, and the shells are manufactured into various domestic utensils. From the sap of the tree a drink is obtained which is called 'toddy,' and made into arrack by distillation. The leaves afford a good material for the thatching of the native huts, and are, moreover, given as food to elephants."

The talipot is one of the wonders of the island. A single leaf of this tree will shade several persons. When the leaf is softened by boiling, the natives use it as a substitute for paper, and write upon it. The cinnamon-tree abounds with its beautiful white blossoms and red-tipped leaves.

After touching at Singapore, the squadron reached Hong Kong, April 6. Perry spent a few days at Macao, in which is the cave of Camoëns, where the celebrated Portuguese poet is supposed to have written a portion of his "Lusiad." He first visited Macao when banished from Portugal on account of his persistent courtship of a lady of rank, whose parents were opposed to a poor genius. He returned to Portugal, and died in a hospital in poverty. Above the cave at Macao is a marble monument with a bronze bust of the poet.

Shanghai was visited; and then the squadron, the Commodore having transferred his home from the Mississippi to the Susquehanna, sailed from Napa, the principal port of the Great Liu Kiu Island, one of a group said to number thirty-six islands, a dependency of Japan.

Bayard Taylor had joined the squadron at Shanghai, and thereafter kept most interesting journals of the expedition.

Two hours after the ships came to anchor two Japanese officials appeared on board, presenting with profound salutations a folded red card of Japanese paper a yard long. One man wore a loose salmon-colored robe of grass cloth, while the other wore blue. Both had on oblong caps of bright yellow.

The Commodore declined to see these men, determined to receive only the principal dignitaries. The next day these officials came with presents, — a bullock, several pigs, fowls, and eggs; but these were declined till a treaty should be made, or some formal recognition taken of the American representatives.

A few days later the regent of Liu Kiu, a venerable old man, arrived, and was received with much ceremony by the Commodore, who repaid the visit at the royal palace, June 6, evidently much against the will of the authorities.

The Commodore was borne in a sedan chair by eight Chinese coolies, his marines, under arms, in line on either side, with two field-pieces and the artillerymen in front.

The natives knelt as the procession passed. It was evident that spies were on every side. The band played "Hail Columbia" as they reached the palace gate.

The Commodore and his officers were received in the hall of audience, where smoking-boxes were distributed and twists of gingerbread. The queen dowager, and boy prince for whom the regent governed, did not make their appearance.

After this formal reception the party was received at the home of the regent, where a bountiful repast was

served. Many of the dishes were unfamiliar to Americans. Of those which they knew, "there were sliced boiled eggs, which had been dyed crimson, fish made into rolls and boiled in fat, pieces of cold baked fish, slices of hog's liver, sugar candy, cucumbers, mustard, salted radish tops, and fragments of lean pork fried. Cups of tea were first handed round; these were followed by very small cups of *sakè* [an intoxicating drink made from rice], which had the taste of French *liqueur*. Small bamboo sticks, sharpened at one end, and which some of the guests mistook for toothpicks, were furnished, to be used as forks in taking balls of meat and dough from the soup, which made the first course. Soup constituted also the next *seven* courses of the twelve whereof the repast consisted. The other four were gingerbread, salad made of bean sprouts and young onion tops, a basket of what appeared to be some dark-red fruit, but proved to be artificial balls composed of a thin dough rind covering a sugary pulp, and a delicious mixture compounded of beaten eggs and a slender white root with an aromatic taste."

As long as the squadron remained at Liu Kiu all military and naval drills were regularly performed daily. Of the seventeen boats manned and equipped, five carried twelve and twenty-four pounders. These created great interest among the people of Liu Kiu.

The inhabitants were found to be very neat, living in plain, unpainted houses, whose floors were covered with mats which were carefully preserved from dirt, the people stepping on them with bare feet or with stockings only. When they entered the house, they slipped off their loose straw sandals, and left them at the door.

The crown of the head, to the extent of two or three

inches, was shaved, and into the vacant space the hair was drawn and plaited, fastened by two large hair-pins. The lower class usually wore brass or pewter pins, while the literati, or dignitaries, used gold or silver.

On June 9, Bonin Islands, lying in the Japanese Sea, were visited; and a month later, on July 7, the fleet came to anchor at Uraga, in the Bay of Yedo. Great was the astonishment of the Japanese. A number of Japanese guard-boats were sent out to the ships, but the Commodore would not allow the men to come on board. They made several attempts to climb into the American vessels, but were checked by the sight of pistols and pikes.

Finally an official appeared with an order for the ships to depart instantly. He was told that the Commodore bore a message from the President of the United States to the Emperor, and would confer with no one except the highest in rank in Uraga.

During that first night, when a foreign squadron anchored in the Bay of Yedo, beacon fires glimmered on the hills, and the great bell tolled its danger signal. Companies of Japanese soldiers, in their scarlet uniforms, passed from garrison to garrison.

Perry was finally informed that he must go to some other port to deliver his message to the Emperor; but this he declined to do, saying that if the Japanese government did not see fit to appoint a proper person to receive such a valuable letter, the Commodore, with a sufficient force, would be obliged to deliver it in person, let the consequences be what they might.

Boats with white flags, to show their peaceful intention, were sent out from the American ships to explore the bay and harbor of Uraga; and when the Japanese

demurred, saying that this was against their laws, they were told that the American laws commanded these explorations, and American subjects must obey.

Sunday, July 10, was carefully observed by religious services, and no communication was held with the Japanese on that day.

On July 13, the governor of the Province arrived, bearing a letter of credence from the Emperor, wrapped in velvet, and enclosed in a box of sandal-wood. It was treated with such reverence by the governor that no one was allowed to touch it. The letter was addressed to his highness, Toda, Prince of Idzu: "I send you to Uraga to receive the letter of the President of the United States to me, which letter has recently been brought to Uraga by the Admiral, upon receiving which you will proceed to Yedo, and bring the same to me." The Emperor's seal was at the bottom.

A building was immediately constructed, trimmed with flags and painted screens, wherein the Commodore was to meet Toda, Prince of Idzu, and deliver the President's letter in the thousand-dollar gold case.

When the time arrived the Commodore, surrounded by about three hundred of his men, all in uniform, the guns from his ships firing every now and then, repaired to the place of meeting. Two stalwart seamen bore the flag at the head of the procession, and two boys preceded the Commodore, carrying the golden box in a covering of scarlet cloth. The President's letter, and the credentials of Perry, were written on vellum, and not folded, but bound in blue silk velvet. Each seal, attached by cords of gold and silk, was encased in a circular box of pure gold. Each document was in a rosewood box, with locks, hinges, and mountings of

gold. Two tall negroes, armed, acted as Perry's body-guard.

The ships had meantime been cleared for action in case there should be hostile demonstrations on shore towards the Americans.

The Japanese officials were gorgeously attired in silks and gold lace. A hundred Japanese boats lined the shore, while thousands of the people flocked to witness so strange a spectacle.

The letter to the Emperor from the President urged the abrogation of the ancient Japanese laws which forbade foreign trade, desired to make a treaty useful alike to both nations, whereby Japanese ports should be opened, and begged the acceptance, by the Emperor, of some gifts. The friendly letter of Millard Fillmore, to his "Great and Good Friend," said, "May the Almighty have your imperial majesty in His great and holy keeping!"

Commodore Perry, "Commander-in-chief of all the naval forces of the United States of America, stationed in the East Indies, China and Japan Seas," sent as a special ambassador by the President, also wrote a full letter to the Emperor.

After the giving of the letters, the Commodore explained that he would return to Japan the following spring, to receive the answer of the Emperor to the President.

Perry sailed back to Liu Kiu and China, where he studied the people, and obtained much valuable information. All the land in Liu Kiu was held by the government, and rented to large tenants, who in turn sub-let it to the direct cultivators of the soil. Rice was found to be the chief product, though wheat, tobacco,

peanuts, onions, and radishes — some three feet long and twelve inches round, were seen in abundance. The flowers were the camellia, which grows wild and bears a pink blossom, the dahlia, morning-glory, marsh-mallow, etc. The bamboo was large, and of great value to the people.

"Great reverence is paid to the dead in Liu Kiu," says the Perry narrative, "where they are put in coffins in a sitting posture, and being followed by the friends and relations, and a procession of women in long white veils which cover their heads and faces, are interred in well-built stone vaults, or tombs constructed in the sides of the hills. After the body has been interred for a period of seven years, and all the flesh is decayed, the bones are removed and deposited in stone vases, which are placed upon shelves within the vaults. The poor people place the remains of their dead in earthen jars, and deposit them in the crevices of the rocks, where they are often to be seen, broken and disarranged. Periodical visits are paid by the surviving friends and relations to the burial-places, where they deposit offerings upon the tombs. On the first interment of the rich dead, roast pig and other articles of food are offered, and after being allowed to remain for a short time, are distributed among the poor."

The Commodore and his squadron returned to the Bay of Yedo about the middle of February, 1854. The Japanese Emperor had died during Perry's absence, and the treaty, if concluded at all, would be made with his successor.

A treaty-house was built near Yokohama; and here the conferences took place, Perry coming thither with five hundred men in twenty-seven boats. Twenty-one guns

were fired in honor of the Emperor, and seventeen in honor of his high commissioner, Hayashi Daigaku-no-Kami.

The presents to the Emperor of Japan, and to his officials, filling several large boats, were delivered March 13. These were swords, muskets, telegraph instruments, three life-boats, seven volumes of Audubon's "Birds and Quadrupeds of America," potatoes, stoves, telescope, agricultural implements, etc. The mile of telegraph, when in working order, created intense interest. The tiny locomotive was at once secured for a ride by a mandarin, on its roof. "It was a spectacle, not a little ludicrous," says Perry, "to behold a dignified mandarin whirling around the circular road at the rate of twenty miles an hour, with his loose robes flying in the wind."

Eleven days later, March 24, a large number of gifts were received for the government of the United States from the Emperor; gold lacquered writing-tables, desks, boxes, silks, pongees, crape, matting, porcelain, bamboo stands, two hundred bundles of rice, each measuring five Japanese pecks, and three hundred chickens.

Perry gave a feast to the Japanese officials. At the close of the dinner, the guests gathered in long folds of paper all they could reach from the tables, and stored it away in their pockets, or in the capacious sleeves of their robes. This was the fashion of the country, and when they entertained the Americans, the Japanese urged them to take to the ships all they could carry from the feasts.

After many days spent in conference, a treaty with America by which two ports were opened, Hakodatè in Yesso, and Shimoda in Idzu, was finally concluded, Friday, March 31, 1854, whereupon Perry presented

Prince Hagashi with an American flag, as the highest expression of national courtesy and friendship which he could offer. On a portion of the ground at Yokohama where the treaty was made, the first Protestant Church in Japan was organized by the Rev. Mr. Ballagh. The first five thousand dollars towards its erection were sent by Christian converts of the Hawaiian Islands.

After remaining for some days in the Bay of Yedo, where the camellias on the shore grow to forty feet in height, with magnificent red and white blossoms, and being entertained in the homes of some of the officials, where the rooms were covered with soft mats, and the windows made of oiled paper, the Commodore sailed for Shimoda on the island of Niphon. He found the houses as usual, divided into several compartments by means of sliding panels, and destitute of tables, chairs, sofas, and what to us are essentials for comfort.

"Shimoda," says William Elliot Griffis, in his very interesting "Mikado's Empire," "before it fairly began to be of much service, was visited by a terrific earthquake and tidal wave, that hurled a Russian frigate to destruction, overwhelmed the town, sweeping back by its recession into the boiling ocean scores of houses and about one hundred human beings. The effluent wave ploughed the harbor with such force that all the mud was scoured from the rocky bed. The anchors of ships could obtain no grip on the bare, slippery rock bottom; and Shimoda, being useless as a harbor, was abandoned. The ruin of Shimoda was the rise of Yokohama."

By a new treaty five years later, 1859, Kanagawa, three miles across the bay from Yokohama, and Nagasaki were made open ports.

Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, in her "Jinrikisha Days in

Japan," thus describes a Japanese house: "The area of every room is some multiple of three feet, because the soft *tatami*, or floor-mats, measure six feet in length by three in width. These are woven of common straw and rushes, faced with a closely wrought mat of rice-straw. It is to save these *tatami* and the polished floors that the shoes are left outside the house.

"The thick screens, ornamented with sketches or poems, that separate one room from another, are the *fusuma;* the screens shutting off the veranda, pretty lattice frames covered with rice-paper that admit a peculiarly soft light to the rooms, are the *shoji*, and in their management is involved an elaborate etiquette. . . .

"The Japanese bed is the floor, with a wooden box under the neck for a pillow and a *futon* for a covering. To the foreigner the Japanese landlord allows five or six *futons*, or cotton-wadded comforters, and they make a tolerable mattress, although not springy, and rather apt to be damp and musty. . . . By day the *futons* are placed in closets out of sight, or hung over the balconies to air, coming back damper than ever, if the servants forget to bring them in before sunset."

At Shimoda Commodore Perry found nine Buddhist temples, one large Shinto temple, and a great number of smaller shrines. At the door of the main apartment to the temples of Buddha there was a drum on the left and a bell on the right, to awaken the attention of the idols when the devout come to pray.

In connection with each Buddhist monastery was a well-kept graveyard, where statues of Buddha, some life-size and some not larger than a foot high, were generously distributed. Fresh cut flowers were daily deposited before the tombs and the idols.

A broad avenue of fir and juniper trees led to the great Shinto temple, which was very plain both without and within. A subscription list, thirty feet long, hung on the walls of the temple, giving the names of those who provided for the expenses of the temple service. From the door hung a straw rope connected with a bell, that the deity worshipped might know when the religious call was made.

At present the established religion of Japan, save where Christianity has been accepted, is Shintoism. The great divinity of the Shinto religion is the Sun Goddess Amaterasu. From her, according to Japanese belief, the Mikados are directly descended. The first emperor, or Mikado, about whom there is any authentic history, was Jimmu Tennô, the fifth in descent from the Sun-Goddess. He reigned from 660 to 585 B.C. He married Tatara, the most beautiful woman in Japan, the daughter of one of his captains, and died at the age of one hundred and twenty-seven.

Isabella L. Bird, in her "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," written in 1880, says there are about 98,000 Shinto temples in Japan, which number includes all the wayside shrines and the shrines in the groves. Miss Scidmore says there are about twice this number. "The characteristics of 'Pure Shinto,'" says Miss Bird (Mrs. Bishop), "are the absence of an ethical and doctrinal code, of idol-worship, of priestcraft, and of any teachings concerning a future state, and the deification of heroes, emperors, and great men, together with the worship of certain forces and objects in nature."

The Shinto temples are of unpainted wood. Within each shrine is a circular steel mirror, a copy of the one given by the Sun-Goddess as an emblem of herself to

Ninigi, when she sent him down to govern the world. "In the pure Shinto temples," says Miss Bird, "which do not even display the mirror, there is a kind of receptacle concealed behind the closed doors of the actual shrine, which contains a case only exposed to view on the day of the annual festival, and which is said to contain the spirit of the deity to whom the temple is dedicated, the 'august spirit substitute,' or 'God's seed.'"

Shintoism was the ancient religion of Japan; but Buddhism, being introduced in the sixth century, made rapid progress, and was almost the only religion till the restoration of the Mikado to power in 1868, when Shintoism again became the State religion.

Buddhist temples are still built by the faithful; and Miss Alice Mabel Bacon describes a great one, building at Kyoto, where the women, "wishing to have some part in the sacred work, cut off their abundant hair, a beauty perhaps more prized by the Japanese women than by those of other countries, and from the material thus obtained they twisted immense cables, to be used in drawing the timbers from the mountains to the site of the temple. The great black cables hang in the unfinished temple to-day."

"This Higashi Hongwanji" (Eastern Temple), says Miss Scidmore, "was eight years in building, and is the largest temple in Japan." Of the ropes of hair, she says, "The largest rope is five inches in diameter and two hundred and fifty feet long, the hair, wound in a dozen different strands around a slender core of hemp, having been given by three thousand five hundred of the pious maids and matrons of the province of Echizen. Here and there in this giant cable are pathetic threads of white hair, the rest being deep black."

The services are very elaborate, and bear a strong resemblance to those of the Roman Catholic Church. In the country, more frequently than in the cities, is seen the *Nagaré kanjō* (flowing invocation). A piece of cotton cloth is suspended by four corners to stakes set in the ground near a brook. Resting on the cloth, or if in the city, in a pail of water, is a wooden dipper. The passers-by offer a prayer with the aid of the rosary, dip a cup full of water, pour it on the cloth, and when it has strained through, move on. This act is to help a mother out of Hades in the Lake of Blood who has died at the birth of a child, on account of some sin committed in a previous state of existence. When the cloth is so worn out that it no longer permits the water to drain through it, the spirit of the mother arises from Purgatory to live in a higher state of existence.

It is said that the rich are able to procure at the temples cloth that will soon wear out, while the poor are able to buy only the stoutest woven fabric, so that unfortunately the poor mothers are kept longer in punishment. The Japanese have a proverb that "the judgments of Hades depend on money."

The Japanese women pleased Perry with their gentleness and extreme courtesy. They marred their attractiveness by painting the teeth black, as soon as they were married, and shaving the eyebrows. This ugly fashion has been done away by the Empress Haruko. Most travellers seem to agree with Sir Edwin Arnold in his "Japonica" and Henry Norman in his "Real Japan," published in 1892, that "The Japanese woman is the crown of the charm of Japan. In the noble lady and her frailest and most unfortunate sister alike, there is an indefinable something which is fascinating at first

sight, and grows only more pleasing on acquaintance. . . . I think the charm lies chiefly . . . in an inborn gentleness and tenderness and sympathy, the most womanly of all qualities, combined with what the Romans used to call 'a certain propriety' of thought and demeanor, and used to admire so much." . . . The key to the character of the Japanese woman lies in the word obedience. Ages ago, her three great duties were religiously declared to be obedience: if a daughter, to her father; if a wife, to her husband; if a widow, to her eldest son. Mr. Griffis believes this abject obedience and polygamy are the great hindrances to the elevation of women in Japan. Miss Alice Mabel Bacon says in her "Japanese Girls and Women:" "In Japan, the idea of a wife's duty to her husband includes no thought of companionship on terms of equality. The wife is simply the housekeeper, the head of the establishment, to be honored by the servants because she is the one who is nearest to the master, but not for one moment to be regarded as the master's equal. . . . She appears rarely with him in public, is expected always to wait upon him, and save him steps, and must bear all things from him with smiling face and agreeable manners. . . . In all things the husband goes first, the wife second. If the husband drops his fan or his handkerchief, the wife picks it up. The husband is served first, the wife afterwards — a good, considerate, careful body-servant. . . .

"Upon the 11th day of Feb. 1889, the day on which the Emperor, by his own act in giving a constitution to the people, limited his own power for the sake of putting his nation upon a level with the most civilized nations of the earth, he at the same time, and for the first time, publicly placed his wife upon his own level.

"In an imperial progress made through the streets of Tokyo, the Emperor and Empress, for the first time in the history of Japan, rode together in the imperial coach."

After Commodore Perry had spent some time at Shimoda, he visited the other open port, Hakodate, which means "box shop." The town lies at the base of a lofty promontory divided into three principal peaks. The houses were very neat, the streets sprinkled and swept, with wooden picket-fences and gates across the road at short intervals. These were opened for the people to pass during the day, but closed at night.

In some of the better houses there were exquisite wood carvings. The walls were usually hung with rolls of gayly-colored paper, on which were painted their sacred bird, the stork, the winged tortoise, and the porpoise, or dolphin of the ancients.

In the centre of the common sitting-room was a square hole built in with tiles and gravel where a charcoal fire was kept burning, with a tea-kettle suspended above it. There was thus a constant supply of hot water ready for tea, which is handed to every visitor on his arrival.

In one of the burial-places at Hakodate, Perry saw a tall post in which an iron wheel was inserted on an axle. Every person who turned this wheel in passing was believed to obtain credit in the other world for one or more prayers. "This praying by wheel and axle," he said, "would seem to be the very perfection of a ceremonious religion, as it reduces it to a system of mechanical laws, which, provided the apparatus is kept in order, a result easily obtained by a little oil, moderate use, and occasional repairs, can be readily executed with the least

possible expenditure of human labor, and with all that economy of time and thought which seems the great purpose of our material and mechanical age."

While on the island of Yesso, though rarely in the neighborhood of Hakodate, Perry saw some of the indigenous races of Ainos. They are a little over five feet in height usually, and their bodies are covered with coarse black hair, for which reason they are called "Hairy Kuriles."

Miss Bird travelled extensively among these people, so little known previously. She says they are stupid, gentle, good-natured, and submissive. Their huts are set on wooden stilts. They are made of reeds, tied upon a wooden framework, and covered with thatch. Their food consists largely of stews made of "wild roots, green beans, and seaweed, and shred dried fish and venison among them, adding millet, water, and some strong-smelling fish-oil," cooked for three hours, and stirred often with a wooden spoon.

Miss Bird says the Ainos seem never to have heard of washing themselves, for when she bathed her hands and face, they thought she was performing an act of worship.

The women do all the hard work, such as chopping wood, cultivating the soil, etc. The people are universally tattooed, the process of disfigurement beginning when they are five years old. They cut lines on the upper lip, and fill the wounds with soot, washing the scarred parts of the body with a decoction of the bark of a tree to fix the pattern. The pattern on the lips is deepened and broadened till marriage. This custom has recently been prohibited, much to the regret of these savages, who say "It is a part of our religion."

They are very fond of their children, though a boy is

prized more highly than a girl. The babies are carried in a hood or net on the back of the mother or of another child. This is common among the poor of Japan. The children of the middle classes in Japan ride on the backs of nurses, while those of rich families and the nobility are carried in the arms of an attendant. Imperial babies are held day and night till they learn to walk.

The Ainos worship the bear. They capture a cub, feed it in their house, their children play with it, till when it is strong and well-grown, they have "the Festival of the Bear," kill it, put its head upon a pole, worship it, and drink quantities of *saké*.

At the death of her husband, an Aino woman remains secluded for a period varying from six to twelve months; at the death of his wife, the man secludes himself for thirty days.

They have a great dread of death. They dress a corpse in its best clothes, sew it with some ornaments in a mat, and carry it on poles to some lonely grave, where it is laid in a recumbent position.

Commodore Perry returned from his successful mission to Japan, January 12, 1855, having been absent over two years. He had shown remarkable firmness, tact, good sense, and ability. He at once hired a room in Washington, and aided by his secretaries, artists, and a Japanese lad as an attendant, he prepared for publication the three sumptuous volumes of his report of the great country heretofore closed to the civilized world.

His own land did not forget the honors due him. The city of New York presented him with a set of silver plate. The merchants of Boston had a medal struck in his honor. The citizens of Newport, his native city, tendered him a reception. Rhode Island, in the presence

of her legislature, and at the hands of her chief magistrate, gave him a solid silver salver weighing three hundred and nineteen ounces, suitably inscribed.

When Perry's first volume was published, he sent a copy to Washington Irving, who wrote back: "You have gained for yourself a lasting name, and have won it without shedding a drop of blood, or inflicting misery on a human being. What naval commander ever won laurels at such a rate?"

Commodore Perry did not long survive his last important work. He wrote several papers on naval matters and diplomacy. In February, 1858, he took a severe cold, and March 4th, a little past midnight, died of rheumatism of the heart, at his home in Thirty-second Street, New York city. He was buried with distinguished honors from St. Mark's Church, the church bells tolling, and the minute-guns booming from the ships in the harbor. He lies buried at Newport near his famous brother, Oliver, and the other members of his family. His widow survived him twenty-one years, dying June 14, 1879, at the age of 82.

"He had both the qualities," says Mr. Griffis, "necessary for war and for peaceful victory. Though his conquests in war and in peace, in science and in diplomacy, were great, the victory over himself was first, greatest, and most lasting. He always kept his word and spoke the truth. . . . He seemed never idle for one moment of his life. . . .

"In the matter of *pecuniary responsibility*, Perry was excessively sensitive, with a hatred of debt bordering on the morbid. . . . He believed a naval officer, as a servant of the United States Government, ought to be as chivalrous, as honest, as just and lovely in character, to a boot-

black or a washerwoman as to a jewelled lady or a titled nobleman."

Perry once remarked to Rear-Admiral Almy, on a voyage home by way of the West Indies: "I have just finished the Bible. I have read it through from Genesis to Revelation. I make it a point to read it through every cruise. It is certainly a remarkable book, a most wonderful book."

When, in 1842, the ships fitted out were supplied with Bibles by the government, Perry said, "The mere cost of these books, fifty cents each, is nothing to the moral effect which such an order will have in advancing the character of the service."

Since Perry's time, a new nation has been born in Japan. Before he opened the ports, thinking men had become dissatisfied with the condition of things. The Mikado, from being an active ruler as in former centuries, had become a mere figure-head. He never appeared in public. His subjects never saw his face. "He sat on a throne of mats behind a curtain," says Mr. Griffis, "and his feet were never allowed to touch the earth. When he went abroad in the city, he rode in a car closely curtained, and drawn by bullocks."

In 1868 a great revolution came. The Shogun, who was the actual ruler, was dethroned; the daimios, or feudal princes, gave up their great estates and their thousands of "two-sworded" retainers, called the *samurai*, and retired to private life; and the present Mikado, Mitsu Hito, the one hundred and twenty-first Emperor of his line, became the ruling monarch. He is now a little over forty years of age, having been born in the Kyoto palace, November 3, 1852. The Empress Haruko is the daughter of Ichijo Tokada, a court noble of

the highest rank. She is said to be well educated, of charming manners, helpful to the women of her realm, and talented as well. Several of her poems have been set to music.

The Emperor and his court have all adopted European dress. Two among the foremost ladies at court are graduates of Vassar College.

In 1868 the Mikado declared that "intellect and learning should be sought for throughout the world," and the promise has been faithfully kept. Japanese boys were sent at once to foreign nations to learn the best that their schools afforded. Many came to America.

A remarkable educational system was adopted in 1873. Upon the elementary schools alone, more than six million dollars are spent annually. Miss Bird says, "The glory and pride of Japanese educational institutions is the Imperial College of Engineering. . . in the opinion of many competent judges, the most complete and best-equipped engineering college in the world." This institution at Tokyo, with the Imperial University, the Medical, Naval and Military Schools, are an honor to the nation, and the surprise and admiration of foreigners.

The first short telegraph line was built in 1869; now they thread Japan in every direction. Bell telephones have been imported into the country. There are seventeen hundred miles of railroad, covering almost the entire length of the main island, one road running east and west, says the new "Handbook for Travellers in Japan," just written by Basil Hall Chamberlain and W. B. Mason. The former has also just published "Things Japanese," a mine of valuable information.

The usual mode of travel is by the jinrikisha, invented in 1873, a small carriage with two high wheels,

and a pair of shafts, in which are one, two, or three men as runners. A tolerably good runner, says Miss Bird, can trot forty miles a day, at the rate of about four miles an hour. The runners do not live on an average over five years; and this unnatural method of life, "making draught animals of themselves," brings on heart and lung disease.

"The fleet of Japan," says Mr. Henry Norman, "numbers some of the finest and fastest vessels afloat. She has at her command an army of fifty thousand highly trained and perfectly equipped men in peace, and one hundred and fifty thousand in war. . . . The arsenal at Koishikawa is simply Woolwich on a smaller scale, and its English machinery turns out one hundred rifles and thirty thousand cartridges (seventy thousand if necessary) per day. . . . The Military College and Academy are models of such institutions. 'One of the foremost of similar institutions which I have seen in the world,' I saw that General Grant had written in the visitors' book of one of them."

The first newspaper, according to Miss Bird, was started in 1871. Now there are thirty-five daily papers in Tokyo alone, a city of one million three hundred and eighty-nine thousand people, most of them morning papers.

Christianity has made marked progress since the opening of Japan. The life of the noble Japanese, Joseph H. Neesima, by Prof. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, as fascinating as a novel, is an illustration of what one educated Christian can do for his native land.

Seeing some Christian tracts in Chinese, in Tokio, Neesima determined to come to America and study. He managed to get on board a ship bound for this coun-

try, though if detected the punishment for leaving Japan was death. Neesima found a noble man of means in Boston, the Hon. Alpheus Hardy, who educated him at his own expense. Later he accompanied Mr. Tanaka, the Japanese Minister of Education, to England, France, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, and Germany, to ascertain the best methods for Japan in her schools and colleges, and then went back to his own people to found a great University in Kyoto, now having about six hundred pupils, and to preach the gospel. The Doshisha School in Kyoto, established in 1875, has about twenty buildings, including thirteen dormitories, a gymnasium, a chapel, library, scientific department, etc.

Among the last words of Mr. Neesima, who died Jan. 23, 1890, at the age of forty-seven, when told that his friends would carry on the work at the college, were, "Sufficient, sufficient." "And at twenty minutes past four," says Mr. Hardy, "with the words, 'Peace, Joy, Heaven,' on his lips, entered into rest."

The procession which followed him to the grave was a mile and a half long, the bier hidden by flowers, which the people of "the flowery kingdom" love so well. Men like Joseph Neesina are to be the deliverance of Japan from Shintoism and Buddhism.

Japan sends us her silk and her tea to the amount of many million dollars annually. Her art has spread over the world. Her lacquered ware, with its five coats of varnish, drawn like sap from the lacquer-tree, is universally admired.

Her women must be educated and elevated till the ideal wifehood is possible: "A companion in solitude, a father in advice, a mother in all seasons of distress, a rest in passing through life's wilderness."

Women in Japan occupied a more prominent position formally than now. Some of her greatest rulers have been women; and many of her classics are the work of women, written about 1000 A.D. Jingu Kogo, 201–269 A.D., who conquered Corea, was a queen of great ability. She is still worshipped in many of the temples.

Japan is now visited by thousands of foreigners annually. Her flowers, chrysanthemums, wistarias, camellias; her neat homes, as Sir Edwin Arnold in his "Japonica" says, "cheap to build, beautiful in appearance, spotlessly pure, and with proper arrangements eminently salubrious;" her hundreds of public baths; her cheerful, active, progressive people, are all an interesting study. Perry opened a new land to America, and his name will not be forgotten.

GENERAL A. W. GREELY AND OTHER ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

SEVERAL Arctic voyages, since the sad one of Sir John Franklin, have been most interesting and pathetic. Many explorers have striven to place their flag at the North Pole.

Captain Weyprecht of Austria, and Lieutenant Julius Payer, in the Tegetthoff, sailed from Bremerhaven, Germany, June 13, 1872. The ship was beset by the ice off the west coast of Nova Zembla, where the men remained on her for two winters, and then abandoned her. Aug. 31, 1873, they discovered to the far north, above Siberia, Franz Joseph Land. They made a sledge journey to 82° 5′, about one hundred and sixty miles beyond their ship, naming the country discovered, Crown Prince Rudolph Land. Here they planted the Austro-Hungarian flag. An appearance of land beyond 83° north latitude, they called Petermann Land.

May 29, 1875, Sir George S. Nares of England sailed in the Alert and Discovery through Smith Sound for the North Pole. The Discovery was left in latitude 81° 44′ at the entrance of Lady Franklin Bay. On Sept. 1 the Alert reached 82° 27′, a higher latitude than any other ship up to that time — the Polaris reached 82° 16′ — when she was met by solid ice. Here she remained for eleven months.

From this point their sledging parties went out, the sledges drawn by men instead of dogs. Grinnell Land was somewhat explored by Lt. Aldrich, the north-west coast of Greenland by Lt. Beaumont, while one party, under Commodore Albert H. Markham, travelled north on the frozen sea, and reached a point four hundred miles from the North Pole, latitude 83° 20′ 26″, — the highest point attained up to that date.

Commodore Markham says in his journal, May 12, 1876: "We had some severe walking, struggling through snow up to our waists, over or through which the labor of dragging a sledge would be interminable, and occasionally almost disappearing through cracks and fissures, until twenty minutes to noon when a halt was called. . . .

"At noon we obtained a good altitude, and proclaimed our latitude to be 83° 20′ 26″ N., exactly 399½ miles from the North Pole. On this being duly announced, three cheers were given, with one more for Captain Nares: then the whole party, in the exuberance of their spirits at having reached their turning-point, sang the 'Union Jack of Old England,' and the 'Grand Palæocrystic Sledging Chorus,' winding up like loyal subjects with 'God save the Queen.'"

Several of Markham's men were disabled by scurvy. One died, and eleven of the original seventeen were brought back to the ship on relief sledges.

After a journey full of hardship, Captain Nares returned to England in November, 1876.

On July 4, 1878, Baron Nordenskiöld, the noted Swedish scientist, sailed from Gothenburg, Sweden, in the Vega, Captain Palander commanding, hoping to make the northeast passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The first attempt to make this passage ended in disaster. Sir Hugh Willoughby sailed from England with three ships, the Bona Esperanza, in which was Sir Hugh, the Edward Bonaventure, and the Bona Confidentia, in 1553. Sebastian Cabot, then an old man, superintended the preparations for the voyage.

Two of the vessels, the Edward Bonaventure having been separated from them by a storm, wintered on the coast of Russian Lapland, it is probable at the mouth of the Varzina River. During the winter, Sir Hugh and his sixty-two companions all perished, doubtless from scurvy. A Russian fisherman found their bodies the following year. From Sir Hugh's journal it was ascertained that most were alive in January, 1554. The two vessels and the body of the distinguished commander were sent to England in 1555. The Bona Esperanza was soon after driven by a storm into the North Sea, and was never heard from. The Edward Bonaventure, commanded by Richard Chancellor, returned to England in 1554; in 1556 he went to the Dwina River with a Russian ambassador, and suite of sixteen men, and goods valued at 20,000 pounds. The vessel was wrecked in Aberdour Bay, and Chancellor, his wife, and seven Russians were drowned.

The Vega made a most interesting and successful voyage. At Goose Land, on the coast of Nova Zembla, they studied the habits of the great numbers of geese and swans, from which the region takes its name. The nests of the swans are so large that they can be seen on the open plain for a great distance. They are built of moss, plucked up from about the nests. The female hatches the four grayish-white eggs, while the male remains near by. The geese build their nests on little

A. E. NORDENSKIÖLD.

hillocks close to the small lakes which abound in Goose Land.

The Samoyeds in European Russia proved an interesting study. They are small in stature, with unkempt hair, and, like the Lapps, live largely by their reindeer. A rich Samoyed will own a thousand or more. They catch whales and walrus, and barter with the Russians.

The Samoyeds sacrifice animals to their idols, eating the flesh of the animals which are offered, and making a mound of their bones. At the sacrificial feasts they cover the mouths of the idols with blood and brandy. In their graves they deposit wooden arrows, an axe, knife, ornaments, and rolled up pieces of bark, which the occupant is supposed to need, probably to light fires in the other world.

Among the Siberian natives, clothes were sometimes found hanging on a bush beside the graves, and among the richer natives, some rouble notes with the food, that the dead might have ready money in the other world to purchase what they need.

The Samoyed has one or more wives. "These are considered by the men," says Baron Nordenskiöld, "as having equal rights with themselves, and are treated accordingly, which is very remarkable."

In these Polar Seas, the voyagers found innumerable flocks of birds, especially near uninhabited regions. The eggs of the little auk, or rotge, were sometimes found laid upon the ice. The eggs of the looms — each bird lays but one — are laid on the bare rock. The birds often quarrel for a place on the rock, when the egg is thus precipitated into the sea. The eider builds its nests on low islands, so that the surrounding water prevents the mountain foxes from disturbing it. There are usually

five or six eggs in a nest, and sometimes more, as the eider steals eggs from other birds. The nest is made of soft, rich down, which is better than that obtained from the dead birds. When the mother is driven from the nest, she hastily scrapes the down over her eggs, so that they may not be visible. The nests are so close together that it is difficult to avoid stepping on the eggs.

The voyagers found Polar bears and walruses in abundance. "If an unarmed man falls in with a Polar bear," says Nordenskiöld, "some rapid movements and loud cries are generally sufficient to put him to flight, but if the man flies, he is certain to have the bear after him at full speed. If the bear is wounded, he always takes to flight. He often lays snow upon the wound with his fore-paws; sometimes in his death-struggles he scrapes with his forefeet a hole in the snow, in which he buries his head."

Concerning the walrus, which is hunted for its skin, blubber, and oil, Nordenskiöld says: "When the walrus ox gets very old, he swims about by himself as a solitary individual, but otherwise animals of the same age and sex keep together in large herds. The young walrus long follows its mother, and is protected by her with evident fondness and very conspicuous maternal affection. Her first care when she is pursued is, accordingly, to save her young, even at the sacrifice of her own life. . . . However eagerly she may try by blows and cuffs to get her young under water, or lead her pursuers astray by diving with it under her forepaw, she is generally overtaken and killed. Such a hunt is truly grim, but the walrus-hunter knows no mercy in following his occupation."

The mother is usually lost in the water after being killed. Sometimes the young is saved, but it does not live long. "It is easily tamed," says Nordenskiöld, "and soon regards its keeper with warm attachment. It seeks as best it can — poorly equipped as it is for moving about on dry land — to follow the seamen on the deck, and gives itself no rest if it be left alone."

Lieutenant Greely says the full-grown walrus is from twelve to fifteen feet long, with a small, short head. The broad fore and hind paws are about two feet long, and the tusks of adults about a foot and a half long.

The white whale is from twelve to eighteen feet in length, and yields not far from a thousand pounds of meat and blubber. The skin, called "mattak" by the Eskimos, is much valued as an anti-scorbutic.

The narwhal, or unicorn, is of a yellowish-white color, and has a long tusk projecting from the left side of the upper jaw. This tusk is often about ten feet long, equal to the length of the body of the animal. It is probably used by the narwhal as a weapon.

The Vega sailed through Kara Sea past the New Siberian Islands. Here portions of the skeletons of the extinct mammoth (elephant) abound. In a previous journey in 1876, Nordenskiöld found on the Yenisei River bones and some fragments of hide of a mammoth nearly twenty-five millimeters (about an inch) thick, which had been imbedded "hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of years."

In Siberia whole animals have been found frozen in the earth, with "solidified blood, flesh, hide, and hair." In 1799 one was found by the Tunguses who live east of the Lena River. They waited five years for the ground to thaw so that the salable tusks could be uncovered.

Meantime some of the flesh was destroyed by dogs and other animals. In 1806 the skeleton, part of the hide, and a large quantity of the hair a foot and a half long, were taken away. Parts of the eye could still be clearly distinguished.

In 1839 a complete mammoth was uncovered by a landslip on the shore of a lake west of the Yenisei River. It was almost entire, even a black tongue hanging out of the mouth.

Nordenskiöld believes that the climate of Siberia was then about the same as at present, from the leaves of the dwarf birch, northern willows, shells, and other things found in the earth in which the mammoths were imbedded. The Vega finally found herself beset by the ice, and went into winter quarters in Bering's Strait, just beyond Koljutschin Bay, Nov. 25.

They found the natives, the Tchuktches (or Chukches), very friendly, and glad to furnish them with bear and reindeer meat as far as they were able. "The vessel's tent-covered deck," says Nordenskiöld, "soon became a veritable reception saloon for the whole population of the neighborhood. Dog-team after dog-team stood all day in rows, or, more correctly, lay snowed up before the ice-built flight of steps to the deck of the Vega."

A native who had lost his way came on board in a blinding snowstorm, thermometer—36°, carrying his dog, frozen stiff. The dog was for hours rubbed and warmed, and finally, to the amazement of all, came to life again.

In excursions among the Tchuktches, the Vega officers found them a tall, hardy race, kind and peaceable, usually with one wife for each husband. "Within the family the most remarkable unanimity prevails, so that we never heard a hard word exchanged, either between man and

wife, or parents and children; . . . the power of the woman appears to be very great. In making the more important bargains, even about weapons and hunting implements, she is, as a rule, consulted, and her advice is taken. There is great affection in the families, and much caressing of children. . . .

"Criminal statistics have been rendered impossible for want of crimes, if we except acts of violence committed under the influence of liquor." When brandy was first offered to the Tchuktches by whites, the taste was most obnoxious to them; but they soon learned to like fire-water, and to suffer from its use.

They are very different in their treatment of dogs from the Eskimos. These are of the same breed as the dogs in Danish Greenland, but smaller. "As watch-dogs," says Nordenskiöld, "they have not been required in a country where theft or robbery appears never to take place. The power of barking they have therefore completely lost, or perhaps they never possessed it." The natives at first were much frightened by the bark of two Scotch collies on the Vega.

When the Vega officials went to a reindeer camp to purchase some of the herd for fresh meat, they were refused, even when tobacco, bread, rum, and even guns, were offered in exchange. The herd of fifty, led by an old reindeer with large horns, came in the early morning to meet the master of the house, and rubbed his nose against the Tchuktches's hand. The herd all stood in order, while the man took each reindeer by the horns, the animal, in turn, rubbing his horns against the man's hands. At a given sign the whole herd wheeled and went back to its pasturage on the hillside.

Marco Polo, in his wonderful travels in the country of

Kubla Khan, had learned somewhat of these interesting people.

The breaking up of the ice enabled the Vega to press forward on her journey, July 18, 1879. She passed down Bering's Strait and anchored on St. Lawrence Island. The natives first saw a European, June 27, 1816, Otto von Kotzebue, after whom Kotzebue Sound was named. When invited to their tents, he says, "a dirty skin was spread on the floor, on which I had to sit; and then they came in one after the other, embraced me, rubbed their noses hard against mine, and finished their caresses by spitting in their hands, and then stroking me several times over the face."

The next stopping-place was Bering Island, named, as also the strait, for a Dane, Vitus Bering, who, after several successful voyages, died here of scurvy in December, 1790. Most of his men fell victims to the same disease. The island was at that time inhabited by thousands of foxes, which were driven away by the men with sticks while they were building a new vessel from the old one which had been stranded on the beach.

The shore was covered with sea-otters, which had no fear of men, till hundreds of them were caught. George Wilhelm Steller, the naturalist of the Bering expedition, says, "The male and female are much attached to each other, embrace and kiss e ach other like men. The female is also very fond of its young. When attacked, she never leaves it in the lurch; and when danger is not near, she plays with it in a thousand ways, almost like a child-loving mother with her young ones, throws it sometimes up in the air, and catches it with her fore-feet like a ball, swims about with it in her bosom, throws it away now and then to let it exercise itself in

the art of swimming, but takes it to herself with kisses and caresses when it is tired."

The Vega arrived at Yokohama, Japan, Sept. 2, 1879. Their journey homeward was one continued ovation to the skilful and brave navigators who were the first to make the brilliant northeast passage.

On July 8, 1879, the Jeannette sailed from San Francisco, in the attempt to reach the North Pole by way of Bering's Strait. She was under command of Lieutenant George W. De Long, U.S.N., and was bought and fitted out largely at the expense of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*. She was formerly the ship Pandora, under command of Captain Allen Young, R.N. The Jeannette sailed towards Wrangell Land and Herald Island, north of Siberia, and in a few weeks was fast in the ice-pack. She drifted about in the pack helplessly for two years (lacking two months), and was crushed by the ice June 13, 1881, in latitude 77 N. longitude 155 E.

At eleven o'clock at night all that was possible was removed from the ship, and placed in three boats, while the thirty-three men who composed the ship's party escaped on an ice-floe. The ship sunk, five hours later, at four o'clock on the morning of the thirteenth.

They were three hundred and fifty miles from the Siberian Coast, and fifteen hundred miles from Yakutsk on the Lena River. They hoped to reach the New Siberian Islands, and then go by boat to the Lena Delta.

They made only a mile and one-half in the knee-deep snow in the first three hours. One of the men fainted, and several were ill and unfit for duty. They gained only a mile or two a day, as the men had to go over the road thirteen times to bring up supplies, — six times

empty-handed and seven times with loads, — making twenty-six miles to advance two.

Thaddeus Island, New Siberia, was reached Aug. 20, and Sept. 12 the Asiatic coast was in sight. A severe storm came up, and the boats were separated. The boat under command of Engineer George W. Melville and Lieutenant J. W. Danenhower, after a perilous voyage entered one of the eastern mouths of the Lena River, and Sept. 26, fourteen days after the boats separated, reached a small village, where lived some Siberian exiles.

The whole company were in a wretched condition. "Our legs," says Melville in his book, "In the Lena Delta," "presented a terribly swollen appearance, being frozen from the knees down; and those places where they had previously been so frozen and puffed as to burst such moccasins as were not already in tatters, or force the seams into gaps corresponding to the cracks in our bleeding hands and feet, were now in a frightful condition. The blisters and sores had run together, and our flesh became as sodden and spongy to the touch as though we were afflicted with the scurvy."

Two men at the little village started on the long journey to Bulun to tell the Russian authorities of the arrival of the Americans. On their way they met some natives with their reindeer sleds, who were also going to Bulun, with two men, Nindemann and Noros, who had been in the boat with De Long. These two had left De Long Oct. 9, in a starving condition, with the faint hope that they might reach Bulun, and bring relief before death came.

As soon as word was brought to Melville, he started Nov. 5, with a dog-team to their aid. The two sea-

men were too ill to return, but they described the route back to De Long as best they could. Twenty-five days had passed since De Long's men were sent, and it was thought probable that all were dead.

Melville searched along the river for three weeks, in deep snow, with dogs and men exhausted, finding the log-books under a cache, left by De Long, but learning nothing of the missing party, beyond a certain point, where the trail was lost. Most reluctantly he gave up the search.

In early spring, March 16, the search was renewed; and on the 23d the bodies of the missing men were discovered. Captain De Long, Surgeon Ambler, and Ah Sam, the Chinese cook, were found beside each other buried in the snow. Four poles lashed together, projecting from the snow-drift a Remington rifle hung across the forks of the sticks, pointed to the place where the dead lay.

By the side of De Long was his note-book, with his last feebly-written words. His arm protruded above the snow, as if he had thrown the book just before death, with the hope that it might be found by some person to tell the pitiful story. "He lay on his right side, with his right hand under his cheek, his head pointing north, and his face turned to the west."

Dr. Ambler lay on his face, and had bitten into his hand in his agony, and the snow was stained with his blood. "None of the three," says Melville, "had boots or mittens on, their legs and feet being covered with strips of woollen blanket and pieces of the tent cloth, bound around to the knees with bits of rope and the waist-belts of their comrades."

This record of De Long's showed that his party had landed in the Lena Delta, Sept. 17 about ninety-five

or more miles from the nearest settlement. The entry made Sept. 19 read: "Opened our last can of pemmican, and so cut it that it must suffice for four days' food; then we are at the end of our provisions and must eat the dog (the last of the forty), unless Providence sends something in our way. When the dog is eaten" — ?

Sept. 21 two reindeer were shot. Oct. 3 the dog was shot for food. H. H. Erickson had now become delirious, and soon died. Oct. 6 the journal reads: "As to burying him, I cannot dig a grave; the ground is frozen, and I have nothing to dig with. There is nothing to do but to bury him in the river. Sewed him up in the flags of the tent, and covered him with my flag. Got tea ready, and with one-half ounce alcohol we will try to make out to bury him. But we are all so weak that I do not see how we are going to move." Erickson was buried in the river at 12.40 P.M., the burial service read, and three volleys fired over him.

"Oct. 10, eat deerskin scraps. . . . Nothing for supper except a spoonful of glycerine.

"Oct. 14, Friday. Breakfast, willow tea. Dinner, one-half teaspoonful sweet-oil and willow tea. Alexai shot one ptarmigan. Had soup.

"Oct. 15. Breakfast, willow tea and two old boots.

"Oct. 17. Alexai died, covered him with ensign. . . .

"Oct. 21, one hundred and thirty-first day (from leaving ship). Kaack was found dead at midnight.

"Friday, Oct. 28, one hundred and thirty-eighth day. Iverson died during early morning.

"Saturday, Oct. 29, one hundred and thirty-ninth day. Dressler died during the night.

"Sunday, Oct 30, one hundred and fortieth day. Boyd and Görtz died during the night. Mr. Collins dying."

This was the last entry. De Long probably died that day or the next.

The twelve were all dead several days before Melville started on the search, Nov. 5. The bodies were interred by Melville, and afterwards brought home to the United States, a distance of twelve thousand one hundred and ninety-one miles. Everywhere along the route, in Asia, Europe, and America, the bodies of the dead heroes were treated with the utmost honor. They were followed by a grand procession in New York on Washington's birthday, 1884, and tenderly buried. The third boat party, under Lieutenant Charles W. Chipp, was never heard from; probably all on board perished in the gale.

Two years after De Long sailed in the Jeannette, an expedition was sent out by the United States under Lieutenant Adolphus W. Greely. Through Lieutenant Weyprecht of the Austrian navy, the United States promised to unite with other nations in establishing international circumpolar stations in the interests of science. Magnetic and meteorological investigations were to be made at fourteen different points by eleven different nations. It was decided to make one station at Lady Franklin Bay, in latitude 81° 44′ N., Congress appropriating twenty-five thousand dollars for the work at this place.

Lieutenant Greely of the 5th U. S. Cavalry was chosen to command the expedition.

He was born in Newburyport, Mass., March 27, 1844, and was therefore at the time of starting, 1881, thirty-seven years of age. He was fitted for college at the High School in Newburyport, graduating in 1860, at a younger age than any before him save one. When the

Civil War broke out, the lad of seventeen desired to join the 40th New York Volunteer Infantry, but was not received. On July 3, 1861, he was enrolled as a private in Major Ben. Perley Poore's Rifle Battalion, of the 19th Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. The same year he was made a corporal.

He distinguished himself for brave and faithful service during our Civil War; served at Ball's Bluff, at the siege of Yorktown, West Point, Fair Oaks, Peach Orchard; was wounded at White Oak Swamp, fought at Malvern Hill and Chantilly, twice wounded at Antietam and lay in the hospital for two months, and was appointed first sergeant at Fredericksburg.

In February, 1863, he was made a second lieutenant under the lamented Colonel Robert G. Shaw, in the 54th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, and later served in the 81st United States Colored Infantry. He took an active part in the siege of Port Hudson. He was made first lieutenant April 11, 1864, and captain, March 26, 1865, having been brevetted major United States Volunteers, March 13, 1865, "for faithful and meritorious services during the war." Two years later, March 7, 1867, Greely was appointed second lieutenant in the 36th Regular Infantry, and served with his regiment at Fort Sanders, Fort Bridger, and at Salt Lake City. In 1873 he determined a danger, or flood, line for the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, Cumberland, and Tennessee rivers, which has made it possible to prevent, in large measure, damage from high waters.

Two years later, in 1875, Greely constructed the Texas division of military telegraph lines, building, in eleven months, eleven hundred and fifty miles of line. In 1876 he received a six months' relief from duty, which time

he spent in Europe, mostly in France. On his return he gave his time to constructing military telegraph lines in New Mexico, Arizona, Dakota, and Montana, and in examining the rivers of the Pacific coast for the establishing of danger lines. He married, June 20, 1878, when he was thirty-five, Henrietta Hudson Nesmith, daughter of Thomas L. Nesmith of San Diego, Cal., formerly of New York City.

Lieutenant Greely had now become an officer in the United States Artillery, and later in the 5th Cavalry, doing much scientific work in connection with the signal service. It was therefore fitting that he should be chosen by the President to superintend the establishing of a signal station at Lady Franklin Bay in 1881.

The ship Proteus, of six hundred and nineteen tons, built at Dundee for the sealing business, was chosen to take Lieutenant Greely and his party of twenty-five persons in all to their home in the far north, with provisions for three years. At the end of a year a ship was to be sent to them with supplies, and at the end of the second year a second relief ship with stores; and if these failed to reach Greely, he was not to remain in the Polar regions after Sept. 1, 1883, but go southward by boat until the relief vessel should meet him.

On July 7, 1881, the Proteus sailed away with her precious freight under the command of Captain Richard Pike, who had had much experience in ice navigation in the seal-fishing in Labrador.

She took with her the hope and pride of many families, who bade a cheerful good-by, yet with aching hearts. Lieutenant F. F. Kislingbury had been in service for fifteen years, was a brave man of fine physique and mind, "and never spared himself," as Lieutenant

Greely said in his report, "any personal exertion which would add to the personal comfort or pleasure of others."

Lieutenant James B. Lockwood, the son of Gen. Henry H. Lockwood of Maryland, a young man of twenty-nine, the idol of his family, had been eight years in service, always on the frontier in Arizona, Nebraska, or other Western States. He was well read, a good Spanish scholar, quite skilled in music, and most active in mind and body, "a man," as Greely said, "of unvarying truthfulness, good judgment, and Christian charity."

Sergeant Edward Israel, a graduate of Ann Arbor University, a young man of means and ability, was the astronomer of the expedition.

Sergeant George W. Rice, a lawyer and professional photographer as well, was a young man of promise, and proved most valuable to the expedition. Sergeants Jewell and Ralston had served long and faithfully as meteorological observers. Sergeant David L. Brainard of the 2d Cavalry, twenty-five years old, had been twice wounded in Indian campaigns under General Miles, and was a man of unusual force of character and honor.

After a pleasant passage, the Proteus stopping at Godhavn, Greenland, to purchase twelve Eskimo dogs and food for them, and also at Ritenbenk and Upernavik for nineteen more dogs and Eskimo guides, the Greely party crossed Melville Bay without accident, reaching Lady Franklin Bay Aug. 12, 1881. The Proteus broke her way through nearly two miles of heavy ice, some of it ten feet thick, to reach Discovery Bay in the northern part of Lady Franklin Bay, where Greely was to establish his quarters, the place where the English ship Discovery had wintered in 1875–76.

A house sixty by seventeen feet was built at once, and

the station named Fort Conger, in honor of Senator O. D. Conger, who had shown much interest in the expedition. Fourteen musk-oxen were soon killed, and their flesh preserved for the winter's use. Greely wisely prevented the killing of more than was for their absolute need, having no sympathy with the shooting for mere pleasure, a thing which seems scarcely possible to those who love animals.

Although the surrounding scenery was grand in many respects, yet far from home and friends the place could not be other than desolate after a time. On the borders of open streams, grasses and buttercups were growing, and higher up on the glacier drift there were countless yellow Arctic poppies in blossom. The largest plant — there were no shrubs — was the creeping Arctic willow, about a foot long and an inch above the ground.

The autumn days passed rapidly in their work. Observations were made on the pressure of the atmosphere, the direction and force of the wind, the kind and movement of clouds, the aurora and weather. Some sledge journeys were made; but the sun disappeared from sight Oct. 15, and they were left in darkness for one hundred and thirty-seven days, till Feb. 28. "At Fort Conger," says Greely, "stars were to be seen at local noon seven days after the sun had gone for the winter, and so remained visible in a cloudless sky for over four months. . . . The darkness of midday at Conger was such for nearly two months in midwinter, that the time could not be told from a watch held up with its face to the south."

From the long-continued darkness, their faces became a yellowish-green color, and they were irritable in temper, gloomy, disinclined to eat, and indisposed to exer-

tion. Some of the men became mentally affected. A tri-weekly school was carried on by Greely throughout the winter, and Lieutenant Lockwood edited a semi-monthly paper called the Arctic Moon. It died in two months from lack of interest.

Lockwood wrote in his journal: "Another twenty-four hours of this interminable night nearly gone! Thank God! . . . The days and weeks seem weeks and months in passing."

Much interest was taken in every new litter of puppies, as was but natural, removed as they were from everything living. Gypsy, their brightest dog, having lost her own offspring, "improved every opportunity in the absence of their own mothers, to suckle the young in other litters." One puppy, during the temporary absence of its mother, was placed with another litter, "but it was pushed away by the indignant parent, who declined any addition to her cares."

About the middle of December some of the six weeks' old puppies, running out into an atmosphere — 45° to collect bits of food thrown out, were actually frozen to the ice, and had to be cut out with a hatchet!

The favorite sleeping-place for the dogs was the ash-barrel, or where the ashes had been strewn. When a dog would leave his place to attack a rival, he would lose his position by another taking it. "Sometimes," says Greely, "failing to dislodge a comrade comfortably ensconced on the coveted barrel, a dog jumped on top of the first comer and curled himself up contentedly. The under dog knew by bitter experience that to quarrel was to lose his bed, and remained until worn out by the weight of his rival."

The return of the sun was most heartily welcomed.

March 1; Lockwood, with three men and a dog-sledge, started for Thank God Harbor, preparatory to his approaching journey towards the Pole. They visited the grave of C. F. Hall, and also that of the two Englishmen, Hand and Paul, who died on the exploring trip under Lieutenant Beaumont of the Nares expedition.

Dr. Pavy, the surgeon of the party, went with others to Cape Joseph Henry; and Greely, with Privates Biederbick, Connell, and Whisler, journeyed over two hundred and fifty miles in Grinnell Land. A puppy team of eight, born at Fort Conger in November, hauled the first load of three hundred and fifty-five pounds.

They explored the large Lake Hazen, 60 miles long by 6 wide, and covering 300 square miles; they named after Greely's wife, the Henrietta Nesmith Glacier, "a mass of sheer, solid ice, averaging about one hundred and seventy-five feet in height," of crescent shape, and about five miles from hill to hill, and discovered mountains and rivers unseen before by man.

Later in the season Greely again explored Grinnell Land, naming the highest mountain seen, Mount C. A. Arthur. He says in his "Three Years of Arctic Service:" "After two hours of steady climbing, I reached the summit of the mountain in a worn-out condition. The barometer stood at 25.35, indicating an ascent of over eighteen hundred feet, and an elevation above the sea of forty-five hundred feet.

"The travelling was of such an exhausting character that Sergeant Lynn was unable to follow me; and after wading about a half mile in snow four feet deep, underlain with water two feet deep, he was so worn out that I sent him back to the junction of the brooks, where he was ordered to await my return. In my tired condition,

I could never have reached the top except as a matter of honor and duty. Frequently I crawled on my hands and knees a long distance, at one time as far as a quarter of a mile. At times I threw the glasses ahead of me, so as to make it certain I should proceed. . . .

"When I was about a half mile from the top, farther progress seemed impossible. My strength failed me, my sight dimmed, and my throat became parched, and thirst intolerable, while perspiration poured off me profusely. I revived myself by rest, and by eating snow, a doubtful expedient even in summer. After that I could walk only a hundred, and later fifty steps at a time, but finally the summit was reached.

"As I had been travelling for over five hours with my boots filled with ice-water, kept at the lowest temperature by the snow, I found on reaching the summit of the mountain, that my left foot had lost all sense of feeling, and that there was but little sensation in my right. Knowing the danger of perishing by freezing, I kept moving steadily, as that was my only safety."

On April 3 the expedition under Lockwood, destined for North Greenland, started from Fort Conger. There were thirteen men in the party, with five sledges. Lockwood had the sledge Antoinette, with a team of eight dogs, — Ritenbenk, the king, a large white dog; Howler, who was the king of the dogs till Ritenbenk usurped his position; two mother-dogs, Black Kooney and White Kooney; and Ask-him, who was a puppy when purchased in Greenland. Gypsy, Boss, and Major completed the number. Ritenbenk, although most useful, was a thief whenever an opportunity offered to get food; but Howler always gave the alarm by unearthly barking. Howler was a faithful creature, who

never shirked in his work. Indeed, all the dogs have contempt for an idler, and have been known to pounce upon one of their number who would not do his full share of pulling the load, and kill him.

After travelling several days, and enduring much intense cold, with severe snow-storms, so unbearable that they sometimes lay in their fur sleeping-bags for forty-five hours, several of the party became disabled, and were obliged to return to camp. The bags were sometimes so frozen that four men could scarcely open them. The wind often blew over the tents, and once the dog-sledge with its load of two hundred and fifty pounds was lifted bodily from the ground, and one of the men, Ralston, severely injured by the sledge knocking him several yards. They dug holes in snow-banks, and burrowed in them, when it was impossible to go forward. Often they cut their way over the high, hummocky ice with axes.

May 29 Lockwood, Brainard, and the Eskimo Frederick Christiansen pushed on alone with the dogs. Brainard says in his journal: "The dogs not being accustomed to hauling such heavy weights, sit down as soon as the runners cut through the crust, and complacently watch us with a puzzled expression, until we lift the sledge bodily and place it on the firm crust."

Later he writes: "After camping, the dogs were running about like ravenous wolves, gnawing at everything, and badly chewed and splintered the thermometer-box before it could be secured. The ptarmigan lately shot was placed on the ridge-pole for safety. A hasty rush of feet, and a heavy body striking violently against the tent, caused us to rush out to investigate this commotion. The ptarmigan was missing. A few feathers in

his bloody jaws marked the king-dog, Ritenbenk, as the thief, notwithstanding his blank look of innocence."

At another time, "As I awoke," says Lockwood, "a small piece of pemmican (our only remaining dog-food) was slowly but surely moving out of the tent. The phenomenon astonished me; and rubbing my eyes, I looked more carefully, and saw Ritenbenk's head without his body, and found that his teeth fixed in one corner of the sack, was the motive power. His eyes were fixed steadily on me; but head, eyes, and teeth vanished as I looked. He had burrowed a hole through the snow, and had inserted his head just far enough into the tent to lay hold of a corner of the sack. The whole pack are ravenous, and eat anything and everything, which means substantially nothing in this case."

The snow was now so deep, up to their thighs, and the ice so rough, that the use of the axe was constant. In ten hours, however, they made sixteen miles.

May 13, after a severe storm lasting for four days, they reached an island, which Greely afterwards appropriately named Lockwood Island, the highest point (thus far, 1893) ever reached by man. The land to the rear towered up four thousand feet.

Several snow buntings were flying about, and there were traces of the hare, lemming, and fox. They ascended the summit of the cape on Lockwood Island, about two thousand six hundred to three thousand feet above the level of the sea.

"We reached the top," says Lockwood, "at 3.45 P.M., and unfurled the American flag [Mrs. Greely had made one for the expedition] to the breeze in latitude 83° 24′ N. The summit is a small plateau, narrow but extending back to the south to broken, snow-covered heights. . . .

The horizon beyond, on the land side, was concealed by numberless snow-covered mountains, one profile overlapping another, and all so merged together, on account of their universal covering of snow, that it was impossible to detect the topography of the region." A cape of land in the distance was called Cape Washington.

For sixty miles they could look towards the Pole, with not a trace of land in sight: the ice appeared to be rubble. It is probable that there is much open water beyond, and, as Greely says, "its main ice moves the entire winter."

"The north polar land is, I believe, of limited extent," says Greely, "and its shores, or the edges of its glaciers, are washed by a sea, which, from its size and consequent high temperature, its ceaseless tides and stray currents, can never be entirely ice-clad. Nordenskiöld believes in the open sea, convinced by the polar pack setting northward from Mussel Bay in 1872. Nares even would seem to be uncertain on this point, else he never would have equipped Commander Markham with the heavy boats hauled by his party in 1876. . . . That the Tegetthoff and Jeannette drifted northward winter as well as summer is confirmatory evidence of an "open polar sea." Greely does not believe in a "navigable polar sea," and thinks "the water-space to the northward can only be entered in extremely favorable years by the Spitzbergen route."

On May 16 Lockwood and his party turned towards Conger, which they reached June 1, after an absence of sixty days. They had travelled over a thousand and seventy statute miles, the outward rate two and one-tenth miles per hour, and the homeward two and three-tenths miles per hour.

"This sledge-trip," says Greely, "must stand as one of the greatest in Arctic history, considering not only the high latitude and the low temperature in which it was made, but also the length of the journey, and the results flowing therefrom. . . . His (Lockwood's) discoveries extended to a point ninety-five miles along the North Greenland coast beyond the farthest ever seen by his predecessors, to which should be added about thirty miles of coast-line between Capes May and Britannia not visible to Lieutenant Beaumont [a point near Cape May was Beaumont's farthest when he was turned back by the death of his men by scurvy].

"The results of Lockwood's journey, then, consist not in the mere honor of displaying the Stars and Stripes four miles nearer the geographical pole than the flag of any other nation, but in adding one hundred and twenty-five miles of coast-line (not including several hundred miles of inland fjords) to Greenland, and in extending the mainland over a degree of latitude from Cape May northward to Cape Washington."

Besides this honor to our flag and nation, an honor which England had held for nearly three centuries, young Lockwood traversed Grinnell Land from east to west, as well as the interior, and covered by his labors, as Greely says in his official report to the government, "from Cape Washington, 38° W. to Arthur Land, 83° W. above the eightieth parallel, one-eighth of the circle of the globe. . . . If his tragic fate awakened the sympathy of the world, none the less should his successful work receive recognition. He unfortunately did not return for merited promotion."

Fearless of danger, persevering in the greatest difficulties, as modest as he was courageous, the name of

Lieutenant Lockwood will always be honored and loved. With him was associated the self-denying, manly Brainard, but for whose energy and aid the Greely expedition might have left only its starvation record.

The summer of 1882 passed away, and the party looked in vain for a relief ship to bring provisions and to cheer their hearts with messages from home. A relief ship had been sent, but of course they did not know it.

In 1882 Congress appropriated thirty-three thousand dollars to send a ship to Greely. The Neptune was chartered, which was to reach Lady Franklin Bay if possible, and if not, to leave two caches, of two hundred and fifty rations each, at certain points. Besides these rations, the Neptune carried two thousand pounds of canned meats, two thousand five hundred pounds of canned fruits and vegetables, six tons of seal meat, three hundred pounds extract of coffee, and other provisions.

Mr. William M. Beebe, private secretary of the chief signal officer, was sent in charge of provisions, and William Sopp was the master of the ship. Six times the Neptune tried to pass through the ice in Kane Sea above Smith Sound, with the hope of reaching Greely, but each time she was baffled by the ice. Finally the two caches of rations were left at Cape Sabine, and at the north end of Littleton Island, and she returned to the United States.

Commander W. S. Schley, in his rescue of Greely, pertinently says, "For some unaccountable reason, the miscellaneous provisions Beebe was ordered to bring back in the event of failing to reach Lady Franklin Bay, and which he actually did bring back, to be stored at St. Johns, from which place they were carried up next

summer, to be sunk in the Proteus. They would have kept better in the ice upon the rocks at Sabine."

The acting signal officer, Lieutenant L. V. Caziarc, in the absence of General Hazen, had given orders "You will return the vessel and the remainder of the stores to Saint Johns." Had they been left at Sabine, there would probably have been no Greely tragedy to arouse the sympathies of the world.

All summer long the men looked and waited for the ship. Lockwood writes in his journal: "I find myself constantly reading over old letters brought with me, and received at St. Johns, though read before again and again. The effect is depressing, bringing too strongly into view home and the dear ones there. I am oppressed with *ennui* and low spirits, and can't shake off this feeling, partly induced by the cruel disappointment of *no ship*."

Later he wrote: "Have been reading of Kane and his travels. He is my *beau idéal* of an Arctic traveller. How pitiful that so bold a spirit was incased in so feeble a frame! Why is nature inconsistent?"

Again he wrote: "The life we are now leading is somewhat similar to that of a prisoner in the Bastile: no amusements, no recreations, no event to wreck the monotony or dispel *ennui*. I take a long walk every day along shore to North Valley with that view, study French a little, or do some tailoring, now doubly necessary, as our supply of clothing is getting low. . . . I must go on another sledge-journey to dispel this gloom."

The men amused themselves with their efforts to rear the four young musk-oxen, which had been taken alive when the older ones were shot. Three of the dogs nearly killed "John Henry," the youngest of the calves; and

the others, though tame and most affectionate, being unused to the new and strange conditions, soon died.

"Tame foxes and tame owls," wrote Lockwood, "have also been given up. The former bit their keepers, the latter ate each other up."

"The tame fox, Reuben," wrote Greely in his journal, "after running away, has amused himself for a long time by catching supplies of extra meat. He was out once near the dogs, and a one-month puppy coming up, the fox caught him by the nose and sent him away yelping. He seemed lately to have but little fear of the dogs."

Greely finally gave up looking for the relief ship in 1882, and wrote in his journal, Aug. 25: "Artificial light will soon be needed. I have quite given up the ship, as indeed have most of the men. I hope against hope, and defer going on an allowance of our remaining stock of vegetables until Sept. 1. We have enough of them, but in the matter of vegetables we must live much more simply than the past year."

The second Arctic winter was not passed so happily as the first. Lieutenant Greely interested the men by scientific and historical lectures, or talks regarding the battles of the Civil War, while others spoke on astronomy or other matters with which they were most familiar.

The spring of 1883 was most welcome, though Greely notes in his journal: "Perfect ease of mind cannot come until a ship is again seen."

The dogs had been cared for as well as possible, as North Greenland was to be again explored, and the journey was long and hazardous. They were not fed as well as Greely wished; for he had no food but "pork, beef,

and fish (all salt). Their food," he says, "has always been thoroughly soaked and freshened, and, what I consider an important point, always fed to them in an unfrozen and generally warm condition. Hard bread has been given to as many as would eat it, which includes the puppies raised here, and one or two of the old dogs. Most of the Greenland dogs will not touch bread even when hungry."

Lockwood and others, with twenty dogs, started on another Greenland journey, March 27, but returned in a few days, disappointed, as they were prevented from going forward at Beach Horn Cliffs, by a great body of open water, several miles wide.

Lockwood then started on his month's trip across Grinnell Land, discovering and naming Greely Fjord between sixty and eighty miles long, and fifteen miles wide, and the two bays at its head, after Greely's daughters, Adola and Antoinette. "No such word as 'failed' to write this time," says Lockwood, "I am thankful to say; but the happy reflection is mine that I accomplished more than any one expected, and more than I myself dared hope — the discovery of the western sea, and hence the western coast line of Grinnell Land." The journey was laborious. Some of the dogs had to be shot to provide food for their co-workers. One dog, Disco King, drew his load till completely exhausted, and died with Fort Conger in sight, being unable to crawl thither after being released from the harness.

As the summer of 1883 waned, everybody looked eagerly for the expected relief ship. There could be little doubt, this time, as on the previous year. Yet Greely wisely made provision for his retreat southward, in case the ship did not come.

June, July, and August passed, and in vain they strained their eyes for the coming ship. Now they thought they saw the smoke of a vessel sailing up the icy passage, but hope always gave way to disappointment. It almost seemed as though America had forgotten her explorers. They could not know that the aid intended for them was in the bottom of the sea.

Greely, with a foresight which seemed almost prophetic, had left explicit directions for the relief ships. If the vessels could not reach Fort Conger in Discovery Bay, they were to land provisions for forty men for fifteen months at the farthest point possible on the east coast of Grinnell Land, and also at Littleton Island, and "establish a winter station at Polaris winter quarters, Lifeboat Cave, when their main duty would be to keep their telescopes on Cape Sabine, and to the land northward."

Two vessels, the Proteus, under Lieutenant E. A. Garlington of the 7th U. S. Cavalry, the same vessel in which the Greely party had sailed in 1881, and the Yantic under Commander Frank Wildes of the U. S. Navy, sailed from St. Johns, Newfoundland, June 21, 1883, on their returning expedition. The Proteus had a fair passage through the ice of Melville Bay, touched at south-east Cary Island, and examined the Nares cache of 1800 rations, left a record at Pandora Harbor on the east side of Smith Sound, and being met by the ice pack, anchored in Payer Harbor on the west coast of Smith Sound. She remained at Cape Sabine four hours and a half, but did not leave provisions (which would have saved so much starvation later on) through conflicting directions from officials, an unsigned memorandum ordering that provisions should be left *on the way north,*

and a verbal statement from the chief signal officer, that this memorandum "was no part of his orders."

Garlington was to examine caches, and replace any damaged articles of food. He examined the Beebe cache left by the steamer Neptune, but not the Nares cache on Stalknecht Island, a half mile away, which he said was "in a damaged condition," and which, unfortunately, he did not replace.

The next day, while near Cape Albert on the west coast of Kane Sea, above Smith Sound, the Proteus was crushed by ice seven feet thick, and went down on the evening of July 23. Some of the provisions were thrown overboard; but in the hurry, a third of these were lost by falling too near the ship. The crew were uncontrollable, and pillaged for themselves.

One of the whale-boats was loaded with provisions, estimated at five hundred rations, and taken by Lieutenant Colwell of the navy to a point four miles west of Cape Sabine, known as the "Wreck-camp cache." Greely found only one hundred rations of meat when his men were starving, and was greatly disappointed.

The stores of the Proteus being lost, her men could not winter at Lifeboat Cave, unless the Yantic, which was a relieving boat to the Proteus, and not fitted for passing through the ice, could be reached, and food obtained.

By a series of the most unfortunate misunderstandings, the two commanders, Garlington and Wildes, failed to reach each other, one always having left a certain specified point agreed upon when the other arrived.

If the Yantic reached Littleton Island, as she had been instructed, Garlington would remain for the winter at Lifeboat Cave, close by. He thought she would not come from the condition of the ice. She did come six

days after his departure, and not finding Garlington, her provisions were not left, and she started to seek him and his men. Had her provisions been cached at Littleton Island, and a party of volunteers left with them, the horrors of the next winter might have been avoided. As Garlington had with him in his boats forty days' rations for fifteen men, the provisions of the Yantic could easily have been spared.

Lieutenant Colwell, after a perilous boat journey across Melville Bay, reached Disko, eight hundred miles, with his exhausted party. They as well as Garlington and the crew were rescued by the Yantic, and brought to St. Johns, Newfoundland.

The whole country was saddened at the failure to help Greely. The question on every side was, "What can be done for his relief?" Of fifty thousand rations taken up to or beyond Littleton Island by the steamers Neptune, Yantic, and Proteus, "only about one thousand were left in that vicinity, the remainder being returned to the United States, or sunk with the Proteus."

In the letter left by Garlington at Cape Sabine, for Greely, he had assured the latter that "everything within the power of man will be done to rescue the brave men at Fort Conger from their perilous position." However, when the Yantic returned about the middle of September, it was deemed inexpedient to send any other relief ship that fall. The result of that decision was pitiful in the extreme. Of course another vessel might not have reached the sufferers; though Greely, Melville, and some others, believed relief was practicable in the fall of 1883. "Had a stout sealer," says Greely, "and there were many available — left St. Johns, under a competent officer, within ten days after the return of

the Yantic, the entire Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, in my opinion, would have returned."

Meantime, what had become of Lieutenant Greely and his brave men, waiting two whole years for the promised ships? He well says in his "Three Years of Arctic Service": "My journal shows that I looked forward to privation, partial starvation, and possible death for a few of the weakest, but I expected no such thing as an abandonment to our fate."

When the 8th of August came, and no ship had been seen, the Greely party of twenty-five men, according to previous instructions, started on their retreat toward the south, in four boats, the steam yacht Lady Greely, the whale-boat Narwhal, English ice-boat Beaumont, the English boat, Valorous, with a small boat for special use.

The poor dogs, to whom all were greatly attached, were left behind, as they could not well be killed; for if the party should be obliged to return to Fort Conger, their help would be needed. Several barrels of seal blubber, fresh beef, and bread, were opened, so that they could live for some months before starvation came. A pitiful voyage lay before their masters — and probably a pitiful death for them.

The journey from the first was a most dangerous one. Ice blocked their way, storms assailed them, and heavy fogs prevented their progress.

"As the midnight sun," says Greely, "struggled through the distorted masses of angry clouds, we turned our prows into Kennedy Channel — to the southward, and, we hoped, to safety. . . .

"And so we turned homeward, knowing we had the courage to face the blinding gale, the heavy floes, the

grinding pack, the countless other dangers which environ the Arctic navigator; and having also, though we knew it not, heart and courage to encounter uncomplainingly, on barren crags, the hardships and horrors of an Arctic winter, with scant food, shelter, and clothing, with neither fire, light, nor warmth, and to face undauntedly intense cold and bitter frost, disaster and slow starvation, insanity and death." Snow fell to the depth of several inches in these early August days. Now the men cut their way with axes through the solid ice. "Four hours' cutting, charging, rolling, etc., worked wonders," says Greely in his journal, "and, as the result of our exhaustive labors, the launch was got to open water."

Now they passed through the middle of an immense iceberg, it having split so that there was a passage scarcely a dozen feet wide and a hundred yards long, while the ice rose above them on either side fifty feet high.

Sometimes the boats were caught between the great moving pack of ice, and the ice-foot, ten feet high, along the shore. At Cape Hawks they stopped to obtain the food from the English cache. The bread, which was in casks, was covered with green, slimy mould, and would have been thrown away except for the possible privations in the future. The barrels and casks were broken up to be used for steam on the launch, as they had little fuel left.

Aug. 26, the new ice having now become three inches thick from the severity of the weather, the Lady Greely launch was held fast in the ice. After being beset fifteen days, during which time she drifted twenty-two miles to the southward, she was abandoned, and the Greely party started on the ice with their sledges. Greely and thirteeen others dragged the ice-boat Valor-

ous with six hundred pounds other weight, Lieutenant Kislingbury and five men another sledge, and seven hundred pounds, and Sergeant Jewell with three men, another. One sledge broke down and had to be abandoned.

They camped on a floe in a severe snow-storm. Sometimes they fancied they saw smoke rising, or heard a dog bark, but the faint hope soon died out. They had journeyed over four hundred miles, and the prospects were not brightening. Darkness was coming on. The floe on which they were camping was drifting away from the shore which they were endeavoring to reach. Between them and the distant shore the waves were so high that no small boats could live in them.

The thoughts of the men turned towards home. Lockwood wrote in his journal: "I wonder what they are doing at home. How often I think of the dear ones there. The dangers and the uncertainties ahead of us are not alleviated by the thought of the concern felt on my account by those at home. Most of us, I think, have given up the idea of getting home this fall. I dread another winter in this country more than I do anything else. . . .

"The outlook at present is rather gloomy. However, if there is help at Sabine, we are all right. Indeed, if there is help at Littleton Island, we ought not to despair of reaching it, working as we are for our lives."

Later he writes: "God knows what the end of all this will be. I see nothing but starvation and death. The spirits of the party, however, are remarkably good."

Perhaps it was well that they did not then know that there was help neither at Sabine nor Littleton Island, but that it was being carried safely back to St. Johns in the Yantic.

Finally, Sept. 29, after five hundred miles of travel by boat and sledge, they reached a point a few miles below Cape Sabine, which Greely called Eskimo Point, because in former years Eskimos had lived there.

As it was impossible to cross Smith Sound to Littleton Island by reason of the high tide and thick ice, it was decided to build winter huts of stone, the roofs covered with moss, and four inches of moss for the floor, which they gathered under the snow.

Lockwood wrote in his journal: "We find it very severe work building with these rocks. We are all weak, and the rocks are granite, very heavy, and not easily obtainable. . . . We have now three chances for our lives: First, finding American cache sufficient at Sabine or at Isabella; second, of crossing the straits when our present rations are gone; third, of shooting sufficient seal and walrus near by here to last during the winter. Our situation is certainly alarming in the extreme. . . . A miserable existence, only preferable to death."

Greely wrote in his journal: "My hands are bruised, bleeding, and swollen, joints stiff and sore, clothing badly torn, hand and foot gear full of holes, and my back so lame I cannot stand erect. The work has taxed to the utmost limit my physical powers, already worn by mental anxiety and responsibility. All the officers have worked with the same assiduity and constancy."

"Oct. 7. Mrs. Greely's birthday; a sorry day for her, and a hard day for me, to reflect on the position of my wife and children should this expedition perish as did Franklin's. However, I hope in faith that we shall succeed in returning. We will at least place our records where our work will live after us."

These were placed under a cairn on Stalknecht Island.

Sergeant Rice and Eskimo Jens were sent to Sabine, and returned with the letter left there by Garlington, telling of the wreck of the Proteus, and the efforts that would be made for the rescue of the party. Rice found the three caches of provisions, the English, the Beebe of 1882 from the Neptune, and the wreck-cache of the Proteus. As Greely could not move these from Sabine, he decided to cross thither by sledges and "await the promised help," as he says.

"I am fully aware of the very dangerous situation we are now in," writes Greely in his journal, "and foresee a winter of starvation, suffering, and probably death for some. The question is, did the Yantic reach Littleton Island? if so, we are safe. Our fuel is so scanty that we are in danger of perishing for want of that alone."

The Yantic, as we now know, did reach Littleton Island, but left no provisions for the starving party.

"We now had four boats," says Greely, "and, although the sun was about leaving us for the winter, we could yet travel southward, there being open water visible at Cape Isabella. Had I been plainly told that we must now depend upon ourselves, that trouble and lack of discipline prevailed among the Proteus's crew, that the Yantic was a fair-weather ship, and that its commander and lieutenant were acting independently of each other, I should certainly have turned my back to Cape Sabine and starvation, to face a possible death on the perilous voyage along shore to the southward."

As most of the party felt sure that the Yantic must have left provisions at Cape Isabella, Sergeant Rice and Eskimo Jens were sent thither; but they returned disappointed, finding only the English cache of one hundred and forty pounds of meat.

The party constructed winter quarters at Sabine, calling the place Camp Clay, after Henry Clay who went with them in 1881, and returned on the Proteus.

The rock walls of the house were about two feet thick and three feet high, covered with the whale-boat turned bottom side upward. "Under that boat," says Greely's journal, "was the only place in which a man could even get on his knees and hold himself erect. Sitting on our bags, the heads of the tall men reached the roof. . . . The scarcity of rocks prevented our building higher walls, and snow-blocks were at first insufficient to build snow-huts."

The caches were now to be examined. "God only knows," says Greely, "what we shall do if it (the English cache) is spoiled; this hut will be our grave; but, until the worst comes, we shall never cease to hope for the best." Garlington had reported it damaged, though he did not visit it and make good the damaged food.

Greely hoped against hope, that the provisions would be eatable. "On bringing it in," he says, "the rum and alcohol were found to have entirely leaked away or evaporated, the groceries spoiled, and the four hundred and fifty pounds of bread and dog-biscuit all mouldy. Seventy-two pounds of the latter, only a mass of green mould, was entirely unserviceable. Dr. Pavy emphatically declared that these slimy biscuits were not only valueless as food, but that their use would be absolutely injurious to health, an opinion in which I fully concurred, and so ordered them thrown away. However, as I subsequently learned, the ravenous condition of some of the party was such that, despite my positive order and earnest entreaties, they were all eaten."

Brainard writes in his journal: "When this bread, thoroughly rotten and covered with a green mould, was thrown on the ground, the half-famished men sprang to it as wild animals would. What, I wonder, will be our condition when we undergo a still greater reduction in our provisions?"

"The canned meat brought in was good," says Greely, "but the bacon rancid, though all of it was eaten by us later." But for these English caches, probably no one of the party would have been spared.

In bringing in the Neptune cache, a mile away, several of the men had their feet frozen, Greely among the number.

With scanty supplies, the men now settled down to the long, dark winter's waiting. "We are now in our hut," writes Lockwood in his journal, "but it is not yet finished, and is cold and uncomfortable. Our constant talk is about something to eat, and the different dishes we have enjoyed, or hope to enjoy on getting back to civilization. How often my thoughts turn toward home and the dear ones there. We all suppose that Garlington and party are at Littleton Island, but yet doubts will arise as to it. We have found out some scraps of news from slips of newspaper wrapped around the lemons. Each man had a lemon to-night. We are all hungry all the time."

Among some clothing cached at Sabine, a newspaper article was found written by Henry Clay, May 13, 1883, from which they inferred that the Jeannette was lost. "Rice read the paper aloud this evening," writes Lockwood, "and it has excited a great deal of remark. We all think Clay's paper almost prophetic, except, of course, our 'lying down under the quiet stars to die.'

The article gives me pain in reflection of the great alarm and sorrow felt by my dear father and mother and sisters on my behalf. Should my ambitious hopes be disappointed, and these lines only meet the eyes of those so dear, may they not add to my many faults and failings that of ingratitude or want of affection in not more frequent allusions to them, and my thoughts concerning them."

Oct. 26 was the last day of sunlight for one hundred and ten long days. "How to pass this coming Arctic winter," writes Greely, "is a question I cannot answer. When they read," he says, "the wretched Eskimo lamp, with its faint glimmer of light, is held close to the reader. Some already begrudge the oil for this purpose; but I look on it as more than well spent in giving food for our minds, which, turned inward, these coming months would inevitably drive us all insane."

Storms increased; and although the hunters, especially Francis Long, sought daily for game, almost none was obtained. Lockwood writes: "This is miserable; we have insufficient supplies of everything. Even the blubber will support but one poor light, and that hardly for the winter. We must rely on the whale-boat and the barrel-staves mostly for fuel, the alcohol being almost exhausted. Cold, dampness, darkness, and hunger are our portion every day and all day. Here in the hut one has to grope around in the darkness to find anything laid down."

Oct. 29 Lockwood writes, even before they had been reduced to winter rations: "Occupied some time this morning in scratching like a dog in the place where the mouldy dog-biscuits were emptied. Found a few crumbs and small pieces, and ate mould and all. . . . Long

and Frederick [Christiansen the Eskimo] went out to hunt to-day, but got nothing. . . . We now get about one-fourth what we could eat at a meal, and this limited allowance is to be much farther reduced as soon as the sledging is done, which is about Nov. 1.

"Oct. 31. To-morrow our reduction of rations commences. Whether we can live on such a driblet of food remains to be seen. We are now constantly hungry, and the constant thought and talk run on food, dishes of all kinds. . . . I have a constant longing for food. Anything to fill me up. God! what a life. A few crumbs of hard bread taste delicious. . . . The hunting party have a slight increase of rations during their absence. I hope to God they have got something. How often my thoughts wander home, and I recall my dear father, mother, and the family generally — then comes the family dishes of all kinds. Numb fingers, and want of light — I can write no more. . . . No sledging any more, excepting Rice's trip, until spring, should we live to see it.

"Thursday, Nov. 1. A white fox shot this morning by Schneider. We ate the entrails as well as everything else of the animal.

"Nov. 3. Breakfast this morning of a few mouthfuls of hard bread and a little piece of butter about as large as one's finger. I had some mouldy potatoes. . . . They are spoiled and mouldy all the way through, but anything that fills the stomach is grateful."

How one laments as he reads these pitiful words, that the Neptune and the Yantic should have come home laden with stores, which would have saved these famished men!

"Fingers and toes cold nearly all the time; temper-

ature here in the house about freezing-point all the time. God! this miserable existence cannot be conceived of by any one but ourselves. Constant thoughts of home and dear ones there.

"Nov. 9. For dinner we had tea, a spoonful of English meat, and a handful of hard-bread. Breakfast was chocolate, a little piece of butter, and a little bread. One is more hungry when he gets through these meals than before. . . . Smoke at almost every meal insufferable. It is blinding, and hides everything."

Early in November it was decided to send Rice, Elison, Lynn, and Frederick to Cape Isabella for the one hundred and forty-four pounds of beef cached there by Nares in 1875. They suffered on the way over from cold, and on the way back Elison froze his hands and feet. "At night their sleeping-bag," says Frederick in his journal, "was no more nor less than a sheet of ice. I placed one of Elison's hands between my thighs and Rice took the other, and in this way we drew the frost from his poor frozen limbs. The poor fellow cried all night from pain. This was one of the worst nights I ever spent in the Arctic."

Elison was soon helpless, and had to be carried. To save his life the meat was abandoned; and after ten hours of struggling in the snow and over the hummocky ice, they reached their old camp at Eskimo Point. Here, to thaw out his limbs, they cut up the English ice-boat, which had been left intact for a possible journey southward. "When the poor fellow's face, feet, and hands commenced to thaw from the artificial heat," says Frederick, "his sufferings were such that it was enough to bring the strongest to tears."

Rice finally travelled back twenty-five miles to Camp

Clay at Sabine, for assistance, and reached the place exhausted, having eaten only a piece of frozen meat on the way.

Lockwood, Brainard, and others at once started to their aid. When they reached Eskimo Point, the frozen sleeping-bag, in which Frederick, Lynn, and Elison had lain for eighteen hours, unable to move, had to be cut off them with a hatchet. Elison was nearly dead, and when brought back to Camp Clay begged piteously for death.

Greely regards this rescue journey of Lockwood "the most remarkable in the annals of Arctic sledging." "This half-starved party," he says in his official report, "made a round trip of about forty miles in total darkness, and over rough and heavy ice, in forty-four hours, with temperatures ranging from — 19° to — 34.5°. The remarkable work done by this party appears the more astonishing, in that this was their third winter within the Arctic circle, that they had been on short rations for over two months, and had been utterly inactive for the previous ten days. In the most willing manner, without a murmur, these men ventured their lives on the mere possibility of rescuing a comrade whom they expected to find dead."

Elison now received twice as much food as any other man, with the hope that his life might be saved. No one complained, for it was felt that Elison had crippled himself in trying to bring meat for the party from Cape Isabella.

The dreadful winter wore on. Lieutenant Greely varied the monotony as much as possible by a daily lecture on the physical geography of the United States, its resources, etc.; others read various books to the party,

or gave personal reminiscences. Nov. 14 Lockwood writes in his journal: "Oh! the dear ones at home, how I long to see them. Brainard plants a pole on a neighboring rock to-day, to attract the attention of any party from the other side." They still had hopes that Garlington might be at Littleton Island, nearly opposite.

"Nov. 19. . . . Day overcast. Bread reduced now to six ounces a day, and meat to four ounces. This is on account of increased rations issued Elison. Ate a lot of mouldy dog-biscuit to-day. . . . Feel ravenous, and could eat anything now in the shape of food. Fill up with tea leaves when any are left over.

"Nov. 21. . . . American mineral products discoursed on by Lieutenant Greely. . . . What an experience is this I am going through. Such an experience is enough for one's life. How I long for the time to pass.

"Nov. 23. . . . Remarks in the morning on the State of Maine, by Lieutenant Greely and others. Conversation during the day about dishes of all kinds, and desserts, soups, etc. We never seem to weary of this subject. . . . Chewed up the foot of a fox this evening raw. It was altogether bone and gristle."

Nov. 29 was set aside as a day of thanksgiving and praise, "in order," says Greely, "that we might act in accord with those we have left behind. . . . It seemed to me then that making this a great and happy day would so break in on our wretchedness and misery as to give us new courage and determination. . . . To-day we have been *almost* happy, and had *almost* enough to eat. . . . It seemed to me that the Psalms of the day made a deeper impression than I have ever before noted."

The next day, Nov. 30, Lockwood wrote in his journal:

"How often I picture to myself the old, familiar scenes of home! How I long to know that all are well, and trust their anxiety for me is not too great. I picture to myself where my sisters are living, and the family scenes and conversation at the old roof-tree in the evening.

"Dec. 3. Breakfast this morning consisted of chocolate and one and one-half ounces butter — no bread, for I ate all my bread last night. Many of us eat all our bread at night, and many try to save and manipulate their dole of food in a dozen ways to make the mite of food seem more filling. I have saved from yesterday some scraps of seal-skin; and after Long was through, I put the can over the remnants of the fire for a few minutes, and the scraps became quite soft. I ate the hair and all. The skin has little on it but the hair, the blubber and meat being cut off as clean as possible.

"Dec. 19. We are all very weak, and I feel an apathy and cloudiness impossible to shake off. . . . I always eat my bread regretfully. If I eat it before tea, I regret that I did not keep it; and if I wait till tea comes, and then eat it, I drink my tea hastily and do not get the satisfaction I otherwise would. What a miserable life, when a few crumbs of bread weigh so on one's mind!"

Brainard writes in his journal: "We are all more or less unreasonable, and I only wonder that we are not all insane. . . . If we are not mad, it should be a matter of surprise. I wonder if we will survive the horrors of this ice-prison."

Still the poor starving men kept up hope. Their spirits improved when the sun, after its farthest distance from them, began to return Dec. 21. "Thank God,"

exclaims Lockwood in his journal, "now the glorious sun commenced to return, and every day gets lighter and brings him nearer. It is an augury that we shall yet pull through all right. By a great effort I was able to save an ounce of bread and two ounces of butter for Christmas. I shall make a vigorous effort to abstain from eating it before then. Put it in charge of Bierderbick as an additional safeguard. Brainard shot another fox last night, a blue one. . . . This makes the twentieth fox killed. Louisiana spoken of to-day. I added to it by recounting my trip from Baltimore to Texas, and then, on return, to New Orleans and up to Cincinnati."

On Christmas Day, the party were in good spirits. Brainard replaced the broken distress flag-staff facing the Greenland coast, and predicted that Lieutenant Garlington would visit them during the full moon in January. Alas! that the prediction did not prove true.

The fuel had now become so scanty that ropes were burned, which made a dense smoke, irritating to the eyes and throat. One of Elison's feet had been taken off by Dr. Pavy, the surgeon, but he did not know it.

By Jan. 15 Lieutenant Lockwood had become so weak that Greely, in whose sleeping-bag he slept also, was obliged to help him to turn over, and support him while he ate his scanty breakfast.

Greely offered him his ration of beef, four ounces, which he declined, saying that Greely's need was as great as his own. He urged Greely that when the time came for crossing to Littleton Island, in the early spring, when it was light and the channel frozen, that he be left behind, and be sent for later, but to this Greely would not for a moment consent.

Jan. 15 Lieutenant Greely writes: "In consequence

of the necessity of melting ice hereafter for all our water, I was obliged to reduce the quantity of tea, so that hereafter we have but half allowance. It comes very hard upon many of the men. I am able to stand it myself, and have taken some pulverized ice in a rubber bag, which I have melted by the heat of my body to furnish drinking-water for others. The party are somewhat depressed by the reduction of water."

The first death among the starving party occurred Jan. 18, that of Sergeant William H. Cross. The body was sewed up in sacks and canvas by Brainard and Bierderbick; and after Lieutenant Greely had read the Episcopal burial service, and tried to cheer the men in their despondency, the corpse was covered by the American flag, and six weak men dragged it on the English sledge to the summit of a hill near by, and buried it in a grave fifteen inches deep. Cross would have been forty on the day following. It was found that he had saved considerable bread and butter with which to celebrate his birthday.

On Feb. 1 Lieutenant Lockwood was so weak that Lieutenant Greely issued to him daily an ounce each of bread and meat, as extra food. Two days later, poor Lockwood writes: "I am getting stronger very slowly. The slight increase in the rations will help me rapidly. . . . Jewell fainted to-night, just after coming in from outside.

"Feb. 5. . . . I got up myself to-day, and managed to get out of doors without the assistance of Frederick [Christiansen, the Eskimo], but fell down in the alleyway coming back, and also fell down on getting inside here."

On Feb. 2 Rice and Jens, the Eskimo, started to cross Smith Sound to Littleton Island, to bring whatever

food might be there, and to see Garlington, although Greely had little belief that he was there. Much hope and prayer went with the brave fellows as they started on their journey. Brainard wrote in his journal: "A tremulous 'God bless you!' a hearty grasp of the hand, and we turned away in tears from those brave souls who were daring and enduring so much for us. . . . While watching their progress I distinctly heard the hoarse grinding of the pack not far away. Of this I said nothing to my companions, owing to the depressing effect such information would have on their minds."

Four days later, to the surprise and bitter disappointment of all, Rice and Jens returned, having found open water as far as the eye could reach, and no frozen passage as they had hoped. The only signs of game were some old bear-tracks.

Lockwood wrote in his journal: "Of course we are all very much disappointed; the party takes a bold front, and are not wanting in spirit. . . . If our fate is the worst, I do not think we shall disgrace the name of Americans and of soldiers."

To keep up the spirits of the men, Greely announced that it was more than probable Smith Sound would freeze over by March 1. "In such an event," I argued, "we could afford to deny ourselves a little, and so I had decided to cut down our bread a couple of ounces, so we would be able to remain here until March 6. . . .

"I certainly do not deceive all the party, but perhaps I do some. Perhaps my plans may succeed, and this wide strait freeze solid, but I cannot now believe it. . . . Jewell froze his fingers to-day.

"Our poor starved bodies have not enough blood and vital heat to resist this temperature of — 27.5°. . . . I

have been obliged to cut off, after to-day, Lieutenant Lockwood's extra ration.

"Feb. 8, Mercury again frozen, greatly to our delight, for a week of this weather would cement securely the ice of Smith Sound.

"Feb. 12. . . . Notwithstanding the mercury is frozen, the water in the straits still remains open, probably in consequence of spring tides. The roaring ice, a dismal, fateful sound to us, was heard nearly all day."

The same day Lockwood writes: "Our situation is deplorable. . . . It will be pitiable if this party after fighting short rations, cold, etc., all winter, is doomed to die in the spring. Poor Elison, I am afraid, will never survive. How often I think of the dear ones at home, the Sunday evening reunions, and all the bright and happy pictures that present themselves."

Four days later: "I shall be glad when the end comes, whenever it is to be. . . . We are all very dirty; my hands and face are actually black in color. All our clothes are covered with grease and dirt. . . . I do little talking, finding it difficult to raise my voice. I find myself pursued by *ennui*, aimlessness, apathy, and indifference, produced by hunger, cold, gloom, dirt, and all the miseries of this existence. . . . I see no chance of the straits being closed to the end of the month. To my mind we must find game here, or else receive help from Littleton Island. It will soon be decided, thank God.

"Feb. 18. . . . We are drawing nearer the end of our rations. The prospect of getting more is rather dismal. We are all very hopeful, however."

March 1, the day previously fixed by Lieutenant Greely for crossing Smith Sound came, but he writes:

"The straits are wide open, and if we only had sufficient strength to remove the boat from the building, we could now attempt a passage partly by sledge, and partly by boat."

Long and Christiansen travelled seventy miles to find game, but returned unsuccessful. Greely sadly writes, March 13: "The fates seem to be against us — an open channel, no game, no food, and apparently no hopes from Littleton Island. We have been lured here to our destruction. If we were now the strong, active men of last autumn, we could cross Smith Sound where there is much open water; but we are a party of twenty-four starved men, of whom two cannot walk and a half-dozen cannot haul a pound. We have done all we can to struggle on, but it drives me almost insane to face the future. It is not the end that affrights any one, but the road to be travelled to reach that goal. To die is easy, very easy: it is only hard to strive, to endure, to live."

They could not get the boat, covered with snow, off the roof of the hut; a little later, they had not the strength to clean off the snow even when it commenced leaking through.

March 14, three ptarmigans were killed, the first game since early in February. "Beaks, claws, and entrails were eaten."

One week later Greely writes: "It is surprising with what calmness we view death, which, strongly as we may hope, now seems inevitable. Only game can save us. We have talked over the matter calmly and quietly, and I have always exhorted the men to die as men, and not as dogs."

Lockwood writes in his journal on the same day, March 21: "The time draws near when our group comes

to an end. We look on it with equanimity, and the spirits of the party, with this prospect of a miserable death, is certainly wonderful. I am glad as each day draws to an end. It puts us nearer the end of this life, — whatever that end is to be. How often I think of those at home, and of what they are doing. Oh, God! That I could be with them for a few hours only. . . . The fuel, all except the boat, is about gone — ends with to-morrow."

Lockwood's feet were badly swollen, and his mind wandered much of the time, yet as late as March 25, he wrote: "We are all confident now of pulling through." For the first time in five months a ray of sunlight entered the wretched hut.

They had now given up all hope of crossing the Sound. Long and Brainard killed several dovekies, and their hopes were strengthened. Long was especially happy as he had promised for months to provide Greely with a birthday present of food on his fortieth birthday, March 27, which promise he was thus enabled to keep.

April 5 the second death occurred, that of Frederick Christiansen, to whom all were much attached. He was buried beside Cross.

April 6 Lynn became unconscious at one P.M. and died at seven. He asked for water just before dying, but they had none to give. He had never recovered from the disastrous trip to Isabella for the one hundred and forty pounds of meat.

Near midnight of the same day, April 6, Sergeant Rice and Frederick started southwards towards Cape Isabella, to bring the meat which they had been obliged to abandon when Elison's hands and feet were frozen. The darkness had prevented their going much earlier, and

Greely feared the results of such a journey. Rice begged to be allowed to go on the same rations as the rest of the men were receiving, four ounces of meat, and four ounces of bread daily. For a few hours previous to their departure Rice slept in the same bag with the dead body of Lynn, so fully had they become used to the presence of the destroyer.

Through a blinding snow-storm these two men travelled, and reached the place where the meat was abandoned, about three o'clock in the afternoon of April 9. Not a trace of it was to be found. An hour later, on their return trip, Rice became too weak to stand. He talked of home and friends; Frederick took off his own outer garment and wrapped up the feet of his dying comrade. In the driving snow, in his shirt sleeves on the ice, he held Rice in his arms till eight o'clock, when the noble and self-denying young lawyer and photographer of the expedition passed away. Frederick buried his comrade in the snow and ice, and, more dead than alive, returned to Camp Clay.

Meantime the affectionate and heroic Lockwood had penned the last words in his journal, April 7: . . . "Jewell is much weaker to-day." On April 8 he fell fainting in the passage-way. For three days he had been receiving four ounces of raw dovekies daily, but it was of no avail. April 9 his mind wandered, and he became unconscious at four in the morning. At four twenty in the afternoon he died peacefully.

Brainard writes: "This will be a sad and unexpected blow to his family, who evidently idolized him. Bierderbick and myself straightened his limbs and prepared his remains for burial. It was the saddest duty that I have ever yet been called upon to perform."

"He was a gallant officer," writes Greely, "a brave, true and loyal man. Christian charity, manliness, and gentleness were the salient points of his character. He always did his best; and that best will give him a name in Arctic history as long as courage, perseverance, and success shall seem worthy of man's praise and ambition."

Jewell, to whom four ounces of extra food were given daily, being fed by the hands of Greely, became unconscious in his arms, and died without a struggle, April 12. He and Lockwood were buried beside the others on Cemetery Ridge.

Greely was now so weak that his death was expected, and Lieutenant Kislingbury was to take his place in that event.

April 11 Brainard fell breathless in the passage-way, calling out, "A bear, a bear!" The animal was killed by Long and Jens, the Eskimo. He weighed four hundred pounds. No words could express the joy of the starving men. The following day Long shot a seal weighing sixty pounds.

Brainard, before this, saved the lives of the party by gathering shrimps, which are so small that it takes 1300 to make a gill. From April 8 to 30 he brought in no less than four hundred and fifty pounds. On May 3, however, the last bread was gone, and but nine days' meat remained.

Poor Jens Edward, the Eskimo, was drowned by the overturning of his kayak, April 29, while endeavoring to reach a seal. Their only reliable rifle was also lost in this boat.

It was hourly expected that Greely would pass away.

Brainard writes: "This life is growing almost un-

bearable — it is horrible! I am afraid that we will yet all go mad. In my case the thoughts of home, a bright future, the many enjoyments of life, and a feeling of responsibility for the poor fellows, who, to a certain extent, look to me to provide them with food, do more to inspire me to work and to fight the end than anything else."

Thursday, May 1, Brainard says: "Lieutenant Kislingbury's mind is almost completely gone. Poor fellow! it is only a few days ago that he spoke so hopefully of the future, and the happiness he anticipated in meeting his young son on his return. Yesterday I saw him lying on the small sledge outside, weeping like a child; turning to me he said with a half-smothered groan, 'It is hopeless; I cannot fight this starvation longer: I am doomed to die here!'"

May 20 Private Ellis was buried; the first death from starvation in six weeks. The men were so weak that they could scarcely drag the body to Cemetery Ridge.

Ralston died three days later, at one A.M. Greely remained in the sleeping-bag, with the body, till about five A.M., "chilled through by contact with the dead."

As the hut had become unfit to live in from the melting snow, which wet the inmates constantly, the party moved to a tent some three hundred yards away.

Whisler died at noon, May 24.

Sergeant Israel, the bright young astronomer from Ann Arbor University, fed for several days by Greely, died May 27. He was beloved by all.

Seal-skin thongs, which had been used in lashing together the sledge, now began to be used for stews. "It is astonishing to me," says Greely in his journal, "how the party holds out."

The last day of May brought a heavy snow-storm which lasted twenty-four hours. "If," writes Brainard, "possessing the gift of divining the future, I should discover that I had yet another month of this terrible existence before me, I would at once end everything. . . . In my daily journeyings across Cemetery Ridge, it was but natural at first that my reflections should be sad and gloomy. . . . The brass buttons on Lieutenant Lockwood's blouse, scoured bright by the flying gravel, protruded through the scanty covering of earth which our depleted strength barely enabled us to place over him. . . . Later on our wretched condition served to counteract these feelings; and I can now pass and repass the place without emotion, and almost with indifference."

Lieutenant Kislingbury died Sunday, June 1, 1884, at three P.M. His last act was to sing the Doxology, in a weak, but clear voice: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Corporal Salor died June 3, at three A.M. "We had not strength enough to bury Salor, so he was put out of sight in the ice-foot," notes Greely in his journal.

June 5 Greely crawled up the rocks, and gathered a pint of *tripe de roche*.

June 6 Private Henry was shot at two P.M. by order of Greely, for stealing provisions, which meant death to all if persisted in. Bender died at five forty-five P.M., and Dr. Pavy at six. The rest now lived on their seal-skin gloves, boots, sleeping-bags, and lichens. The last of the seal-skin was divided June 18.

Gardiner died June 12, about five P.M. The doctor predicted that he would die in April, but his intense desire to see his wife and mother seemed to keep him alive. To the last (his skeleton fingers clutching the

picture even after death) he held in his hands an ambrotype of his wife and mother, looking at it continually, and speaking to it. His last words were, "Mother! Wife!" "He was more religious," says Greely, "than perhaps any other one in the party: although allowed only eight pounds of baggage on the retreat, he denied himself to bring with him his Bible, our only one, though I had a prayer-book."

Schneider begged for opium pills with which to end his sufferings on June 16, but nobody would give them to him. He died at six P.M., June 18. He was not buried.

June 20 Greely's diary reads: "Six years ago to-day I was married, and three years ago I left my wife for this expedition. What a contrast! When will this life in death end?"

His journal ends the next day, June 21: "Connell's legs paralyzed from knee down. Bierderbick suffering terribly from rheumatism. Buchanan Strait open this noon a long way up the coast."

Brainard entered the last words in his journal on Thursday, June 21: "Since day before yesterday Elison has transferred his food to his mouth by a spoon which is tied to the stump of his frozen arm."

June 22, Sunday, all were exhausted. Greely tried to read a little from the prayer-book, but the high wind and lack of food made it too exhausting. Connell was scarcely conscious, and all had resigned themselves to despair. A storm had been raging, and the tent was nearly blown down, pinning some of the men under it. The end was now only a question of a few hours at most.

Meantime another expedition had been fitted out by

the United States for the rescue of Greely. Three vessels were sent, the Thetis, Bear, and Alert, — the last the flag-ship of Nares, the generous gift of the English government tendered by the Queen to America, — under Commander Winfield J. Schley, a brave and experienced naval officer. The ships were provisioned for one hundred and fifteen men for two years.

Late in April of 1884 the vessels steamed out of New York harbor, watched by anxious and sympathetic hearts. Both the Thetis and Bear were Dundee whalers, built for forcing the ice, which they did through Melville Bay, sometimes by a single blow splitting a pan of ice two hundred yards across. The Alert was said to be the strongest modern ship afloat.

When Littleton Island was reached and searched, it was evident that Greely had not been there. It was decided to run over to Cape Sabine, to see if any traces of the party could be found. They sailed away Sunday, June 22, at three P.M., the very day on which the Greely party seemed to have lost all hope. The ships were made fast to the ice just off Brevoort Island, two miles south of Sabine, and parties were sent in various directions. Soon cheers were heard, for some of the men had found the Greely records on Stalknecht Island. These papers had been left Oct. 21, eight months before, and the party then had rations for forty days. It seemed certain that all had long ere this perished.

With all possible haste the cutter started for Camp Clay. On the top of a ridge they saw the figure of a man. Greely had heard the whistle of the Thetis at midnight; and Brainard and Long had crawled out of the tent to see if any vessel was in sight, but they returned disappointed. Long went out a second time to set up

the distress flag which had blown down. The coxswain in the cutter waved a flag. The man on the ridge had seen it, for he waved one in return. Then he came slowly down the ridge, falling twice as he came.

Lieutenant Colwell called out, "Who all are there left?"

"Seven left."

"Where are they?"

"In the tent, over the hill — the tent is down."

"Is Mr. Greely alive?"

"Yes, Greely's alive."

"Any other officers?"

"No."

"Who are you?"

"Long."

"He was a ghastly sight," says Commander Schley, in his "Rescue of Greely." "His cheeks were hollow, his eyes wild, his hair and beard long and matted. His army blouse, covering several thicknesses of shirts and jackets, was ragged and dirty. [They had not changed their clothing nor bathed for over eleven months.] He wore a little fur cap and rough moccasins of untanned leather tied around the leg. As he spoke, his utterance was thick and mumbling."

Meanwhile one of the relief party, crying like a child, was trying to roll away the stones which held down the flapping tent cloth. Colwell cut a slit in the tent and looked in.

"It was a sight of horror," says Schley. "On one side, close to the opening, with his head towards the outside, lay what was apparently a dead man. His jaw had dropped, his eyes were open, but fixed and glassy, his limbs were motionless. On the opposite side was a poor

fellow, alive to be sure, but without hands or feet, and with a spoon tied to the stump of his right arm. Two others, seated on the ground, in the middle, had just got down a rubber bottle that hung on the tent-pole, and were pouring from it into a tin can. Directly opposite, on his hands and knees, was a dark man with a long matted beard, in a dirty and tattered dressing-gown, with a little red skull cap on his head, and brilliant, staring eyes. As Colwell appeared, he raised himself a little, and put on a pair of eye-glasses."

"Who are you?" asked Colwell.

The man made no answer, staring at him vacantly.

"Who are you?" again.

One of the men spoke up: "That's the Major — Major Greely."

Colwell crawled in and took him by the hand, saying, "Greely, is this you?"

"Yes," said Greely in a faint, broken voice, hesitating and shuffling with his words; "Yes, — seven of us left — here we are — dying — like men. Did what I came to do — beat the best record." Then he fell back exhausted.

Connell had almost ceased to breathe. He was speechless, and his heart was barely beating. His body was cold, and all sensation was gone. When they tried to revive him, he managed to speak, "Let me die in peace." Elison, with his hands and feet frozen off, had lain helpless in his sleeping-bag for seven months, kept alive by the kindness of his fellows, who gladly allowed him to have increased rations in his pitiable condition.

"The faces of two of the men were so swollen," says Chief Engineer George W. Melville, "that they could scarcely see." He cleansed the eyes of one in warm water,

and bade him look over towards the mast-heads across the rocks. Commander Schley said, "My man, don't you see the ships' masts? Don't you see the flags?"

"Please lift me up a little," he urged huskily, "that I may see." Then catching sight of the colors, he cried, "Hooray! There is the old flag again." Tears of joy ran down his cheeks, as he was supported in his sleeping-bag.

Greely was near to death. He could not stand, and for some time had not left his sleeping-bag. No food had passed the lips of any of them for forty-two hours, save a little water and a few square inches of soaked seal-skin.

Colwell gave Greely and Elison a little of the biscuit which he had brought in his pocket. Then a can of pemmican was opened, and a little scraped off with a knife was fed to them slowly by turns. They could not stand, but had dropped on their knees, and begged piteously for more. A fire was made of charred wood lying about, the remnants of the boat which covered the hut, and beef extract warmed, and given them every ten minutes.

The survivors could scarcely realize that they were saved. Their minds were enfeebled like their bodies. "This seems so wonderful," said Greely; and when told that pictures of his wife and children were on board the Thetis, he added, "It is so kind and thoughtful." The men were carried on board the boats on stretchers, as they were unable to walk, and then rowed out a hundred yards or so to the ships. Greely fainted after being taken on board, but was revived by spirits of ammonia. His clothes were carefully cut off, and heavy flannels, which had been warmed, were put upon him.

The bodies of the ten dead on the hill were dug up,

wrapped in blankets, and carried tenderly on board the ships for a burial at their homes. The unburied bodies of Schneider and Henry were also brought; but the five buried in the ice-foot, as well as the body of Jens, who was drowned in his kayak, could not of course be recovered, as they were swept away by the currents. Within the tent near each sleeping-bag were found little packages done up and addressed to friends at home. The survivors had also made a like preparation, knowing that their turn would soon come. The packages were all carefully preserved.

At four o'clock, June 23, the vessels started homeward with their precious freight. Elison died on the journey, at Godhavn, July 8, at three thirty A.M. The body of Frederick Christiansen of Upernavik was buried at Godhavn at the request of the Inspector of North Greenland.

The ships reached St. Johns July 17, when telegrams were sent immediately to Hon. W. E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy, by Commander Schley, and to Mrs. Greely by her husband. Throngs of people gathered on the streets to welcome the heroic explorers, and all shared in the feelings of Secretary Chandler, who telegraphed Commander Schley: "The hearts of the American people go out with great affection to Lieutenant Greely and the few survivors of his deadly peril. Care for them unremittingly, and bid them be cheerful and hopeful on account of what life has in store for them."

The six survivors, Greely, Brainard, Long, Bierderbick, Connell, Frederick — Elison had died on the passage home — soon gained strength and a return to health. Lieutenant Greely gained fifty pounds in six weeks.

The relief ships received an ovation at Portsmouth

Harbor, N.H. and then sailed for New York, where the bodies were formally delivered to General Hancock, representing the War Department. Two were taken to the Cypress Hills National Cemetery, Henry and Schneider. The former was buried there, and the latter sent to friends in Germany.

The remains of Lockwood were forwarded to Annapolis, and placed under a military guard in the church of St. Anne, where he had been baptized and confirmed. He was buried in the cemetery of the Naval Academy. A tablet was erected to his memory in the handsome army chapel at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, chiefly at the expense of his old regiment. To one of the officers, General Lockwood presented a sword which had belonged to his son.

Truly said his pastor in Georgetown, "Most fittingly did his brother explorers give his name to this spot, the farthest land north trod by human foot. Lockwood Island shall stand as long as the earth endures, amid the ample wastes and silence of these mysterious regions, as the monument of this brave young soldier." He died as he had lived, honored for his gentleness, his affectionate yet courageous heart, his unselfishness, and his nobility of soul.

Not less did Greely commend the heroic Brainard for his "manhood, courage, and self-sacrifice, displayed on the Polar Sea and at Sabine." His name will forever be associated with Lockwood in planting the flag, as yet, farthest north, and in his heroic devotion to the Greely party, which must have perished save for him and Francis Long.

The valuable scientific reports, magnetic, meteorologic, botanic, and those in natural history, of this Arctic

expedition, have been transmitted by Lieutenant Greely to the government, and published. They were brought on the long and perilous journey from Conger to Sabine, and are a lasting monument to the ability and industry of the Greely party and its heroic leader.

Concerning this dreadful life in the Arctic regions, Lieutenant Greely said at a reception in New York :

"I promised only that I would get to Sabine, and at Sabine I was found. In regard to the life that we spent on that barren rock — a life which was eked out, God only knows how — forty days' provisions being made to last for nine or ten months, with what scanty subsistence we could draw from the surrounding rocks, it was a hell upon earth during all the five months of utter darkness.

"The hut was so dark that for a week at a time, although I lay in a bag with two men, so closely packed that when one man turned over the others had to turn also, I was not able to see the face of the man to the right or the left. The only light we had was a wretched rag dipped in tallow oil. The walls were so low that when I sat in my sleeping-bag my head touched the roof. The bags froze to the ground. They were that way for five months. If vacated for ten minutes, they froze stiff inside. For ten months we never knew what it was to have our appetites satisfied. Yet all that time, with few exceptions, the men displayed such remarkable loyalty, such cheerfulness, and such a law-abiding spirit, that I think better of mankind for having lived with those men through that trouble.

"For two or three months at a time we never knew what it was to have a drink of water, except such as we could get by putting snow and ice in a rubber bag and

thawing it with the heat of our bodies. In that way we could get eight or ten spoonfuls at a time."

The whole country rejoiced in the rescue of Greely and the five others who were saved. The President sent grateful words of thanks for himself and the nation; and Queen Victoria, who had given the ship Alert, also sent messages of sympathy and inquiry.

The Royal Geographical Society of London unanimously awarded to Greely their highest honor, the Founders' Gold Medal for 1886, "for having so considerably added to our knowledge of the shores of the Polar Sea and the interior of Grinnell Land; the first, through the exploration of the late Lieutenant Lockwood along the northern coast of Greenland, as far as 83° 23′ 8″ N.W., being the nearest to the Pole ever attained, and the second, by his own explorations into the interior of Grinnell Land, together with the journey across it to the Western Sea, by Lieutenant Lockwood; also for his admirable narrative of the expedition which he has just given to the world."

This medal, publicly received by the American minister, Mr. Phelps, was officially transmitted to Greely through the State and War Departments.

The same year, 1886, Greely was awarded the Roquette Medal of Gold by the Geographical Society of Paris, forwarded through our minister to France.

His native state, Massachusetts, also tendered him through her Senate and House of Representatives, "With just pride in his career and achievements," her thanks, "as a tribute to his patriotism, courage, and loyalty as shown in his service as a volunteer soldier; to his ability and zeal as a regular officer of the United States army, in dealing practically as well as theoreti-

cally, both here and in the High North, with the varied scientific questions arising in connection with the signal service; to his prudence, patience, and enterprise as an explorer in solving geographical problems involving the progress of mankind in science and civilization, and in thus advancing the name of America to the foremost rank in scientific Arctic research; and finally to his capacity and intrepidity as a commander in maintaining the courage, discipline, and unity of his command under most untoward, prolonged, and desperate circumstances."

Lieutenant Greely was promoted to be captain in the 5th U. S. Cavalry, June 11, 1886; and in December of the same year, during the illness of General W. B. Hazen, the duties of acting chief signal officer devolved upon him by law as the senior assistant. He was formally promoted to be brigadier-general, and chief signal officer of the army, March 3, 1887.

General Greely has several times visited Europe, where he has received distinguished courtesies. He is an honorary member of several geographical and scientific societies, and has just been (1893) elected one of the faculty of the Columbian University in charge of the Department of Geography.

General Greely has written extensively on scientific subjects, the Isothermal Lines of the U. S. Geography of the Air, Rainfall of the Pacific Slope and Western States and Territories, American weather, with chapters on Hot and Cold Waves, Blizzards, Hailstorms, etc., besides various articles in the Century, Scribner's, North American Review, Forum, Science, and other magazines.

General Greely is yet in middle life, under fifty, doing valuable work for the country, and enjoying the development in character of his four girls and two boys.

Whatever experiences are before him, he can never forget the dreadful months at Cape Sabine. His unselfish and brave record is before the world.

Since General Greely's explorations, Dr. Nausen of Norway made the first crossing of Greenland from east to west. He was then a young man only twenty-seven, a graduate of the University of Christiania, and curator of the museum at Bergen. He started in May, 1888, in a sailing-vessel, arriving at Reykiavik, the capital of Iceland. Here they took passage in a little steamer, landing on the shore ice of Greenland July 17. They were taken out to sea on an ice-floe, but finally returned and crossed Greenland, reaching Godthaab Oct. 3. For three or four weeks they were more than nine thousand feet above the level of the sea.

"Our day's marches were," says Dr. Nausen, "as a rule, short, and varied between five and ten miles. The reason of this was the persistently heavy going. Had we come earlier in the season, say about midsummer time, we should have found an excellent hard and slippery surface, such as that we had during the first day or two of our ascent. On such a surface both ski and sledges would have run well, and the crossing could not have taken us long. Now, however, the old, hard-frozen layer was covered with a loose coat of freshly-fallen snow, which was as fine and dry as dust, or else packed by the wind in drifts, on the cloth-like surface of which both ski and sledge runners are very hard to move."

When they came within sight of the western shore of Greenland, he says: "We were just like children, as we sat and gazed and followed the lines of the valleys downward in a vain search for a glimpse of the sea. It

was a fine country that lay before us, wild and grand as the western coast of Norway. Fresh snow lay sprinkled about the mountain tops, between which were deep, black gorges. At the bottom of these were the fiords, which we could fancy but could not see.

"Words cannot describe what it is for us to have the earth and stones again beneath our feet, or the thrill that went through us as we felt the elastic heather on which we trod, and smelled the fragrant scent of grass and moss. Behind us lay the 'inland ice,' its cold, gray slope sinking slowly toward the lake; before us lay the genial land. Away down the valley we could see headland beyond headland, covering and overlapping each other as far as the eye could reach."

The last noted exploring expedition to the Arctic regions was that under Civil Engineer Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., in 1891. On June 6, 1891, the ship Kite, under Captain Richard Pike, who had taken the Greely party in the Proteus in 1881 and the Garlington relief party in 1883, sailed for Greenland. On July 24 she reached McCormick Bay, where Peary established his winter-quarters, calling his little house Red Cliffe House, over which his young wife, Mrs. Josephine Diebitsch-Peary, presided, sharing with him its peril and its loneliness. Lieutenant Peary and his single companion, Edward Astrup, in this exploring trip of thirteen hundred miles, found Greenland to be an island, whose general northern contours lie south of the eighty-third parallel. Besides the settlement of this mooted question about Greenland, says Prof. Angelo Heilprin, in Scribner's for Jan. 1893, the Peary expedition "has forever removed that tract from a consideration of complicity in the main workings of the Great Ice Age. The

inland ice-cap, which by many has been looked upon as the lingering ice of the Glacial Period, stretching far into the realm of the Pole itself, has been found to terminate throughout its entire extent at approximately the eighty-second parallel; beyond this line follows a region of post glaciation — uncovered to-day, and supporting an abundance of plant and animal life, not different from that of the more favored regions southward." They reached within one hundred miles of the farthest north point attained by Lockwood and Brainard, and went two hundred miles on the north-eastern coast farther than any other human being ever attained. Most of the journey was on ice eight thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The only unfortunate thing in connection with this expedition was the disappearance of the meteorologist and mineralogist of the North Greenland party, Mr. John T. Verhoeff. He was last seen on the morning of Aug. 11, 1892, when he stated his intention of visiting the Eskimo settlement of Kukan, across McCormick Bay. Not returning, a large party searched for him for seven days and nights. His footprints and some bits of paper were discovered near a rifted glacier now called the Verhoeff glacier, and it is probable that he was lost in some crevasse. Some of his friends still hope that he is alive.

ARCTIC REGIONS
N.W. PACIFIC OCEAN
Aleutian
Nunivak
St Lawrence I.
Bering
ALASKA
Mt Elias 19,500
Mt Fairweather 15,500
Queen Charlotte I.
Vancouver I.
Columbia R.
San Francisco
Pt Barrow
Banks L.
Banks Str.
Melville I.
Parry
Hudson Bay
Southampton I.
Fox Chan.
James B.
Baffin B.
Baffin I.
Davis Str.
Hudson Str.
Frobisher B.
Markham 83°20
Edkwe 83°20
GREENLAND
Denmark Str
ICELAND
Reykjavik
Farewell
Hamilton Inlet
Belle Isle Str.
St Johns
NEWFOUNDLAND
NOVA SCOTIA
Boston
Cabot Str.
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
BRITISH I.
50 W. of Greenwich
40
30
20
10
120
110
100
90
80
70
60

Scale 1:60,000,000
English Miles.
0 200 400 600 800 1000 1200
Petropavlovsk
Bering Sea
Kamchatka
Sea of Okhotsk
Sea of Japan
Vladivostok
Korea
Yellow Sea
Stanovoi Mts
R. Amur
R. Angara
Yablonoi Mts
Khingan Mts
Aldan
Yakutsk
Polar Circle
New Siberia Isl.
R. Lena
R. Yenisei
Khatanga B.
C. Chelyuskin
Fr. Josef Ld.
G. of Ob
Kara Sea
Novaya Zemlya
Spitzbergen
Barents Sea
North Cape
White Sea
Onega L.
Ladoga L.
R. Dwina
Archangel
Petersburg
Moscow
Volga R.
Baltic Sea
Gulf of Bothnia
Sweden
Norway
EUROPE
R. Ob
Tomsk
Omsk
Irtish R.
Tobolsk
Yekaterinburg
Ural Mts
R. Ural
Uralsk
Orenburg
Aral Sea
L. Balkash
Tashkend
Samarkand
Khiva
R. Amu
Caspian Sea
Caucasus
R. Don
R. Volga
Astrakhan
Kazan
Perm
Tobolsk
Irtish R.
Yenisei R.
Khatanga R.
Lena R.
Aldan R.
Yablonoi Mts
Stanovoi Mts
Khingan Mts
Amur R.
Vladivostok
Korea
Yellow Sea
Sea of Japan
Sea of Okhotsk
Kamchatka
Petropavlovsk
Bering Sea
Arctic Circle
Polar Circle
10 20 30 40 E of Greenwich 50
110 120 130 140 150 160 170
60 70 80 90 100 110 120 130

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